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# COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE  
*In which are combined and consolidated*  
SUNSHINE, PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, AND NATIONAL FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE

Vol XX

March 1908

No 5

The  
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COMFORT  
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*Published at Augusta, Maine*



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Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward."

**SUBSCRIPTION.**  
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## COMFORT

WRITTEN FOR "COMFORT" BY CHARLES W. GARLET.

A comfort to sleep  
Means a comfort to wake,  
A comfort to work  
Is a comfort to take;  
A comfort to eat,  
A comfort to drink  
Is very good comfort.  
The best do you think?  
A comfort to play  
Is grand, I dare say,  
But a COMFORT to read  
Is the grandest, indeed.

## Crumbs of Comfort

Courage is adversity's lamp.  
Every fancy you consult, consult your purse.  
To accept a favor is to mortgage one's freedom.

A woman's lot is made for her by the love she accepts.

Every man is odd. He requires woman to make him even.

Couldst thou boast, O child of weakness!  
O'er the sons of wrong and strife  
Were their strong temptations planted  
In thy path of life? —Whittier.

Nothing precludes sympathy so much as a perfect indifference to it.

He who loves with purity considers not the gift of the lover, but the love of the giver.

A hungry people listen not to reason, nor care for justice, nor is moved by any prayers.

He that does a base thing for his friend burns the golden thread that binds them together.

Ex fer war, I call it murder—  
Ther you have it plain and flat.  
I don't want to go no further  
Than my Testymet fer that. —Hosea Bigelow.

Fashion is the science of appearances and it inspires one with the desire to appear rather than to be.

Why does no man confess his vices? Because he is yet in them. It is for a waking man to tell his dream.

Trust him with little who, without proofs, trusts you with everything, or when he has proved you, with nothing.

Men die, but sorrow never dies;  
The crowding years divide in vain,  
And the wide world is knit with ties  
Of common brotherhood in pain. —Susan Coolidge.

We know not of what we are capable until the trial comes. The we may rise to loftiest heights, or sink to lowest depths.

## A Few Words by the Editor

THE month of March is here, and it will not be long before the Frost King rolls up the icy shroud of winter, and betakes himself to the frigid polar regions, and gives Spring a chance to paint the land with her verdant glories. With the coming of Spring our thoughts will begin to turn from books to brooks, streams and woodland glories, and literature will begin to lose some of its appealing force. So let me ask you dear friends to recall Mr. Gannett's interesting heart-to-heart talk in our January issue.

All we who are connected with COMFORT are anxious to make the twenty-first anniversary of the birth of this paper a record one. Twenty-one years is quite a long life for the average magazine. Not one paper in a thousand ever lives to come of age. For a magazine to have existed twenty-one years—to have kept its readers about it as a good father keeps his family about him—is a record of which any publisher can be proud. Mr. Gannett has kept the COMFORT family loyal to this publication, and like all good families it has increased and multiplied as the years rolled on.

Strange isn't it that COMFORT's publisher has remained in the background for twenty-one years. Few men would have done that. Most men are anxious to keep themselves in the limelight of publicity. Mr. Bok of The Ladies' Home Journal, Lyman Abbot of The Outlook, and in fact nearly all the great publishers and editors of famous magazines, find it necessary, in order to lead and retain their readers, to become personally acquainted with them, and have monthly chats with them about the conduct of their respective magazines. Mr. Gannett has followed none of these methods. He is a man who believes in deeds, not in words. All of COMFORT's staff are loyal to COMFORT and its publisher. You cannot be connected with this publication without becoming an enthusiast. Some editors feel more like apologizing for the papers they edit, than singing their praises, but there is solid satisfaction in "rooting" for COMFORT.

COMFORT's twenty-first birthday is approaching, and it is the heart's desire of your editor, and every member of COMFORT's staff, and all the hundreds of enthusiastic workers who toil from month to month to produce this publication, that we shall be able to present to Mr. Gannett by November first a subscription list containing two millions of names. We feel Mr. Gannett is entitled to this. For twenty-one years he has toiled unceasingly to give you the best and lowest-priced magazine in the world. The publishing of a magazine is a sinecure, and a man does not sit in a thousand dollar armchair, and smoke dollar cigars when he is running a magazine of this kind. It is all work, and hustle from year's end to year's end. The physical and mental strain is tremendous. There is probably no path in the business world as thorny as that of the home magazine publisher.

If we could send collectors to every reader in the land, it would be easy to collect ten million subscribers, but we cannot do that, so necessity compels us to rely on you to send in the trifle we ask you for a year's subscription to this paper, and the result is we are constantly kept on the anxious seat, because thousands of you are afflicted with procrastination, and put off from week to week, and month to month, the sending in of your subscriptions. Now, owing to the government ruling that the magazine subscriptions must be absolutely paid in advance, we are compelled to stop your papers if you do not renew your subscriptions, but such a queer thing is human nature, that many people, thousands of them in fact, will let a subscription lapse, and lose the most exciting part of the story in which they are interested, rather than go to the post-office and send us fifteen or twenty-five cents, for a year or two years' renewal. But after a couple of months these same people find they simply cannot live without COMFORT; and then, too they are desperately desirous of knowing how such and such a story ended, and at last the belated subscription is sent in, with a frantic request, that the back issues which contain the lost parts of the story be sent. It does not take more than five minutes to wrap a quarter in a piece of paper and tell us to renew your subscription for two years. If you would get the habit of sending us that quarter you would save us an immense amount of time and trouble and you would save yourself time and worry as well. Cannot you get the quarter habit instead of the fifteen cent habit? A quarter silver is infinitely more acceptable to us than fifteen cents in stamps, and far more economical for you, because the subscription rate advances from fifteen cents per year to twenty cents per year April 1st, so that it will cost you more to subscribe to COMFORT after March 31st, than it will this month. Avail yourself of this present subscription now, rather than pay more next month.

Now dear friends, you who have allowed your subscriptions to lapse, please renew them immediately. You who have remained loyal, and have kept your subscriptions paid up, and you, the readers of the Lane papers, who have come into the COMFORT family, won't you all please get together and work to increase COMFORT's subscription list to two millions before November first? Mr. Gannett's interesting talk must certainly have appealed to you, for he who has done so much for you has asked you to do so little for him. Remember it is infinitely easier to purchase a magazine for fifteen cents a year, than it is to provide it for that sum. When a man gives you half-a-dollar meal for ten or fifteen cents, if your heart is in the right place you will bless him. Mr. Gannett, for nearly twenty years has been giving you a fifty-cent literary banquet every year and only charged you a dime or fifteen cents for the feast. Any man who has done that certainly deserves well of his clients.

We have eight months before us, and during that time we have to get seven hundred thousand new subscribers. We therefore need to get nearly one hundred thousand per month. It is not so easy getting subscriptions in the summer as in winter, but they can be got for COMFORT at any time for the asking. In the summer too, it is easier to get around. You can always go to visit your neighbors. You are not shut in by snow storms. All seasons are favorable for getting up clubs for COMFORT. If you do not want to get up a club, everyone who subscribes for this paper can at least induce a friend to also subscribe, and if you do this, we shall have our two millions by November first, and more. We have scores of elegant premiums for club raisers, don't forget that.

Needless to tell you that Uncle Charlie and his family are going to try and raise nearly one hundred thousand subscribers alone, and there is little doubt but that they will do it. Will not you dear friends do your best to keep the ball rolling, make up your mind to do it, and do it well. Just one subscription from a friend or neighbor, and the trick is done. It is so little to do, so little to ask of you, that I am confident you will not decline to grant us this favor. Our rallying cry is "COMFORT in two million homes by November first." We rely on you to do the best you can to put it at least into one home. If you will do that we shall accomplish our heart's desire.

Get in as many subs. as you can this month for remember after the thirty-first of this month COMFORT will cost you twenty cents a year instead of fifteen cents. Here and now is your last chance to get the best magazine in the world at the fifteen cent rate, for one year or two years for twenty-five cents. Subscribe at once before the price is raised. Time is short—don't delay.

As this year will witness the election of a president, perhaps it would be as well to glance over the political field, and size up some of the candidates who are eager for presidential honors. President Roosevelt has most emphatically declared that he will not run for a third term, and as he is a man of his word, we may drop him from the list of possible candidates. Of course it is possible that some unforeseen circumstances might arise to make him recall his decision. If he saw his political enemies were joining hands for the purpose of forcing a candidate on the public who would upset all the policies for which he has so strenuously fought, then possibly he might jump into the ring, and seek renomination. He is of fighting blood, and would not stand idly by, if he saw all that he has fought for, and the work he has done, liable to be undone and brought to naught.

Taft looms big upon the political horizon, and it is possible that he may obtain the nomination, and get into the White House. He is an admirable man in every way, but he says himself he would infinitely prefer to be a Judge of the Supreme Court, than President of the United States. He is a lawyer with a judicial turn of mind, and legal matters appeal to him more strongly than politics or statescraft. What he has been given to do he has done well; everybody likes him, and everyone recognizes his ability. He however lacks magnetism. He lacks the individuality and personality of either Bryan or Roosevelt.

We however must remember that President Roosevelt is a hard man to follow. He is the ideal popular hero, a real live president, with all the pugnacity, virility, and aggressiveness we like to think typically American. Now that the public has had several years of Roosevelt, it might not take kindly to any man of ordinary personality. The public want a live man in the White House, a man who can be depended on to do things, a man who can make others do things, a man who will lead the procession of progress, instead of dawdling in its rear. The public is inclined to think that Taft will be merely Roosevelt's shadow. A very substantial shadow we will admit, a sort of President by proxy. He may be none of these. The writer is merely giving you the present prevailing impression. President Roosevelt is most anxious that Taft should be elected, and it is possible and very probable, that if the President goes on the stump and "roots" for the Secretary of War, that Taft will be elected—that is if a Republican President is elected at all.

The Republican party, unlike the Democratic party, has more presidential timber than it knows what to do with, in fact it has a candidate to fight for every issue that may possibly arise. Secretary Root is ready to go before the country on a revised tariff issue. Joe Cannon, the favorite son of Illinois, and a man of great ability, though suspected strongly of being too friendly to the trusts for the people's good, is a "stand patter"—that is he wants no tariff revision. As the present tariff is called the "Mother of Trusts", it is likely that trust regulation and tariff revision, will be the great questions before the public for the next four years.

Governor Hughes will possibly be the choice of the people of New York. He is a man of great ability, unquestioned honesty, and would no doubt make an admirable President. By vetoing the two cent a mile railroad rate bill in New York state, he won the favor and support of Wall Street, but lost in popular estimation, for the two cent a mile rate, so far from being confiscatory, has been found profitable wherever it has been tried.

Fairbanks is another Republican candidate who must be taken into account. He has many friends, and on a platform of "Drift" he might do very well. He is not the type of man to fix popular imagination, and would be a poor successor to a masterful man of the Roosevelt type.

On the Democratic side, candidates are scarce. Bryan of course is the hope of democracy, but Bryan is an unlucky man. He has been twice defeated. He has unfortunately, in the past, taken up issues which the public could not support. Unfortunately for him, President Roosevelt has appropriated nearly his entire platform, and the nebraskan has scarcely a plank left to stand on, in fact it is hard to tell just what the Democratic leaders will do for an issue in this campaign. Tariff revision will undoubtedly be one plank, but the Republicans already have a similar plank in their platform. Trust regulation, that too is a Republican issue. Compulsory arbitration of industrial strikes, an excellent idea has also been incorporated into the Republican program. Possibly, Bryan, owing to the money stringency, and hard times may be able to convince the people that he can restore confidence and prosperity. It is possible that the people now that they have had more than a decade of Republican rule may be anxious to give the Democrats a show. A nation will forgive its leaders anything but hard times. As soon as hard times set in the supporters of an administration lose their enthusiasm, and desert and announce those they once strongly supported.

Governor Folk of Missouri would make an excellent Democratic candidate. He has many of Roosevelt's qualities, is aggressive and progressive, a reformer, and a man who insists on

the laws being carried out to the letter; has a good record to show as governor, is thoroughly American and an admirable champion of Democratic ideas.

We cannot even dimly guess at who will be nominated on the Republican side, though it looks very much as if Taft would be the chosen man. Taft will, if nominated, doubtless be opposed by Bryan. There is a vast difference between these two men. Taft is not a great speaker, and he lacks magnetism. Bryan is a man of great eloquence, and a man to whom the Democratic masses are intensely devoted. He will thus stand a very much greater chance of success running against a man like Taft, than he has had in his previous battles. Who will win, time alone can tell.

A magazine of COMFORT's type expresses no political opinions. In this article, your editor has merely tried to give you an idea who our presidential candidates are, what they stand for, and what is the prevailing impression regarding them, and the ideas for which they stand. This article will be found timely and valuable to those who have not time to study political matters, and for this reason, and this reason only it has been written.

Comfort's Editor.

## Current Topics

Miss E. Laura Todd is the latest New Yorker to design an airship. She has completed a model of a heavier-than-air flying machine, which she says will comply with all of the requirements of the Army Signal Corps.

The use of india-rubber has grown to such an extent any discovery of a rubber-bearing tree is of vital importance. Such a discovery has recently been made in Tonkin, where it is found in abundance, and the rubber produced from it is said to be of the highest quality.

Doubt is thrown upon the genuineness of the flag sold in London recently as that of the Lawrence ship, the Chesapeake, by G. Wilfred Pearce, who has been investigating the matter on behalf of the New Jersey Historical Society. It is claimed by Mr. Pearce the Chesapeake's flag was buried in the coffin with Lawrence's body.

King Carlos of Portugal and Crown Prince Luiz Illipe were shot to death by enemies of the crown Feb. 1st, while driving through the city. Prince Manuel, second son of the King, was wounded. Queen Amelia strangely escaped injury. Rising to shield the crown prince, the horses started and losing her footing she fell back in her seat.

Captain Van Schaick, captain of the excursion steamer General Slocum, which was burned June 15, 1904, in East River, New York, with a loss of over 1,000 lives, was recently convicted of neglect of his duty as captain, and sentenced to ten years in prison. There remains untried the indictment found against the officers and directors of the Knickerbocker Steamship Company.

The wonderful project of an ocean-going railroad has been accomplished. The first train, consisting of three day cars, a parlor car and a baggage car containing 150 passengers run from Miami to Knight's Key, traversing 19 miles of submerged swamps and 13 miles of water. When with the addition of 40 miles, the line is completed, ferry boats will be waiting at the terminal at Key West to carry the trains 90 miles to Havana.

Miss Louise de la Ramee, known to the literary world as "Ouida", died in Viareggio, near Florence, Italy, Feb. 1st. She took her pen name "Ouida" through the childish pronunciation of her own Christian name. She was the author of forty or more novels which attained varying degrees of popularity and numerous stories and magazine articles. From her writings she had made a fortune variously estimated at from \$200,000 to \$500,000, yet she died in poverty.

"Since the first Congress in 1789, there have been 12,000 members elected to that body," said the man who looked as if he might have been there himself, "and of all these only 34 have served for twenty years or more, and of these 11 are now living. Speaker Cannon with 33 years is now at the head of the list, though the late J. H. Ketcham of New York, would have had 34 if he had lived another year. His record of 33 years equals that of Mr. Cannon, but as Uncle Joe is in the sixtieth Congress and very much alive, the chances are that he will have the record. When the late W. S. Holman of Indiana died he was the only man in 100 years of Congress to have served thirty years. Speaker Cannon is 72. Mr. Ketcham was 74 and Mr. Holman, 75. The late W. D. Kelly of Pennsylvania, known as 'Big Iron' Kelly, held the record 29 years for continuous service at the time of death aged 76. Gen. Harry Bingham aged 67, also of Pennsylvania, now holds the record of 29 years and at the end of the sixtieth Congress will beat Mr. Kelly's time by a year. The youngest long tenure member is John W. Taylor of New York with 21 years at the age of 50. Six of the long tenure members have been Speaker. By the way nine of the list of 11, still living, were members of the fifty-ninth Congress, and seven were re-elected. While the members of today hold on to congressional life longer than the oldtime members, none has quite such a record of getting there, as had Henry Clay of Kentucky. He was first elected to the Senate at 29, a year less than the eligible age, and was the youngest U. S. Senator ever elected. Four years later he was elected to the House, and made Speaker, the first instance of a member in his first term being given that position. He was elected five times, with two breaks, and each term he was made Speaker, a record no one has held since. He was a Senator four terms. A. H. Stevens, Vice President of the Confederacy, was elected to the Senate in 1860, but refused admittance. He ran for Congress, was elected and added seven years to his previous sixteen years. Tom Reed of Maine, was in the long tenure list with the same number of years as Stevens of Georgia. Sixteen of the long tenure men served without a break."









### Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper, only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand on an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### DEAR SISTERS:

Since my work appeared in COMFORT I have been flooded with letters, and though I have tried to answer all, I fear that some of you may have been overlooked, and I take this means of reaching you.

Mrs. Thomas. Yes, COMFORT is all right. The ladies of Mexico evidently appreciate good work. I am looking forward to visiting your state some day.

Mrs. Cole. You forgot to stamp your envelope.

Mrs. Cox. I hope the stitches I sent you were enough so that you could follow the pattern out, and I sincerely hope you will be as successful with the work as I have been.

Mrs. Sorenson. I have not been able to catch up with my work yet, have many orders on hand.

Mrs. Wiley. No, I do not think it as pretty as eyelet embroidery, it is so heavy, but of course you can use your own judgment.

Miss Gernscheid. I hope you have your small piece finished and are making some larger piece.

Mrs. Meyers and Mrs. McClure. I hope you received your pieces and have them finished. I am very sorry you had to wait so long.

Mrs. Shackelford. Did I write to you? I've had so many to answer.

Mrs. Shier. Don't be offended if I had my husband to answer your letter. I never saw such lovely writing as yours. I surely wish we were related.

The sisters understand that Hardanger work costs money. I have to send and pay for the goods in advance, and it is the hardest work one can do I think in the fancy work line, as it is very tiresome to hold your goods steady. It is also hard on the eyes and back, so at present I cannot start any more samples.

In the summer I am very busy as I have a big garden. Last season I had seven hundred and sixty-three cabbage plants besides one hundred tomatoes, sweet corn, potatoes, beets, etc., and even tobacco, and I do all the hoeing myself, and though it is hard work, I really do not consider it as tiresome as Hardanger. I also raise a good many chickens, and extend to you all an invitation to raid my garden and hen-roost next summer. Come when the raspberries are ripe for we have over six hundred hills, and they are also my special care.

Somewhere else asked when I commenced fancy work. About twenty-seven years ago, when I was a wee tot of three in a kindergarten in Paris, France. I was nine years old when I came to this country, and as I had never seen green things grow I thought it was surely a wonderful place. I remember I thought potatoes were eggs, and I tried to eat a good many things which made me sick, but I soon recovered, and am still alive, and have never wanted to change my home in this dear country for gay Paree. I love nature and all growing things and would not change our five acres for a grand house in town unless I could have the garden too.

Mrs. LIZZIE WARNER, Box 35, Cedar, Iowa.

### DEAR SISTERS:

I never like to bother Mrs. Wilkinson unless I have some information that will pay her for her trouble. But I see where Mrs. Nicholson has asked for a cure for a wen, and as I know of a splendid remedy I thought I would send it to COMFORT for the benefit of any of the COMFORT readers that might be afflicted with wens.

Take a sponge and scorch it and scrape the scorched parts off, it will make a fine powder. Measure a teaspoonful of the powder and divide it into three parts and take a powder every night before retiring; it will certainly cure the wens. I know you will laugh but it is the truth.

If the Virginia sister who wrote asking me for my remedy for pimples and black heads will send her address I will answer immediately.

Mrs. LYDIA L. ECKLE, 1801 P. St., Lincoln, Nebr.

### DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I enjoy the sisters' and cousins' department of the paper very much, and think the editors are doing nobly in trying to relieve, to the extent of their ability, the sufferings of our shut-in brothers and sisters. I too want to help a little in the good work but feel that my talent is so small that I can do but little. I would like to relieve them all, and feel glad to know that there is a kingdom not far in the future where in no one will say, "I am sick," and where the lame men shall leap, the deaf hear, the dumb speak and the blind see.

I wish I could impress upon my sisters the importance of taking a few minutes' rest in the middle of the day. I have now reached the advanced age of seventy and have reared a large family, doing the lion's share of my work myself, and have never been under a doctor's care any length of time since I was a child. I attribute my good health largely to the few minutes' rest I took whenever I felt the need of it, not every day but as occasion required; a five minutes' rest, just forgetting myself a mo-

ment would do a world of good. Another thing too has helped to keep me well, I have not used tea or coffee or eaten swine's flesh for many years, and frequent bathing too has helped.

I like to help the shut-ins with stamps, dimes and even larger sums when I can, but it seems when they receive these gifts, which are often given at a sacrifice, someone might send, at least, a card of acknowledgment, if the shut-in is not able to write. I don't refer to stamps or small sums but when one sends quarters, halves and dollars, it is pleasant to know that they are safely received and appreciated.

Mrs. J. E. GREEN, Ft. Atkinson, R. D. 2, Wis.

### DEAR SISTERS:

I am a reader of the dear old COMFORT and enjoy all its departments very much. I have only been a subscriber about four months, but have already become devoted to it and wait anxiously each month for its appearance.

The delightful autumn season is almost gone, and as I look out upon the landscape before me I see many changes wrought by the season's delightful, yet severe weather.

The grand old oaks, which only last summer furnished us such a pleasant shade for the hot summer days are now covered with a mantle of sere brown; and each gentle wind that passes by tosses a shower of the golden leaves until the ground is covered with a rustling brown carpet.

The only evergreens we have now are the stately old pines and the much-sought-for holly with its clusters of scarlet berries, which is used so extensively at Christmas.

Dear sisters, as I gaze upon the beauties of nature, see the golden leaves fall in autumn and burst forth anew in spring, the fields of grain ripening for the benefit of humanity, the birds singing to make the world seem brighter, the flowers blooming and fading to beautify and enrich the earth, I can truly say with the poet that, "God works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." We should, indeed, be thankful for the goodness and mercies of our Creator, for "He doeth all things well."

I am nineteen years old, about five feet and one inch high, and weigh one hundred and five pounds. Have brown eyes and hair and not a very lovely complexion.

My mother died when I was seventeen and since then I have been housekeeper for my father. I have three brothers, two of them married and the other away from home, so papa and I are quite alone. I like to keep house very well, although I get very lonesome sometimes. I would like some suggestions from the sisters as to some way of earning a little money at home.

I live in eastern North Carolina among the

return favor. I'd like to hear from sisters interested in amateur photography.

RUE WALTERS, Box 40, Bedford, R. D. 2, Pa.

### DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

Here comes a homesteader from Northeast Washington. We hold down a claim, living in a log cabin in a beautiful country near Pend Oreille river whose waters are clear as crystal, and abound in fish. We are surrounded by lofty hills, down which dash the clear cold mountain streams, and on whose sides are pine trees, some one hundred and fifty feet tall.

Though I am isolated, I am happy in my little cabin, for I have good health, nature's richest blessing, and a good husband, so why should I not enjoy life. I love and am interested in all children and enjoy the mothers' letters. Training these little ones reminds me of the little vines and blossoms, dear tender things. Just think of the motherless ones in the world. Dear sisters, let us who have none, take an interest in them and care for and help them as their own mothers would, for are they not God's little lambs?

In the spring this country is especially beautiful; then come out the sweet wild flowers and ferns, and oh, how I love them. Often we go up on the mountain tops from which we can see the country for miles around. I love nature and the free outdoor life which one can lead here. In the winter we are more shut in as we have snow anywhere from six to fifteen inches. Every month my COMFORT comes to me I look eagerly forward to its arrival; these letters especially seem like personal ones from old friends. I want you all to know how much I appreciate them. I truly could not get along without this little paper, and read almost every word from cover to cover.

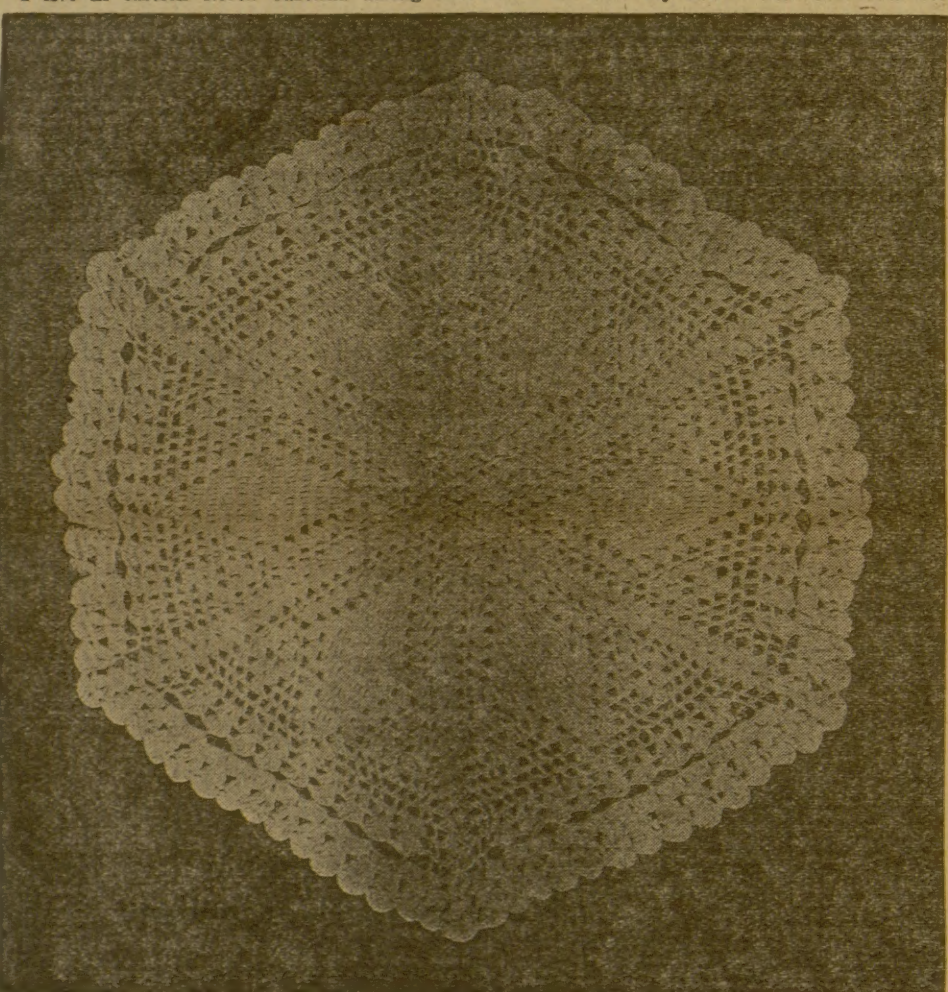
Mrs. BESSIE PIERSON, Cusick, Wash.

### DEAR SISTERS:

Old winter is here but I do not dread it as much as some. To me every season is welcome.

We live on a farm in a mountainous country, four miles from a railroad station, but we are happy just the same and specially this time of the year when all the family gather around the fire, reading, telling stories, and perhaps listening to the rain and wind outside. Oh, how cozy it is.

I am a girl of sixteen and have lived here in Washington all my life, so you see I am a genuine "bunch grasser". I enjoy horseback riding, and in fact all outdoor sports and work of which I am not afraid, for mamma is not very strong, and as I am the only girl in the family I have most of the work to do, but I must admit that I am not very swift. Still that does not



HEXAGON CENTERPIECE.

Sent in by Eva Schaffner.

sand hills which border the famous South Creek farming land. My nearest town is Edward, which has been incorporated only a short time.

A railroad is being built from Washington to Goose Creek Island, which passes through Edward and bids fair to make it quite a business center.

MISS MARIETTA DUNN, Edward, N. C.

### MY DEAR FRIENDS:

I am a country girl, seventeen years old with light brown hair, blue eyes and fair complexion. I am five feet and six inches tall, and weigh one hundred and thirty-one pounds. I have not seen any letters from this part of the country, so I thought I would write one. We have been taking this paper nearly two years and enjoy it.

Well, we have the New Year with us again. Let us all make good resolutions and live up to them and in so doing make this year brighter and better. Not many months to pass away, and we shall all be watching the tiny buds push forth to greet the smiling sun, and how glad we all are to watch the first flowers that open in the pastures and fields.

We live where there are plenty of violets and dandelions in the woods. I think I like it better than I would in the city.

Miss Edith Cradle. I think you have good times at the campmeetings. I would like to be there for a while.

Miss Nannie Hays. I know your home is beautiful, being among the mountains of sunny Tennessee.

MISS STELLA STOGSDILL, Alba, Mo.

### DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

We live in the country on a farm seven miles from our county seat. I wish you all could have been here to see our beautiful lawn and flowers before the frost came and killed them. All is brown and bare save our beautiful green carpet of grass which will remain bright until covered by snow.

Will the sister who has the Mexican vine please write me or send me a small root. I will pay all postage and return favor anyway I can. I have a lot of astors, zinnias, and nasturtium seeds I will share with all the sisters sending me stamped envelope with address on each; choose desired kind. Our astors are of enormous size and all are choice varieties. I would be glad to get some nice vines for front porch, some that would stay in the ground.

I am going to make me a Comfort quilt. Will the sisters please send me some silk pieces. I will

matter much as there is not so much to do, as we have only four in family, mamma, papa, one brother and myself.

In the winter we have more time to enjoy ourselves, and skate, coast and take long sleigh rides, but in the summer we are kept quite busy, for there is so much outside work to do.

I like COMFORT very much, especially this corner, and Uncle Charlie's, as I am one of his nieces. Now before I go I suppose I ought to send a hint or two to pay for my admission, so here goes:

To cure warts, take the little red milkweed (that grows low on the ground and has a small reddish pink blossom), break a stem and rub the milk (where the stem is broken), on the warts every evening and leave on over night. Repeat until warts disappear. There will likely be a white spot where the wart was but that will soon disappear, too.

For catarrh or a cold in the head take camphor gum, put in a bottle and add menthol enough to form a liquid by shaking. Then snuff up the nostrils.

To cure a cough take alcohol and thicken with white granulated sugar. Take often. If the cough is not very bad the alcohol can be weakened.

Will some of the sisters please send me some flower seeds that will not have to be repainted. I will try to return favors. I would like to hear from any of the sisters or cousins.

MISS LESPA HEWITT, Grouse, Wallawa Co., Oregon.

### DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I was born and brought up on a farm in Fayette county, Texas. Seven years ago I was married and went to live about three miles from here. My husband was a farmer and a dealer in cattle; but last June we moved here and opened a grocery store. Lister is a little country village of about three hundred inhabitants. I have one little girl six years old; and one housework and keep the store when my husband has to be away. I love to keep house though I am not very strong, and feel sorry for all who are not.

As this is the time of year when colds are prevalent I send you this cure for a quinsy sore throat:

Take ginger and moisten with the best camphor; put it on a cloth and apply on the outside as near the affected part as possible.

I agree with Miss Azubah Lee in regard to the

love and kindness we should have for our dear mothers. Mine died on the twenty-sixth of last June. She was left a widow with seven small children in 1882; she worked hard for our support until her health failed, when we all served her willingly till the end of her life. I have two brothers and two sisters living in Dallas, and one sister with her five children in Fayette county about five miles from me.

Mrs. ANNIE A. GOSCH, Lister, Fayette county, Texas.

### DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Please will you accept a new subscriber into your circle?

I have been a reader of COMFORT for a long while, friends loaning me the paper. I came to the conclusion that I would just subscribe for myself and be sure of the paper every month. I do enjoy reading letters from the COMFORT sisters also Uncle Charlie's letters, in fact everything about the paper is useful and entertaining.

I am five feet, six inches tall, weigh one hundred and twenty pounds, brown eyes and hair, fair complexion, twenty-one years old, and have been married six months. There isn't anything any happier than married life, and I do enjoy housekeeping. We have a good little home, at Glen Mary, Tennessee. Our house has five rooms all nicely furnished. Beside my housework, I do some sewing, and give music lessons. I taught music before I was married. I have a nice piano, and you may be sure I search for music when I receive COMFORT. My husband is twenty years older than myself, has deep blue eyes, fair complexion, light hair and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds.

How many of the sisters like pets? I have two birds, canaries. One is just a common canary and the other one is different. They came from Germany. But they are sweet. Something is wrong with one of them, he doesn't seem sick, because he eats heartily, but he won't sing any more, and it seems that he is hoarse or has something the matter with his throat. We have done everything we know of to do for him. If any of the sisters know a remedy, I would be so glad to hear about it, and I will return favor in any way I can.

I send you all directions for making a nice ornament for the mantle. I have made one already and have another one started. Take an odd-shaped glass, fill half-full with salt, then pour over that bluing water (I mean water that has been blued) let it stand about an inch above the salt, then get an odd-shaped stick about six or seven inches long, one with a few little limbs on it, and stick in the center of glass. Set in a dark place and in a few days the salt will begin to grow out on the glass, and on the stick, as the water dries up add more, and bluing, and in a month or two the salt will be all over the glass and stick and you can't tell what it is, and it will be real white, and hard and it will keep for years. Now I will close with much love to all the sisters and best wishes to COMFORT.

Mrs. C. R. LLEWELLYN, Glen Mary, Tenn.

### DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I live in almost the central portion of the state of Mississippi, in a neighborhood called Acona, an Indian name. Our nearest railroad station is Lexington, county seat of Holmes. I live about a mile from the post-office of Acona. We have three stores, a Methodist church and school. The neighbors, as a rule, live from a quarter to three or four miles apart. However, all have good conveyances and go to church and Sunday school. The farmers are very busy now gathering the "fleecy staples," and I believe the housekeepers will be truly glad when it is finished. Every day you can see wagons pass here loaded with from one to three bales of cotton, going to market. In the delta, about twelve miles from here you sometimes see them loaded with as many as twelve bales.

Did any of the COMFORT sisters ever camp out at night in the open air? About thirteen weeks ago our family went to a lake eighteen miles from here and camped on the lake bank. We did not catch any fish but had a jolly time boat riding and trying to catch fish. At night we made us a bed on the ground under a big tree.

Sisters, how do you think you would like to sleep with the frogs hopping around you? We kept a fire all night to drive away mosquitoes and other things.

I asked the sisters to send me pot plants as I wished to secure some but did not wish to exchange as I had none to exchange, but intended returning favor some other way. Some sent me plants for myrtle. I received a number of nice letters offering to exchange but I had nothing to exchange in the way of plants. There were so many letters that I did not answer all for lack of time.

Mrs. Frank Dewitt. I cannot do tatting, but can do almost any kind of drawnwork and if you will allow me, will accept your offer. I do not wish any more plants now, on account of cold weather.

How many of the sisters know that a solution of salt and water, or salt and whiskey will stop the hair from falling out?

Mrs. R. E. MOONER, Lexington, R. D. 3, Miss.

### A Cure for Erysipelas

Miss Jesse Bragg. I saw you wished a cure for erysipelas. This is of two kinds—one affecting principally the skin, the other the whole system. In mild cases, affecting the skin only, lemonade made from fresh fruit helps the patient very much, being in addition, very grateful to the palate.

As a local application, slippery elm has been found efficacious. Make a mucilage of it, and apply it warm on cloths to the face. Sometimes common flour dusted on the inflamed parts, will afford relief, or one pint of sweet milk and a handful of pokeberry roots is a sure cure. A poultice of cranberries applied to the face is also effective.

We have also found sour milk, buttermilk, or whey therefrom, an excellent remedy to apply for the erysipelas as a wash. Also to apply glycerine twice or three times a day; it has a soothing effect. We have many times applied the milk hot, and found it allayed the inflammation better than cold applications, and far less troublesome than poultices.

I hope you will try this, and I would be pleased to hear from you as to whether any of these remedies helped you.

Mrs. L. A. McELREATH, 80 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### DEAR SISTERS:

I have been married about seven years and we have one little girl of six. She is a great deal of help as well as company for me. My husband is a farmer on a small scale, but as we have considerable timber at present he is working it into ties.

We live six miles south of Crane in Stone Co., which is correctly named for it is very hilly and stony here. Crane is situated on the banks of Crane Creek, a clear little stream. Fruit was a failure here last season while the year before we had an abundance. The delicious peaches which were wasted then would have more than supplied us this year, but we are thankful for our other crops, and also for good health.

As some of the other sisters have told us of their outings I will mention two enjoyable days we spent on the banks of the James river last fall. We had a lovely time, but did not catch any fish, although we could see many in the water. On either side the stream was bordered with big bluffs, some of which looked indeed as though a master-hand had dressed and squared the stones evenly one above the other, while others having the appearance of being damp, were rough and ragged, and looked as though they might fall on us any minute. We strolled along leisurely and camped at night, and at mealtime, how hungry we were, and how good everything tasted. The food disappeared rapidly.

Many city folks wonder what the country people find to do for recreation, but farmers' wives

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)



# Charlie's Fortune

By Oliver Optic

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Job Seagrain owes Squire Peter Shifflety and the latter refuses to trust Job and attaches his house. Job's wife objects to a mortgage. His boat is worth five hundred dollars. The squire demands to know why Charlie Seagrain does not work and help his father and mother who sell him rum, and then willing to take from his father everything he has. Job appeals to Charlie to be kinder easy. Mrs. Betsy Ann Seagrain asks an explanation and the squire briefly states the situation. Mrs. Seagrain pours vials of wrath on the squire's head and moved to sudden anger shakes poor Job. Charlie interposes. He won't have any more knocking about. Charlie and his father go away. They will pay off the bill in a few days. Charlie knows where there are oysters. He holds the mainsail and the Betsy Ann stands off from the shore. Job protests. It won't do. Charlie advises him to assert his manhood. Job promises he will drink no more. They run down to the "Beds and Horns," where there is a bed of oysters. Left alone, he recalls a fearful storm, the dull boom of a gun, the storm-swept beach, a boat with a little child lashed in it, the baby's cry for mamma, his wife's fondness for children and the name given the little boy. When Charlie ceases to be a child, Mrs. Seagrain ceases to be a loving woman. Job and Charlie work two nights and secure one hundred bushels of oysters. Job thinks they better head for the creek. Charlie laughingly tells him he is afraid of Betsy Ann. He takes Charlie's advice and postpones the battle. Timothy Twiterton visits Job on the Betsy Ann. He is anxious to buy the clothes, a nightgown and a shawl. Charlie wore when he was shipwrecked. He offers twenty dollars, and insinuates Job will want more than he can raise. He can have them if he keeps Job out of this scrape. A company wants the land and offers Squire Peter a thousand dollars for it. Tim offers to raise fifty or sixty dollars and exacts a promise from Job not to tell to anyone. Job asserts his manhood. He takes the bundle to Tim. That night Job and Charlie sail for New York. There is a collision and the Betsy Ann sinks. Charlie rescues Fanny Lynmore, the adopted daughter of the owner of the yacht. Mr. Lynmore will make good Job Seagrain's loss. Fanny Lynmore, recovering from her fright, is introduced to Charlie. Her mother invites him to their home. Fanny presses the invitation, to the disgust of her cousin, Fred Lynmore. Mr. Lynmore promises to give Charlie a place in his store. Job and Charlie sail for home in the new craft, "The Belle of the Bay."

## CHAPTER VII.

### JOB FACES THE ENEMY.

CHARLIE had set the table in the cabin of the "Belle of the Bay," which could be reached from the cockpit, forward, by passing through the hold, though, of course, this could not be done when the vessel had a large cargo. Compared with that of the "Betsy Ann," it was a luxurious cabin, and Charlie could not help stopping occasionally to examine the fixtures as he set the table.

The late owner of the craft had evidently intended her to be used as a yacht, as well as for business purposes. Job Seagrain gave the helm to the young man. "I don't know about this, governor," said Charlie; "I never steered with a wheel."

"It's eastern 'tis with a tiller," added Job, as he proceeded to explain the operation of the wheel. Charlie grasped the spokes, and Job stood by till the young man got the idea.

"That's it; you are all right now, Charlie," said Job. "Steer snar, for she feels the helm quick."

"Go down to your dinner, governor; I can manage it now." The old man descended to the cabin. He paused a moment with a smile on his face, as he contemplated the table with the fine dishes and other ware upon it. Charlie had put all the "pretty things" on, probably to astonish the venerable oysterman; if so, he had fully succeeded. The substantial were fried ham and potatoes, with bread, butter, cheese, pickles and coffee. Job sat down at the table, and wondered what Betsy Ann would think when she visited the cabin of the "Belle of the Bay."

From his position at the wheel Charlie could look down into the cabin and observe all the movements of the old man. He enjoyed the surprise or the simple-minded veteran, though the wheel claimed most of his attention. He experimented with it, and soon felt perfectly at home in the new position.

When Job had finished his dinner, Charlie went into the cabin and took his turn at the table. Then he washed the dishes, and out everything in order in the cabin and cockpit. Of course, he could not help reviewing the strange events of the day, and it is not remarkable that he thought a great deal about Miss Fanny Lynmore, and hoped he would see her soon again.

He went on deck, and the old man gave him the helm, in order that he might become thoroughly accustomed to steering the new craft. Charlie found this an agreeable duty, for the "Belle of the Bay" worked beautifully, cutting through the water without any apparent effort. Job thought she was making ten knots an hour, which would bring them to Oslip at an early hour in the evening.

They talked over all that happened during the day, and then Job told Charlie about what Mr. Lynmore had said about going into business. Job was rather sad as he spoke of this subject, for he did not like to think of parting with his boy, even for a single week at a time. But Charlie had to have a large sphere to move in, and he ought to learn a business by which he could support himself when he was of age. When the old man had talked out, he went forward to take a survey of the vessel, and presently Charlie saw him in the cabin, where he lay down on the transom, in front of one of the berths. He had slept but little for two nights, and he was soon fast asleep.

At sundown the "Belle of the Bay" was off Phyre Light. The inlet was very difficult navigation, and the wind was not entirely fair for the passage. Luffing her up, he hauled down his sheets till braced the schooner sharp up. Two long stretches, and one short one, brought him through the worst part, and then he had the wind fair for the next four miles. The old man slept in spite of the rattling of the sheets and blocks. Another short tack carried the "Belle" through a second narrow place, where he had the wind ahead, and it was fair weather to the creek. At dark he was up with the moorings, and the schooner was thrown up in to the wind so skillfully that she lost her headway as her bow came up to the bit, the vessel was secure. Hauling down the jib, he went aft.

"Governor," he shouted to the old man.

"What's the matter, my boy?" asked Job, springing to his feet.

"Nothing, but I think we had better not go any farther tonight," added Charlie. "The wind is dying out."

"I want to get home tonight, if it is possible," said the old man, as he ascended the steps. "I believe I have been asleep."

"I think you have—about four hours," exclaimed Job, as he went to work on the sail.

"Why, Charlie, we are in the creek!" exclaimed Job, as he went to work on the sail.

"I thought you were tired, and had better sleep."

"But how did you get through the inlet? The wind won't fair."

"I know; but the 'Belle' don't make much leeway, and I beat her through without any trouble; I know my way out here."

"You've done first-rate, Charlie. I shouldn't have dared to let you go through the inlet, if I had known it."

The sails were secured, and everything put in order on board. The cabin was locked, and Charlie pulled the old man ashore in the tender

of the "Belle." With a beating heart Job led the way to the house, where he was to meet Betsy Ann again. He hoped she had not had a relapse during his absence, but he rather dreaded the interview. Looking through the window, he saw the stalwart lady seated at a table, sewing with all her might. He opened the door and entered.

"Why, Job, I didn't expect you tonight," said she, in gentle tones, if they were not actually affectionate.

"I got here sooner 'n I expected," answered he, cheerfully; for he could not remember when he had been so pleasantly received before.

"You haven't been gone twenty-four hours. Did you sell your oysters?" she asked, curiously.

"Well, no; not exactly. The fact on't is we got run into, and the Betsy Ann's gone to the bottom with all the oysters on board," replied Job, more cheerfully than the nature of the calamity would seem to permit.

"Creation! Job! The vessel sank, and all the oysters! Then we are ruined, and I'm sorry I bought this new gown!" exclaimed the lady springing to her feet, and throwing the dress into a chair.

"All gone to smash!"

"You must have been keener," she added with some of her old fire and fury.

"Kinder easy, Betsy Ann."

"You never—"

"Kinder easy!"

"You never will git over it, Job," gasped the lady. "The vessel sank. You can't get another oyster! You must have been drunk, Job."

"Haven't drank a drop."

"Then you are crazy. We hain't had no bad weather, and you've gone and lost that vessel!"

"Kinder easy, Betsy Ann," said Job, with a cheerful smile, as he held up a warning finger.

"I've spent that twenty dollars you gave me for a gown, and other things we need; and now everything's gone to ruin."

"Not quite, Betsy Ann."

"What do you mean—you—"

"Kinder easy! We're better off'n ever we were before, Betsy Ann."

"Why don't you tell me about it?" she demanded impatiently.

"Don't git in a flurry, and I'll tell you all about it," said Job, seating himself at the stove.

"And Charlie's got a new suit of clothes,"



"KINDER EASY," SAID JOB, AS HE HELD UP A WARNING FINGER.

exclaimed the lady, glancing at the young man. "Exactly so," replied Job, pulling out his old wallet, which was much distended by the large roll of banknotes it contained.

"How's this?" he added, taking the bills from it, and spreading them on the table.

"Why, Job Seagrain," asked she, "where did you get all that money, if you lost the vessel and the oysters?"

"Notin' less than a ten there," added the old man, as he turned over the bills. "There's just two hundred and ninety dollars, and I spent nearly ten dollars for stores for the vessel."

"What vessel? I thought you lost the Betsy Ann!" inquired the puzzled woman.

"So I did, but I got another."

"Most three hundred dollars!" ejaculated she.

"I never saw so much money to once in all my life."

"I hain't lately," added Job.

"Why don't you tell me how it was?"

Job told how it was, relating all that had occurred during the day. Mrs. Seagrain indulged in a variety of explanations, but no woman was ever more rejoiced at the good fortune of a husband than she was. She was pleasant and agreeable, and before the story was finished she began to get supper for Job and Charlie. She had purchased new crockery ware that day, and she set the table with it on this occasion. She cooked some of the fine oysters for them, which Job had brought into the house, and was as interested to have a good supper, as though Job and Charlie had been guests instead of own folk. A new light had dawned upon her, probably she had no suspicion that she was the cause of Job's taking to drink; and while he was a tippler and an idler, she had no encouragement to be gentle and affectionate.

During the absence of her husband she had made the house as neat and tidy as its dilapidated condition would permit, for something in his conduct had given her a hope for the future. Job and Charlie never passed a pleasant evening than that of their return from the city. The events of the day were told over and over again; the new future of Charlie was discussed, and the possible sale of the property to the brick company was considered.

"And Mr. Lynmore wants Charlie to stay a month at his great house?" said Mrs. Seagrain, looking at the young man.

"Yes, he does, and his wife and darter, too," replied Job. "The gal thinks more of Charlie than you do, Betsy Ann."

"I always liked Charlie well enough," added she, reproachfully.

"He'll be a great man yet."

Perhaps Job thought so; at any rate, he hoped so. The next morning Mrs. Seagrain visited the "Belle of the Bay," and expressed her admiration in no measured terms, declaring she would go to New York in her next trip, if she could get her new dress done. Job, with the money in his pocket, started for the village, after breakfast, intent upon discharging his debt to

Squire Peter Shifflety. Ordinarily, when he went to the village, he carried a jug or a bottle, and the principal feature of his visit was a spree. If he bought a pound of tea or a quantity of sugar, it was only after the jug was filled; and it was not often that his funds would admit of any such extravagance after he had obtained the liquor. But this time he had plenty of money, and no jug. His heart was light, and his head very full of bright visions of the future. Though it was only nine o'clock when he arrived there, the store of Squire Peter contained several loafers, two or three of whom began to blackguard Job and make fun of him, as soon as he made his appearance. The old man, in being born to a new life, was born to a new dignity; and he took no notice of them, except to salute them civilly.

"Is Squire Peter in?" he asked of the boy, who was doing duty behind the counter.

"I believe he is in the house with the constable," replied the clerk. "But I can all your jug as well as he can, if you've got the money to pay for it."

The loafers laughed heartily at this reply, and thought the boy was smart.

"I hain't got no jug, and don't want none filled," added Job. "I want to see Squire Peter."

"What do you want on him?" asked one of the tormentors.

"I want to see him."

"How's your wife now, Job?" inquired another.

"She's feeling well, thank ye."

"Does she dress you down every day now?"

"No; she don't."

"They say she gin' you a thunderin' lickin' the other day," added the chief talkist of the loafers.

"I want to see Squire Peter," said Job to the clerk.

"Well, I guess he's busy with the constable," answered the boy.

"Goin' to have an auction over to your place tomorrow—ain't they, Job?" continued the talkist, renewing the assault.

"No; I guess not," replied Job.

"That's what they say. Hain't you see the handbills?"

"I ain't see no handbills," said the old man, anxiously.

"What you call that 'ere?" added the man, pointing to a small poster on the wall.

Job looked at it with a feeling akin to horror. He had hardly believed the story when Mr. Twiterton had told him, though he knew that Squire Peter was mean enough to do anything. He could not understand how all the forms of the law had been complied with without his knowledge of the matter; but then he suddenly remembered that he had been drunk most of the time during the past month. But there was

him as he was entering the livery stable.

"What's up now, Job?" demanded Squire Peter.

"The boy in the shop said you warn't home," Squire Peter, replied Job.

"Well, I ain't to home. I'm out here. Do you want to see me?"

"Yes; I do. I want to pay that bill."

"It's too late now," added Squire Peter, biting his lips.

"Why is it too late?" inquired Job, appalled at the intelligence.

"It is advertised for sale."

"I don't see how you could git judgment, and advertise my place for sale, and I not know nothin' about it."

"If you didn't know anything about it, Job Seagrain, it was because you were too drunk to know anything about it," interposed the constable. "I put the papers in your own hand, and posted one of the bills on the house."

"When did you put the papers in my hand?" asked Job.

"About two months ago. You were so drunk, you didn't know which way to look for Sunday, and I suppose you threw them away. It's none of my business if you did."

"I haven't seen no bill on the house," added Job, unable to answer the crushing argument, and unwilling to hear any more of his own folly.

"I put it there three weeks ago. It was the night before that great rain, and I suppose it was washed off, like the rest I stuck up. I put the advertisement in the newspaper, too."

"I don't take no papers," groaned Job, "but I mean to arter this. Can't nothing be done?"

"I don't see's anything can," replied Squire Peter.

"I've got the money, and am ready to pay."

"Too late!" said the squire, shaking his head. "I ain't a goin' to give it up so," continued the old man, desperately.

"You can't do anything."

"I don't know's I can; but I'm goin' to see a lawyer. Have you got a boss and wagon I can have to go up to Oslip Center?" said Job, turning to the stable-keeper.

"Haven't got a thing. All engaged for the day," replied the man, with a significant glance at the squire, who was his landlord.

"Well, 'tain't but three miles, and I reckon I can huff it," said Job, sadly. "I ain't agoin' to let my property go without trying to save it."

Squire Peter looked at his son, the constable, and his son, the constable, looked at his father. Viewed from their standpoint the situation was not hopeful. Squire Dockett would thrust his legal broom into their legal cobwebs, and sweep them all away. Job must not be permitted to go to Oslip Center.

"Come into the house, Job, and we will talk it over," said Squire Peter, in a milder tone.

"I don't want to talk it over, if you won't settle," replied Job.

"Well, we will settle, then. I don't know as we have any right to, but I don't like to bother a clever fellow like you," added Squire Peter, who had already decided on a plan to dispose of any resistance on the part of his debtor.

"If you'll settle, I'll go in."

"I will settle."

Squire Peter led the way to his house, and they entered through a store which occupied one end of the building. They passed into the sitting-room.

"Take a seat, Job," said the squire, as he left the room.

Presently he returned with a bottle and three glasses, which he placed on the table.

"Come, Job, let us take something," added the creditor, who did not think it was at all necessary to mask the battery with which he was about to open upon the simple-minded oysterman.

"Thank you, I don't take nothing now," replied Job.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I don't drink any liquor now."

"How long has that been?" demanded Squire Peter, utterly confounded to see Job decline his "bitters."

"Not long; but I don't drink none now."

"Better take something, Job; it will do you good."

"Just one nip, Job, for old acquaintance sake."

"I guess I won't take none. I ain't fit to tend to business, as the constable knows, if I take any."

Both the squire and his son used every argument and persuasion to induce Job to partake of the contents of the bottle; but the old man looked his enemy squarely in the face, and resisted to the end. The tempters were amazed. They intended to keep Job drunk till after the sale, but he obstinately refused to even taste the liquor.

"I came in to settle," said the old man, who was beginning to exhibit some of the spirit he had displayed in his domestic campaign. "The bill is sixty-five dollars and twenty-six cents."

"But the costs, you know," added Squire Peter.

"Well, how much be they?"

"The whole bill is one hundred and seventy-two dollars," interposed the constable, taking some papers from his pocket.

Job looked at the speaker in astonishment. Then he rose and put on his hat.

"I guess I'll go up and get Squire Dockett to settle this bill for me," said he, moving slowly towards the door.

"How much did you suppose the costs would be, Job?" asked the squire.

"Not more'n ten dollars, if they was that. I won't pay no more'n ten dollars, without Squire Dockett tells me I must," replied Job. "I can pay what you say, but I won't."

"Money is plenty with you, Job," suggested the squire.

"I've got enough to pay this bill; and I'll give a lawyer a hundred dollars after I pay you a cent more'n I owe you. I'm sober now, and I know what I'm agoin' to."

"We were only jokin', Job," laughed Squire Peter, but it was a very sickly laugh. "The costs are only eight or nine dollars. How much are they, Amos?"

"Debt and costs seventy-three eighteen," replied the constable, as he showed the account.

Job paid it, and was heartily rejoiced as he put the receipt in his pocket, to find himself out of trouble.

"All I wanted was my money, Job," said Squire Peter. "I'm glad the matter is ended."

"So'm I," ejaculated Job with energy.

"That property of yours wouldn't fetch much under the hammer."

"I suppose not," answered the old man, quietly.

"It isn't worth much, but I should like to buy it."

"Sho! You don't say so," laughed Job.

"I'm not particular about it, but I should like it to build a boathouse on. Your buildings ain't worth much of anything."

"No; they ain't; but I'm goin' to fix things up now."

"The land is all the value there is on the place. I'm willing to give you two hundred dollars for the property."

"You can't have it for no sech money."

"What will you take for it?" asked Squire Peter, struggling to appear indifferent.

"Three thousand dollars," replied the old man quietly.

"You are crazy, Job!" exclaimed the squire. "You can buy the next lot to it for twenty-five cents an acre."

"Why don't you buy it then?"

"I like yours better, and I'll give you five hundred for it."

"My price is three thousand, and you can't buy it for no less, cash down."

"You are wild, Job!"

"You ain't obliged to buy it, if you don't want to pay what I say for it. I won't sell it to you for no less."

Squire Peter then offered a thousand, but Job was as firm as a rock on his price.

"Nothin' less than three thousand, Squire Peter," said he; "and you can't buy it for that arter today."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)



# THE SKEELED BIRD

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

Author of "St. Elmo," "Buelah," "Infelice," Etc., Etc.

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Egbert Maurice, a Confederate general, dies, leaving a wife and daughter, Marcella, and upon her the mother centers all her love and devotion. At seventeen, Marcella meets Allison Kent, a lover of forty, handsome, debonair and witty. There is a clandestine marriage. Mrs. Maurice goes to her child's room to kiss her good night, and finds a farewell letter praying for forgiveness. The mother returns the letter and across it she writes: "My only hope is that God will take me out of the world before I see the face of the child who has disgraced the memory of her father and the name of her mother."

Mrs. Maurice is called from Europe by the death of her overseer, Robert Mitchell, whose wife, Eliza, is sheltered by Mrs. Maurice. Loving Marcella, Eliza intercedes with a letter. It is returned unopened. Dr. Eggleston and Bishop Vivian plead for Marcella. The latter gives Mrs. Maurice a letter. Marcella is dying, and he asks the mother to be merciful. Mrs. Maurice writes the word, "Come."

A boy, her dead first-born, is laid in Eliza Mitchell's arms. Marcella Kent is brought home. Three days later she dies in her mother's arms, and whispers, "If my baby lives, keep her for my sake," and Eliza Kent is given to the care of the foster-mother, Eliza.

Noel Herriott visits Mrs. Maurice and brings papers announcing Judge Kent's marriage to his stepmother, Mrs. Nina Herriott, and then Mrs. Maurice realizes that Eliza is Marcella's child. She wants to comfort her. It is too late. Noel Herriott will be friendly with Eliza. She only wants her father.

Mrs. Maurice leaves instructions for Eliza's future care. Eliza is awakened from a sound sleep by Eliza. She hears her grandmother call Egbert. "Marcella." They enter the memorial chamber where Mrs. Maurice sits in the silence that death consecrates.

Eliza guards Eliza and believes that the soul created for her baby boy who never breathed is living in Eliza. Two years later Mrs. Kent is suddenly killed. "Father," Temple, cousin to Judge Kent, invites Noel Herriott to Calvary House and inspects the seed he sows in the lovely home that has been his mother's. He is religious tendencies. Noel advises him to let the child pick her own way to peace.

The rector of St. Hyacinth is called away and Father Temple explains his presence. He is unconscious that Eliza witnesses a scene near the altar. Leighton Dane, a boy soldier, held spellbound by Father Temple's magnetic voice, asks if he may learn the words he speaks. He will set them to a chant. The boy passes two hyacinths to the Father, who reproaches him for touching sacred gifts. The boy admits he brings them. God can spare two. A sob and tears follow.

Eliza recognizes in a sketch by the sculptor of St. Hyacinth's. His mother, Mrs. Nina Dane, has the glove counter at—Fourteenth St.

Noel and Eliza drive to a department store. It is easy to discover the center of attraction. Eliza makes the desired purchase. It is part of the business to fit the gloves, but the woman's repellant bearing proclaims all intercourse is restricted to the business of the counter, and the wish to mention the chorister of St. Hyacinth's is extinguished. Noel learns Mrs. Dane's history. She drifts from the far West to Brooklyn and finds employment, from which she is dismissed on an unjust charge. She is an avowed socialist of the extreme type.

A note is left and the message to Judge Kent's peace of mind is discovered. He requests Eliza not to grieve Eliza about his sudden illness. Eliza discovers the identity of Eliza Twigg. Noel Herriott offers to Eliza the unshared love of his life. She trusts and admires him but will marry no one. Noel Herriott shows Father Temple drawings. He is affected and asks if he is the husband of a woman who comes when he tells the story of his life—his marriage though a minor, and before he can publicly claim his wife she disappears.

Noel Herriott calls to see Leighton Dane. Leighton, hearing his voice, pleads with his mother. Noel asks to take the boy to ride—will she accompany them. She refuses all help. Eliza meets Miss Higginbottom and doubts creep in. She realizes her father's restlessness and her bitter disappointment comes when she learns from strangers his determination to resign his senatorship.

Father Temple visits Mrs. Dane. He finds in her his long lost wife. She refuses all pleadings and the privilege of caring for his boy. The law free her—she is not his wife. Leighton begs for his father, who recognizes no validity in divorce. Only the positive order of the doctor prevents Mrs. Dane from moving Leighton.

## CHAPTER XIII.

"I WILL NEVER MARRY A MAN I DO NOT LOVE."

THE first view of "Greyledge" suggested a stone crazy-quilt, so multitudinous were its angles, so incongruous its medley of styles; but examination showed architectural strata superimposed in such trend that the paradoxical dip had uplifted the oldest to the crest. Three stories looked as if they had frozen in dancing a minuet, each receding yet rising, and when, as a bride, Nina Herriott stepped out of her carriage, she gaily made three very low bows to the dwelling that appeared courtesying to welcome her. The long first story was a piazza or loggia, with wide, by and by arches and double shafts, closed in winter by glass doors and storm shutters, in summer noons sheltered from the glare of sun-smitten water by white and blue awnings. No railing divided it from the broad stone terrace just below, overhanging the lake that mirrored its carved and fluted balustrade where vine-fringed vases glowed with flowers for three months of each year. At the north end of the arcade, a round tower, rising one hundred and fifty feet, held a lamp with brilliant reflector that shone far out over the apparently shoreless lake on moonless and stormy nights, and at the south corner one of several flights of steps led to an arched and domed pavilion where boats were moored.

The second floor flowered into bay windows, mullioned and diamond paned; and the third might have slipped from some Swiss hillside, so full it seemed of small balconies, sharp gables, dormers, and deep recesses, and the steep roof that crowned the whole overhung like an Alpine hat the frivolous impertinence of trefoil and stained glass.

Herriott tradition claimed that early French pioneers had here destroyed an Indian fort, and that their rude hunting lodge was succeeded by a missionary station, where a semi-circular excavation in the rock had served as oratory; in proof whereof an old wooden cross, partly gilded with tarnished, tattered gold leaf, still hung in the small stone cave that once echoed the antiphony of Latin chants, and held forever in its mossy crannies subtle, spicy survivals of sanctifying incense. Sheltered on the north by hills, clothed with vineyards along their southern face, the courtyard and shrubbery nestled close to the rocks, but eastward stretched wide fields and level meadows bounded by dense woods rising on steep uplands, blue in the distance; and south lay a garden of olden time, with primly boxed beds, walks hedged with lilacs, snow-balls, glistening rhododendrons, and masses of roses that ran riot to the foot of a high enclosing stone wall, where a shining mantle of ivy climbed to match its verdure with the velvet of hills that here circled like a clasping arm, reaching from far-away forests to the lake margin. The courtyard was so nearly on a level with the rear of the house that only three shallow steps were needed for entrance, and at this spot the range of color had been exhausted by masses of lilacs, irises, peonies, and foliage plants—so brilliant that in the summer sunshine benignant nature seemed to have paved the place with a flawless prism.

On the morning after the arrival of Mr. Herriott's guests, breakfast had been served on the long, arched piazza, where stood three circular tables, each bright and fragrant from central piles of flowers and fruit. At the middle one Mr. Herriott sat with Eliza and Judge Kent, around that on his left were Miss Katrina Manning—an aunt of Noel's mother—Professor Cleveden, and Eliza Mitchell, and grouped at his right were Beatrix Roberts, a cousin of Miss Manning's, Dana Stapleton of New York, and Roger Hull, the young congressman from a north-western state, whose devotion to Eliza had long been undisguised.

It was a cloudless summer day, and the crisp

wind from the west drove the crystal water of the great inland sea into ruffles of foamy lace against the stone face of the terrace. If she had floated down from a Fragonard panel, or stepped out of a Watteau *clavessin*, Miss Manning could not have represented more picturesquely a dainty type of the long by-gone. Low in stature, slight and graceful, this airy old lady, with silver hair piled high on her head, where jeweled side combs held her curls close—habitually wore gray silk or velvet, and her bright, restless round eyes increased her likeness to a bird, hence Noel's pet name was "Antie Dove." Her gowns were many years behind the reigning mode, and she shook her voluminous skirts in indignant scorn of close-clinging garments then coming rapidly into vogue. When her favorite young cousin Beatrix plucked up courage to denounce "antediluvian fashions," the gray old dame seized her by the shoulders and shook her till her teeth chattered.

"Trix, you are an impertinent minx! My gowns are decent and fit my morals, and I would soon change the cover on the Manning family Bible. You young people have no longer any sense of proportion; your skirts are so skintight you might all be 'artist's models,' and your manners and your disgraceful slang are about as unlaced as the bohemians. If your refined grandmother Manning could move in her portrait frame, she would most certainly turn her back to you and her shocked countenance to the wall."

Today she lifted her tortoise-shell lorgnette to examine the rather unusual pattern of Professor Cleveden's black onyx sleeve buttons, which represented tarantulas with prominent diamond eyes.

"Noel, are we all permanently arranged in trios? Because, if so, you have been cruelly unkind in condemning the professor to sit next to an orthodox old woman who knows no more science than a blind kitten, who is no bugologist, no apostle to moths, and who bitterly disapproves of crucifying butterflies on pins."

"Aunt Trina, you will not be allowed to monopolize each other, no matter how earnestly you both may desire to do so. Shall we change groups once a day or at each meal, in order that the collective wit and wisdom may be impartially distributed?"

"I suggest that all names be deposited in a box and that we draw for places," said Mr. Stapleton, fearful of losing his neighbor, Miss Roberts.

"Dana, what a rash challenge to chance! She can be spiteful, that classic, grinning old jade, and might roll up three women to one table, leaving a solitary charming belle—presumably myself—to the tender mercies of five furious men. Fancy the impotent wrath of the beauleux trio robbed of their legitimate prey! Noel, do not risk any such dire disaster, but try the democratic plan of rotation in office, whereby I shall afflict each of you for only a few hours of my term. What delicious apricots! Surely old Amos Lea did not grow them?"

Miss Manning held up a twig on which twin, luscious apricots glowed.

"They were ripened by the hot suns and spiced by Pacific breezes in lower California, where I have a friend who now and then sends a hamper from his fruit farm. Beauties, are they not? My old gardener Amos, jealous of the fame of his own orchard, snorted contemptuously and assured me they tasted like stale sawdust."

"Does he still employ David, St. Paul, and the prophets as proxies to curse his enemies?" asked Professor Cleveden, helping himself liberally to cherries.

Catching sight of Eliza Mitchell's rebuking eyes, Mr. Herriott laughed.

"Yes, he sternly restricts his imprecations to Biblical quotations. When was a boy I ruined some very rare tulips by setting mole traps in the border, and in his rage he called out 'fat bulls of Bashan' to gore me. Years later I imported a stock of pigeons, and when they literally devoured his early crop of sweet peas, he seized me by the coat collar, showed me the havoc, and shouted, 'May the Angel of the Lord chase you and your devilish English thieves.' He had tyrannized over us all so long, that his wrath knew no bounds when my amiable young stepmother, who desired some alterations in the hot-house, defied his arguments and wishes, and insisted on an annex for orchids that necessitated the removal of his pet carnations. Whereupon raising his hand, he shook it furiously and hissed: 'Madam, you have done me much evil. May the Lord requite you according to your works!' With tears in her eyes Nina fled to my father."

"A grumpy curmudgeon is old Amos Lea, but his religious convictions are so earnest that I would sooner house a swarm of wasps inside my vest than tread on his Baptist toes. He objects strenuously to my association with Herriott, and overheard some of our heretical geological discussions as we strolled through the gardens, and he eyes me as if I were the foul fiend at Herriott's heels, prodding him downward with a pitchfork. I wish that somewhere in the great outside world I had such a loyal, godly friend to pray for my soul."

"Dear me! I thought you scientists disdained such a superstition, and that you had reduced souls and minds to mere 'reflex sensory' action, and 'cerebral sinusitis,' and psychoplasia, and 'inherited instincts,' and deposits of phosphorus?" interjected Miss Roberts, as she dipped her jeweled hand into her finger bowl to bruise the lemon blossoms.

"My dear young lady, pray do not join the multitude in stoning the prophets. If there be ghosts—blessed are the grammarians who invented a subjunctive mood—those of martyred students of science will one day haunt you, more terrible than 'an army with banners.' Herriott is a much more attractive target than I—y younger and handsomer—why not call him into the witness box and swear him on the case of souls?"

"Trix, there is no need to pester yourself about Noel's soul. Old Amos Lea made sure of his safety when he baptized him the second time. Noel, tell her about it. How your poor father laughed that day!"

"Being a rigid Baptist and an elder, Amos scouted Mr. Presbyterian christening as totally inadequate to neutralize what he considered my unusually large share of original sin, and as his wife, Susan, was my nurse, they began to grieve over my reprobateness as soon as I was old enough to lay claim to moral responsibility. When I was about sixteen I was out yonder on the lake fishing. Two friends were with me, and we all swam well, or thought we did. A sudden squall capized the boat, and I was caught and held under it in such a way that I could not extricate myself. The boys hovered around, trying unsuccessfully to help me, but just then Amos kicked off his boots, plunged in, and swam to the rescue. He was strong as a whale, raised the end of the boat with his shoulder and dragged me out. I was slightly stunned, and he swam with me into shallow water, where he could stand up. Then he lifted me horizontally, as if I had been a baby in long clothes, and repeating with triumphant fervor the baptismal formula of his church, he immersed me so thoroughly that I regained consciousness, and he turned me over to Susan and hot blankets, as a 'brand snatched from the burning,' and properly baptized."

Removing the ice from the yellow heart of his melon, Judge Kent glanced around the table. "Owning such a paradise as this home, do you not all share my amazement that Herriott can

prefer to shut it up and wander contentedly over the continent, searching its rough crannies for what he pedantically calls the 'primeval anthropological nidus'?"

"Oh, bless you, Senator Kent, it is just in his blood, and he can no more keep still than a flea can stop hopping. His father was a surveyor—civil engineer—always roving, and Noel is exactly like him; which none of you will doubt when I assure you his mother really was an absolutely beautiful woman. He is a hopeless tramp. He gravitates to the wildest places of creation, as you and Mr. Hull to the cultivation of votes, and Dana to Wall Street kites, and this insecticide professor to picking the lock of God's workshop when He has closed the door and gone to His seventh day rest."

"Aunt Trina refuses to believe that my ambition to become acquainted with our prehistoric family relatives is a laudable method of climbing the genealogical tree. She is not enthusiastic on ancestry."

"That depends, my dear boy, on the 'strain' you are hunting. If the first hatching of brown skins in that 'primeval nidus' of your dreams had only been as wise and prudent as modern cattle and horse raisers, and fixed rules of pure-blooded pedigree, we might not fear to grope backward lest we find only 'grades' in our family group. Now, climbing a genuine, decent, civilized ancestral tree is much better sport than twisting up slippery totem poles with a coyote, or a con, or a culture perched on top, as head of the family."

"And, pray, what of the sacred menagerie of heraldry? The quadrupeds, birds, flowers of armorial blazonry—all that makes heraldic pomp picturesque—are but survivals of primeval totem symbols throughout the world. Auntie Dove, your book-plate and your family seal bear a leopard couchant, very dear to your orthodox, patrician heart, and some day your hereditary pet beast may have glared down upon a Thinkit feepee."

"Marriage is the only cure for Herriott, and it would effectually tether him," said Mr. Hull, keeping his eyes on Eliza.

"It appears that you have carefully avoided taking your own prescription," answered his host. "It is by no means my fault. Though futile, my efforts have been heroic."

Professor Cleveden leaned forward. "You good people do not understand how deeply Herriott is imbued with the conviction that contemporary 'differentiation' is not a synonym for desirable advancement. The complex, hybridized, neurotic creature he meets in society does not always impress him as vastly superior to the primeval female type, and you may all recall that whenever matrimonial shackles restrict his pasturage, which will not be in *Wyandottine*, he will be hobbled by 'some savage woman' whose accomplishments are limited to the slim schedule set down by that jilted cynic of 'Locksley Hall.' The 'new woman' incites us to pray fervently for swift reversion to type. Now, Miss Manning, I am sure you are preparing to tell me that—"

"That of course in such matters tastes differ, and not one of us feels disposed to deprive Professor Cleveden; but, as Noel never has had a flirtation with 'Cousin Amy' to rub him the wrong way, he has no provocation to present to me a squaw as my great niece."

"It is very evident the professor viciously remembers his own 'Amy,'" said Miss Roberts, who was watching keenly for some manifestation of consciousness in Noel and Eliza.

"Miss Beatrix, no scapegoat 'Amy' bears away my sins of temper, because, as a naturalist, I am unalterably opposed to the marriage of cousins. I never owned but one sweetheart. She took my unfeathered young affections into her tender hands when she was only ten years old, and so carefully has she preserved them that after twenty years of married life she remains my charming sweetheart—my pearl of womanhood—the supreme joy of my existence. She is the one priceless fossil in my collection, guarded with jealous watchfulness, because she no more resembles the new feminine type than a snowy dove a blind, broken-winged, snapping hawk."

"When I marry, my ambition will soar beyond scope bottled in alcohol or boxed in sawdust or cotton wool, like a centipede or a cracked egg of the great ark. I should imagine that men who speculate their work days among musty, stuffy fossils would rather enjoy the variety of an up-to-date, cultivated wife who kept in touch with social tides and currents. Now, Mr. Herriott, you who prowl about laboratories and museums until you understand their dreary jargon as fully as you do leading a German or playing polo, ought to be a wiser umpire than this one-sided shut-in science, who prefers dry bones to living pink flesh."

"In the first place, Miss Beatrix, I must, in the absence of Mrs. Cleveden, protest against her husband's classification of her as a fossil. She is alive to her finger tips with enthusiasm for his work, in which she is his ablest assistant, and knowing something of his charming home life, I consider him the most enviable man of my acquaintance. We who are not so fortunate in the matter of sweethearts, must content ourselves with the best available substitute; and you know, if one cannot have what one loves, one must love what one has."

"A defence of fickleness quite unworthy of you; and moreover, Noel, utterly untrue, for of all people in the world you are the very last to surrender anything you really want."

"Aunt Katrina, would you have me spend my life wallowing for the moon?"

"Pooh! You are not so fatuous as to want to drag a surveyor's chain across its cold chasms and jagged heights; and as for a brief study of your frozen charmer you would turn your telescope on something accessible and more valuable. Miss Kent, do you consider Noel a fickle person?"

Eliza looked up, and, meeting the eyes of her host, they both laughed.

"Certainly not. His life-long devotion to you ought to shield him from all suspicion of inconstancy."

"Aunt Trina, she is not an impartial umpire. The first time I saw her, a little girl wearing a snowy muslin with blue ribbon bows on her shoulders, we entered into a compact, adopted each other as halfbrother and stepsister, and now in supreme trust we form a sort of mutual aid, mutual defence—on my part, admiration—as a social association. If she saw fifty fatal flaws in me she would loyally conceal them from you, who are such a terribly severe censor."

"Herriott ought to go into politics; don't you think so, Miss Manning?" asked Mr. Hull.

"By no means. I prefer we should keep his hands clean."

"Senator Kent can tell you, madam, that we do not all dabble in mud or pitch."

Mr. Herriott leaned forward, and spoke more quickly than usual.

"She is afraid I might not swell the class of distinguished exceptions which you and Senator Kent represent. Aunt Trina, may I trouble you for a second cup of coffee and an extra lump of sugar?"

Beatrix had completed her inventory of Eliza's points of attraction, and now, as her eyes rested on the graceful figure daintily gowned in lilac muslin, the result annoyed her.

"Miss Kent, has your college training fitted you to believe all the marvellous tales these two

wise scholars tell us; as, for instance, that this lovely spot—this suburb of paradise where we are sitting—was once buried for ages under ten thousand feet of glacial ice?"

"I am sorry to confess my course of study carried me only far enough to see the border land of a kingdom I never expect to explore. Unless one specializes, four years at college make no experts. You might as well ask a butterfly to classify all the blossoms it hovered over, or measure the depths of glaciers."

The professor pushed aside his cup, and looked at her.

"And why not? It can teach us infinitely more than its human, club-crazy sisters. My dear Miss Kent, we who are in bonds to science exact great accuracy even in the selection of metaphors, and you will pardon me if I rise to defend the usefulness of butterflies. On top of Mount Washington survives a colony of butterflies found nowhere else south of Arctic snows and ice; descendants of a family which retreated with the great glacier that once overflowed New Hampshire and left only the pinnacle of Mount Washington uncovered. When the *Oenocera* household moved back to Labrador and Greenland, these silk-winged stragglers, flirting in corners, were abandoned by their chaperons, and for thousands of years their progeny have flitted around that stone crest to show us the depth of the glacier."

Professor Cleveden adjusted his eye-glasses and moved his chair so as to look straight at Miss Manning, who at once put up her lorgnette to probe his gold spectacles.

"Are you an enthusiastic Club-woman?"

"Why don't you ask me if I approve of perjury, arson, and poisoning?"

"My dear madam, did I not hear you last evening quoting the sonorous periods of Mrs. Helen Phadra Swan Hall, whose mission seems to be the emancipation of her sex from bondage to God as well as to man?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Cleveden! It was I who asked Mr. Hull to explain the bill she is trying to have introduced in Congress. Cousin Katrina thinks all such advanced women should be locked up as lunatics, but she is too extreme and hopelessly narrow for this generation, while I like to keep up with the procession. Do tell us about this prophetic."

"Her husband was a mild man, reputed a faithful husband and a devoted father, but the female comet he was yoked with indignantly spurned such slavish role as wifehood and maternity involved, and she ranted around clubdom and through the press, striving to enlighten the world, until, finally, she determined to break her domestic chains and shake off all impediments of marriage obligations. Having deliberately selected as successor a friend whose opinions proved quite as lax as her own, she promoted an intimacy that resulted in accordance with her scheme. Then she suggested divorce to Hall, who very naturally assented with alacrity. He promptly married the woman chosen. Mrs. Helen Phadra Swan gladly abandoned all care of her own children to the new wife, washed her hands of maternal responsibility, and proclaimed herself free to work for the rights of woman and the enlightenment of the world. Soaring eagles scorn to perch at one man's hearthstone, and behold the comical climax of her flight above the laws of decency and good taste. She has swooped down on a new husband, and for a season at least, will call herself Mrs. Helen Phadra Swan Butler. Such, Miss Roberts, is your prophetic."

A survival of polyandry, if you please. Formerly women looked sternly and sorrowfully from their lofty pure plateau upon polygamy and bigamy as the horrible heinous luxury of wicked, despotic men; now they are stepping down into the mire, claiming equal rights in sin, and the emancipated new female clamors for easy divorce and the freedom of polyandry."

Miss Manning rang a silver bell, and, rising, tapped the professor's arm with her lorgnette.

"Yet you have the audacity to ask me if I condone creatures whose real aim is to reverse God's decree of the sexes? Trix thinks I should like them locked up in insane asylums? By no means. I should prefer to see such 'reformed' by the methods you men employ when brutes become afflicted with rabies and glanders. I am an old woman, Mr. Cleveden, but I do object to the way in which you 'scientists' dispense with conventional verbal draperies in discussing some questions. After all is said, I presume that 'truth' you are worshiping must wear clothes, and there is no need to confiscate her garments. Moreover, you are not to believe for one instant that Miss Roberts means half of the idiotic rubbish she talks. Girls nowadays think it chic to affect fade, but Trix is no more a 'new woman' than I am a winged saint. Noel, what is the order of the morning?"

"The senator and the professor wish to fish; Stapleton and I are bound to the stable and kennel, and later to the billiard table to settle an old debt; Mr. Hull, Eliza, and Miss Beatrix will go out on the launch, and the phaeton and your ponies will take you and Mrs. Mitchell to see the finest views of the lake and hills."

"I much prefer to see your dogs and watch your billiard game, if I may," said Miss Roberts, picking from the table vase some scarlet poppies that she fastened in her belt.

"Miss Manning, do come with us on the lake; the day is so lovely." Eliza laid an appealing hand on the gray silk sleeve, and Miss Katrina's keen eyes softened.

"You are very good to want a crusty old woman as ballast, but I am not fond of the water. The wind is no respecter of gray hairs, takes such impertinent liberties with my maidenly curls, and, beside, if an accident should occur I can swim only as far as a cannon ball might, and of course in an emergency Mr. Hull would devote himself exclusively to saving me, hence you would probably drown. Thank you, Miss Kent, but Mrs. Mitchell and I shall do our best to strangle time till luncheon."

During that long drive Eliza was kept constantly on guard, parrying questions that betrayed an earnest curiosity relative to Mr. Herriott's standing in the senator's family; and she readily divined that Eliza was considered a formidable obstacle to a marriage long desired between their host and Beatrix Roberts, the youngest of several unmarried daughters whose father was Miss Manning's second cousin.

"And why do you think Noel will never marry?"

"Of course, madam, I can only conjecture; but from what I have seen of Mr. Herriott, I think he is very happy as he is, and if he desired or intended to wed anyone, he would scarcely be so eager to renew his travels in distant lands."

"And Miss Kent? Lovely, refined-looking woman, but cold as a frozen mill pond. We hear she has had some fine offers. The world wonders for whom she is waiting."

"As far as I know, she is absolutely indifferent. For her father she has a peculiarly strong and tender affection, and I shall be very much surprised if she ever marries."

When she returned to her own room, she felt that she had stepped down from the wit-ness stand after an audit of examination, in which she had maintained her non-committal

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)





LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag. To join at once. Everybody welcome.

### CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

**H**ERE we are once more in the same old corner. Get up on my lap, and get very close to my heart, for there is a very important heart-to-heart talk I want to have with you. I have had a letter from our mutual friend, Mr. Wm. H. Gannett, COMFORT's publisher, and I am going to take you all into my confidence and tell you what he wrote me. Here is his letter:

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

As I know you have COMFORT's interests at heart, and as I also know the deep and abiding love COMFORT's family has for you, and the immense influence you have, not only with the cousins, but with all the COMFORT family, I thought it advisable to make this proposition to you. As you are aware, from a letter that was printed over my signature in our January issue, COMFORT will celebrate its twenty-first anniversary on November next. By that time, I want if possible, to increase our subscription list to two millions. I feel we ought to put COMFORT in two million homes and thus extend our influence for good, for you know, Uncle Charlie, our magazine is not only fulfilling its mission in entertaining and instructing the public, but we are doing a great work besides, a work, in which I know you have your heart and soul. At present we have close on twenty-five thousand members in the League. Don't you think we ought to have fifty thousand? As the cousins will do almost anything for you, I feel sure if you asked them, every individual member would bring in another member, and if they did that, by November first, we would have fifty thousand members enrolled under the League banner. I think too, that at least a fifth of your family—that is five thousand League members—could be induced to work for your book as a premium. This would bring in thirty-five thousand more members to COMFORT's family, making sixty thousand towards the two millions we are striving to get. However I do not want to set you too hard a task, and as I also would like to make a proposition that will result in immediate benefit to the afflicted, I will make you this offer: For each additional thousand members you can obtain for the League, I will give you one first-class rolling chair, which you can give in COMFORT's name, to some worthy crippled or sick person who needs such an article. The only condition I make is that the thousand members be secured within a month. If only five hundred new members come in during the month, you will not of course earn a chair, but if two thousand are secured you will earn two chairs, if three thousand, three chairs—a chair for each additional thousand. If you get a thousand new members per month, that will be twelve chairs per year if you get two thousand per month, that will mean twenty-four chairs per annum. Personally I hope this offer will induce every COMFORT reader to come into the League, and then we could distribute hundreds of chairs all over the country, wherever they are needed in your work of mercy among God's suffering poor all over the land. As you are aware, the price of COMFORT will be twenty cents per year from April first. This should be an inducement for all to join the League during March, and take advantage of the present low rate. I feel sure that the cousins will work heart and soul to accomplish this. If you think well of this matter, you can make my proposition known to our readers, through the columns of your department. Wishing you all success and God speed in your work,

I am ever faithfully yours,  
W. H. GANNETT.

There now, cousins, what do you think of that? Don't you think we can win these wheel chairs? It is the easiest thing in the world to do. It is as easy as rolling off a log. If each individual one of you will bring in that new member, we shall have fifty thousand in the League within a month; then we have seven months more to get thirty-five thousand new subscribers. These do not have to be League members remember, and for every seven new members you bring in, you will get Uncle Charlie's Poems as a reward. This is a dollar book remember, and is only sold through this magazine at fifty cents. I want your help in this matter. Think of these elegant wheel chairs, and of the happiness and delight they would bring to so many poor souls, who never see the sunlight. Read the letter in this issue about the poor woman who has not seen the sun in nineteen years. Is not that enough to make you to get into action and help the shut-ins to have the benefits of the splendid gifts Mr. Gannett has so generously offered. I want you, as a first step toward accomplishing this task to do this. Never write me a letter without sending a subscription with it. Sometimes I turn over hundreds of letters of yours, containing all sorts of requests, but never a single sub. There is not a neighbor in your vicinity who would not give you fifteen cents for a year's subscription to COMFORT, and you know it. Let this be our rallying cry: "We, the members of COMFORT's League of Cousins solemnly promise to double the membership of this organization and also bring in thirty-five thousand members to COMFORT's family besides, by November first." Do not wait for somebody else to do this work. Do your share of it, and do it now. Remember, COMFORT is twenty cents a year after April 1st, and that will make it twenty-five cents for those joining the League, so hustle around and come in while the twenty cent rate is in force. We must have at least two thousand new members by March 31st, and win two chairs right away. We must never drop below a thousand a month, for if we do, we get no chair, and that would be a disgrace. I am going to keep you stirred up right along. This is such a splendid chance to do good, I feel sure you will not let it go by. I suggest we have an engraved plate on each chair, and have "COMFORT's League of Cousins" engraved on it, number and date. How glorious it will be if we can distribute two or three chairs a month. Hundreds want them, and want them desperately bad. It rests with you whether they get them or not. Go out and get one new League member directly you read this, and by April first we can distribute twenty-five chairs.

Nothing in this world is accomplished without some trouble, some work, but surely there is not a living soul who would not make an effort to accomplish the noble work we have in view. Now dearies, get busy.

I want to thank all those who remembered me at Christmas, especially the lady who sent the butter nuts. Billy the goat wanted to eat the butt nuts, but I told him he had butter nut. He said butter nuts were goat nuts, because they came from a butter. I received a trifle over five dollars in cash to distribute amongst shut-ins, and I sent this to the most needy of our sick. One dollar went to Mrs. A. F. Thompson, Oxford, Maine, who was exceedingly grateful for it. I would prefer that you send money direct to shut-ins, and not to me, as it saves time and expense. I have to post-office orders and write letters, and I am a very tired busy man, and little extra work adds to my already heavy burdens.

I want to thank the one hundred and five good souls who won my book for a premium during the month of December! They will be glad to know that they brought in seven hundred and thirty-five members to the COMFORT family. That means that over seven hundred people will learn theospel of kindness, love and real practical Christianity, through becoming acquainted with this magazine. Keep up the good work, and God bless you all. Now we get Lusy with the letters.

ADELAIDA, CALIF., NOV. 29, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I want "Uncle Charlie's Poems" and I want you to tell me what to do about it. I do not believe there is a family within a radius of five, yes, ten miles that doesn't take COMFORT, so I cannot earn it by getting subs. and I hunted out my "bottom dollar" and it was only a five cent piece. So what shall I do?

I am twenty-one years old, five feet and five inches tall, and weigh one hundred pounds. I have brown hair and hazel eyes.

You also said, in the October COMFORT, that you wanted the cousins to write of acts of kindness to their dumb friends. I have spent the most of my life on a farm and having been brought up to be kind to every living thing such acts are so much a part of my every day life, that I cannot think of any particular incident worthy of mention.

There is one animal though, that I do not like and never did, and that is a pig. When I was a child if I heard a pig squeal, I would jump up and down and let out such a screech as to shake the heavens until they rained down frogs and crickets. This is a figure of speech such as Uncle Charlie uses.

I wonder how many of the cousins knew goats were very fond of tobacco. No offense meant, Billie. I don't mean you.

There are many places of interest in San Luis Obispo county. There are many sulphur springs. Paso Robles has two bath houses where you can get a hot sulphur bath and one for mud baths. San Miguel and San Luis Obispo both have an old adobe mission. Many quicksilver and a few asphalt mines and several lime kilns are found in the mountains and all wells are in abundance throughout the country.

Now as it is nearing the Christmas season I will tell you my ideas of a happy Christmas. It is not to give to those who will get many gifts but to give what we are able to afford to the poor lonely souls who have few to remember them. Then we will be happy during all the time in which we are preparing for Christmas, knowing well that not one gift but will be treasured and not overlooked or perhaps considered as rubbish, because our means were not such as to allow us to vie with the wealthier friends or relatives.

Sincerely,  
LAVINIA H. MINER (No. 11,950).

Lavinia, there is excellent material in your letter. Kindness to animals is simply a habit. Get the habit of being kind, and you'll cause no one pain. There are eighty-five families within five miles of you, my dear, and only fifteen take COMFORT. I've looked up the map, and assure you this is strictly correct, so if you don't get sever subs. to win that book, it is simply because you don't care to ask your neighbors to join our family. But in and ask them.

Pigs are not very attractive animals, but they have their feelings like other animals and appreciate kindness. When I think of the luscious hams, and lovely breakfast bacon the pigs have provided for me, and the pepsin they supply as an aid to digestion, I feel very grateful to the hog, who dies that we may live. No doubt the hog would prefer to be a human, but he has no choice, so don't blame him. Remember too that he stays sober, and that is more than the two-legged hogs do. Remember too, that without hogs we should have no really fine high-class, classic music, and no prima donnas to sing in grand opera. I mean opera. You never heard high-class music, and really fine singing, until you have heard a couple of hogs getting their throats cut. I studied to be a prima singer—I mean prima donna, in the abbatoir of the stockyards in Chicago. After I had heard a dozen hogs get the knife, I was able to sing all the leading roles in Wagnerian operas. Billy the goat chews tobacco. Lavinia, smokes cigarettes, and uses my go to meeting chimney pot hat for a cuspidore. You are quite right about present giving dear, and all I hope is that you live up to your belief. As a rule, Christmas gifts degenerate into a "you scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours." We only give to those who will give to us in return. That is not giving at all—that is only exchanging goods. Cut it out.

KNOWLES, N. MEX., NOV. 15, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Here comes a little Mexican niece to catch a glimpse of your poor bald head. Sixteen summers and winters have flown over my beautiful brown head. Now I guess a description of myself is necessary or the cousins will think I am a real Mexican, but I am not. I was born in Arcadia, Louisiana; lived there until I was five years of age. Mother and father then moved to the banks of Lake Bisteneau, Louisiana. Father owns a large plantation there. We lived there

seven years and then came West. I am five feet, three inches tall, have dark golden brown hair, real dark brown eyes and a dark olive complexion. I weigh one hundred and ten pounds. I do not belong to any kind of church, but like to go. I went today. They had a new preacher. I sure had a good time. Uncle I am going to send you an invitation to come and visit me. I know you don't ever get to see any plains, antelopes, coyotes, lopers and large rattlesnakes, there in Maine, now do you? Knowles is a small village in the eastern part of N. Mex. It has three stores, one blacksmith shop, one hotel, post-office, real estate, and a one-roomed school-house. It is rumored that someone is going to put up a saloon and poolroom. It does look like that as small a town as Knowles could do without such things. This is the ranchman's town, and cowboys throng here every Tuesday and Saturday, until a stranger would be surprised, he couldn't understand where they all came from. The ranches are from six to ten miles apart. Knowles' nearest railroad town is eighty or ninety miles away and that is Carlsbad, N. Mex. The people do most of their trading at Midland, Texas, one hundred and twenty miles away, but we do ours at Portales, N. Mex., one hundred and thirty-five miles away. There is another town twenty-five miles a way named Monument, N. Mex., but there is no railroad there. The only amusements that the young people have here are dances. Someone gives a dance nearly every Friday and Saturday nights. You ask don't they get tired of such? Oh, no they could go to a dance every night in the week.

Uncle I wish you could see my little mustang pony; he is the cutest pony you ever saw, his color is a dark chestnut, his name is Ginger. I have my spurs, quirt, sombrero and gun, ride astride and use slang as good as any cowboy. I will start to school Monday, and in the ninth grade. I sure want to get an education. I want to go on the stage. Have two friends on the stage. Uncle, do you think like most men, that a woman does not need an education, that her place is in the house among the pots, kettles and brooms? Yes and in the fields among the hoes, plows and cotton pickers. I think that it is just awful to see a poor woman bending over the cotton pack, dragging a large sack twice as long as herself, that will hold three hundred pounds of cotton. Yes, pulling it along after her man's poor tired back ready to break, and maybe she hurrying to get her wash on the line, that she might go and help Johnny pick cotton in the evening. Her babies are crying because dinner isn't ready. Then John comes in with a: "Well, have you got dinner ready yet?" and she answers: "No, John, I haven't had time, but will go and get it now." His answer is a curse, from the man she calls husband. She hurries through with dinner and then John lies down for a nap, while his wife washes dishes, and by the time she gets the dishes put away, it is, "Sallie get your bonnet and help me pick cotton this evening." Such is her life. Oh, girls, get an education come what may. Cousins, write to me. You have no idea how lonesome I get away out here. I will try and answer all letters. Good by for this time. Your loving niece,

ANNIE L. WISE.

Annie, you are rightly named. Your letter shows a great deal of wisdom. That is right, dear, try and get an education. It is the most valuable thing in the world. Cultivate the mind, but also cultivate the heart and the soul. Let the development of all three go hand in hand. It must be tough to live so far from your trading center. When I was a boy out West we lived one hundred miles from a store and it was exceedingly inconvenient sometimes. In the morning we would find we were out of coffee, and I had to walk one hundred miles to the store to get it and one hundred miles back. If I was gone more than two hours I got thrashed and then when I got back, they would say: "Oh, Charlie, sorry, but we are out of sugar, we cannot get any breakfast until you get some," and then I had another two hundred mile trip for sugar. They used to keep me running to that store sometimes thirty or forty times a day. That was traveling some you bet. You say we don't ever see any plains or any antelopes. That is where you are wrong. I was in a police court this morning and I saw two plain drunks, and I saw an aunt elope last week, with the colored coachman who lives next door to us on the opposite side of the street. The best kind of stage to get on, Annie, is one of four wheels, the theatrical stage is a very uncertain means of making a livelihood. A woman has just as much right to an education as a man. Education means power. I believe a woman's place is in the house amongst the pots, kettles and brooms, but I don't believe she ought to stay amongst the pots and kettles longer than is absolutely necessary. We have got to eat, and we have got to have homes, and someone has to take care of them. If the woman does not, the man must, but the man who thinks that the woman ought to be chained to the wash-tub and cook-stove, and be nothing more than a household slave, is not a man, but a brute, an animal in whose narrow skull the light of reason has never dawned. Everything that a man can possibly do to lighten a woman's work around the house, every labor-saving device should be purchased for her. A woman looks infinitely better in the parlor, in a tea gown or a kimono, than in a stuffy old kitchen, with a greasy apron and sloppy dress, wrestling with dishes. A man should make his wife his companion, his chum, his soul mate, his affinity, his sweetheart, and not his drudge and slave. A man goes wild over a girl's beauty, falls madly in love with her and marries her, and then the very things which he praised so much, the things that made his heart sing with joy—her beauty and charm—he starts to destroy. He works his wife as he never would think of working his horse. She has to slave for him, slave for his children, and every relative or visitor who chances to come along, she must slave for them too. She has to see that the children are properly clothed, and kept looking nice, on next to nothing a year. She has to nurse everybody when sick—she is never allowed the privilege of being sick herself. She must hobble around and do her duty no matter if her body is racked with pain and her limbs falling apart from exhaustion. The house must always be spick and span, the meals on time. If the husband furnishes the parlor, she sees it once a week, if she is lucky, and that is only when she cleans and dusts it. But her sphere of work extends beyond the house. There are cows to be milked, chickens and other farm stock to be fed, eggs to be gathered, fruit and vegetables to be gotten in and cooked or preserved. As Annie says there is also at times a three hundred pound cotton bag to be dragged around in the broiling sun for hours at a stretch. A year or two of this toil, and what of the pretty girl bride? Her beauty has vanished, the peachy bloom on the cheeks is gone, a care-worn, hollow-eyed, prematurely aged woman, has taken the place of the blushing bride. The pretty frocks that fitted so neatly are replaced by coarse gingham gowns, that hang upon the thin tired body like rags on a bean pole. The woman is on the verge of invalidism. All the

happiness, gaiety and sprightliness of the girl bride have vanished; the eyes that once danced with merriment and flashed with life, gaze at you in a dead, hopeless, despairing way. Toil and hardship have crushed the life out of that young bride. She lingers on a few more years, toiling and slaving, and then a merciful Providence calls her away from a scene of unnatural slavery to a home of eternal rest. This picture is not overdrawn. I receive hundreds of letters from young girls of fifteen or sixteen often much younger, who are keeping house for father, because mother is dead. I know what has killed mother. It was not disease, it was the cruel, hard-crushing, soul-killing slavery. There should be a domestic union. Wives should get together, and work so many hours a day and no longer. Woman should be man's companion, and not his slave. If a man took as much care of his wife as he does of his horse, there would be fewer deaths and fewer divorces. It costs money to buy a new horse—a new wife can be got for nothing—that's why they're held in such slight esteem, that's why they're worked to death.

HAPPY HOLLOW, PLAINFIELD, IND., DEC. 11, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: I am deeply interested in C. L. O. C. and best of all I like your funny replies. I am nearly fifteen, five feet three inches tall, weigh one hundred and fourteen pounds, have light hair, light blue eyes, and a fair complexion. I am very pretty you can see by description, but nobody has ever told me so. Well, I will tell you about my pet first. My pet is a bay colored colt. It is eight months old. I have named her Maud, and if any of the cousins' name is Maud don't let them think I named the colt for them, for I did not.

Well, uncle I will tell you about our town. We have three drug stores, four grocery stores, three dry-goods stores, electric light, one cabinet factory, and one power house, and a slew of liver stables. We also have five denominations in our town. We have the colored and white Methodist, the white Baptist, the Camolites, and the Quakers, so you can see we have five denominations.

Well uncle and cousins this is the only first letter I have ever written to you and if I don't see this in print in the COMFORT paper I'll commit—

Happy Hollow is a very pretty place, situated on the banks of a river and I guess everybody is happy in Happy Hollow, or at least I am. Uncle there is a hill north of our house that we can go on top of it and see down the chimney of our house.

CLARA HARRISON.

Clara, let me be the first to tell you you are beautiful, if the others won't. I think you ought to hustle round and bring in twenty new members after a compliment of that kind. We all send our love to Maud and hope she is (CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

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# The DEATH-BED MARRIAGE

## or, The Missing Bridegroom

By Ida M. Black

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### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A young girl and a handsome man, in the uniform of an American officer, stand beside a dying man. The priest bends nearer to catch the faltering words, "Forever 'Till Death." The dying man exacts a promise that the husband will take his bride away from his enemies and hers. "She is safe as my wife," comes the reluctant answer. The father places a package in the husband's hands. "Swear it to me, to keep it seven years for your wife." A soldier's word is the pledge, and with the sign of the cross the old Spaniard dies.

Seven years later a stranger asks directions to the home of Dr. Morosini. "Is the gentleman a-comin' too?" He is tall and slim, with a cloak wrapped around his shoulders. He dogs the man's steps on the steamer, at the hotel, and the stranger is unconscious that the little guide is his protector. Dr. Morosini gives Ross Delmore a hearty welcome, and reminds Ross that he does not ask for his wife, seven years before he consigns his child wife to Dr. Morosini's care. Ten years before the major sees his idol crumble into dust. He goes to Mexico a reckless man. Receiving a severe wound he is nursed by an old Spaniard, Don Jose. He has possession of a secret that will bring untold wealth. Ross sees someone at the window. The dog growls. He resumes his story. For six weeks he lays helpless with Don Jose's little daughter as nurse. He hears the child pray in simple faith for the life of the American. She softens him, and as a child he learns to love her. Don Jose is taken suddenly ill, and Ross Delmore promising to defend his child the old man misunderstands him and insists upon a marriage, which Ross is too bewildered to oppose. Claude realizes Ross has a wife he does not want and he must be brave—either take her to his heart and home or else let the law set her free. The old love is dead, but if she can come to the old man, brighten the years that are left he will welcome her and cherish her as tenderly as a husband can. If she shrinks she shall be free. The dog moves uneasily. The doctor makes a spring and grasps a man by the throat.

The great bell in the tower tolls the noonday Angelus. The center of a small group is a little maiden with wonderful beauty. She wears a ring with the Spanish inscription, "Forever 'Till Death." The good name keeps the secret of Inez Fernandez's marriage. The "Recluse" is the object of much discussion. She asks to speak to Inez. The girl shrinks. She should no longer be a child, and the nun glances at Inez's ring. The wife of a brave man must be brave. His life hangs by a thread. Inez must save him. The package is more dangerous than if it held a serpent's sting. It contains the secret that was fatal to her father's life. His dying breath tries to save her. They who seek the secret stop at nothing. The Recluse is done with life and only lives to see wrongs righted. Dr. Morosini calls for Inez. The Recluse starts violently. Her husband is at the door. It's a woman's privilege to choose her own husband. The law recognizes the fact. She sends her ring to her husband. "No law can sever the tie that it binds."

Major Delmore drives slowly in the direction of Mount Darcy. His meditations are interrupted. A note is passed him. His life is in danger. "By the memory of the dead, beware!" The man's horse is stopped. He jumps from the carriage. He is gagged and bound.

A happy group gather in Mrs. Morosini's cheerful parlor. There is the sound of wheels. The doctor opens the door to welcome Ross and his bride. The carriage is empty. The doctor discovers a slip of paper torn by a dagger and the words, "By the law of night." It means cold-blooded murder, and the doctor drives furiously toward town. Inez waits patiently for the coming of her husband. The Recluse is called away suddenly. A close carriage thunders beneath the stone arch. Sister Bernice places in Inez's hands a silver cross with the inscription, "Faithful Unto Death." Her husband awaits her in the parlor. Dr. Morosini confides his suspicions to Frank Braddon who is in love with Marion Morosini.

Inez meets her husband. The greeting is not as she expects. They enter a closed carriage the mask is thrown off and Inez recognizes her Uncle Sebastian. Why has he deceived her so—where is her husband—why is she torn from her friends. Her husband removed he becomes her guardian. He conducts her to her chamber, closes and locks an outer door, then she knows no more. Sebastian Del Puerto enters his wife's room. Has she love for the wife of Ross Delmore? Sebastian leaves his wife; he goes to a cave where Ross Delmore is bound hand and foot. Aline follows. In six hours the rising water will do its deadly work. Aline hurries home. Her husband returns. He takes refreshments. There is drowsiness and a surging in his brain. Ross Delmore hears the sound of oars. Aline severs the ropes that bind him. Ross Delmore assumes the disguise of a retired sea captain.

### CHAPTER X. A CLUE.

IN the pure, clear light of early morning, the Lodge, with its wide, smooth lawn, and old-fashioned stone house, looked singularly peaceful and attractive. But within the precincts all was confusion and sorrow. The untouched feast had been hastily put aside, the bridal garlands were faded and scentless. Good Mrs. Morosini was in that irritable frame of mind peculiar to warm-hearted women of her stamp, who are usually too sensible to indulge in "nerves." Everything was wrong, and she bustled about scolding and caressing, weeping and cheering, by turns. Sensitive Marion was in her room, sick with grief and excitement; Doris, whose spirits could never be entirely crushed, was hazarding a different solution of the mystery to everyone who would listen; while Tot, having decided that the fairies had a hand in the matter, was discussing it with her dolly.

Doctor Morosini was on the lounge in his once cheerful den, endeavoring to catch a few moments' rest. Braddon was out setting the machinery of the law at work. The papers had received some garbled account of the affair and chronicled it "a mysterious disappearance," adding that it was probably only some practical joke, concocted perhaps by the happy bridegroom, who wished to enjoy his honeymoon in sweet seclusion. Braddon was satisfied with this conclusion. He wished to work in the city, as yet he could find no clue. Major Delmore had disappeared—only the empty carriage, the ominous message, the dagger, with its death motto, pointed to fatal probabilities. He had been again at the convent, questioning and cross-questioning. The nun's statement was clear and consistent. Inez had been waiting for Major Delmore. He came in a heavy coach, drawn by black horses, she had noticed how dark and gloomy it seemed for a bridal coach. The portress had seen Major Delmore, a tall gentleman, as she could see. He had met Inez, affectionately and had kissed her. Inez had been quiet and shy, as the modest little girl she was, but had gone with him willingly.

So cunningly had the villains plotted, that the detective to whom Braddon applied, smiled as he remarked:

"I'll watch as you say, sir, but I never heard that there was law or gospel to prevent a man running off with his own wife; it's the fashion nowadays to run off with someone else's."

Baffled and despondent, Braddon returned to the Lodge. When he entered Marion met him at the door, her tearful eyes and pale face questioned him more than words.

He drew her into the room, and seated himself beside her. "Miss Marion," he said gravely, "there's but one clue to this mystery—you were this young lady's friend, her confidante. Could there be another beside Major Delmore, to whom she would more willingly give the title of husband, another, who has perhaps taken some reckless measures to remove his rival summarily from his path?"

"Oh, no! No! a thousand times no!" interrupted Marion. "Oh, sir, you do not know Inez as I do, or such a suspicion would never enter your mind. She is so good, so innocent!"

"Yes, but such a marriage as hers was in itself wrong. Such a vow is not binding, she was but a child."

"All vows are binding in the sight of heaven, and Inez was doubly so by the presence of death, she felt it to be so. Major Delmore was her ideal of all that was good and noble. She regarded him with tender and reverent affection."

"Thank you, Miss Marion, that is all that I wish to know. Your word is more than sufficient. Now I must go to your father, he is in his study, I believe."

Braddon paused a moment at the door. "Had Inez—had Mrs. Delmore any recollection of her early girlhood? Try to think. Did she ever speak of friends or relatives she had left in her own land?"

"No, she seemed almost to have forgotten its existence. I believe she felt, and was happy in feeling, wholly dependent upon Major Delmore."

Leaving Marion half puzzled by his words, half trembling beneath the gaze that accompanied it, Braddon then turned into the study where Dr. Morosini, pale and haggard, awaited him. He was seated at the library table.

"I was not in the courtroom, but it was said that she heard her doom pronounced with the same cold, proud composure that had characterized her manner during the trial, and, then, turning to the judge, with the haughty grace of an empress, she asked, not in her own name, but in the name of her sex, that she might meet her doom shielded from insulting eyes. It was granted her, and the execution took place in the prison yard, only the officers of the law and a clergyman being present, the consolation of the latter being obstinately refused by the prisoner, whose strange, unwomanly courage, it was said, upheld her to the very last."

"And now to my connection with this event. I had not even read the brief account of the execution the papers gave. I had retired to my room that night, and was quietly smoking, when a knock came to my door, and in obedience to my summons, a man entered. That he was disguised I saw at once. A heavy beard concealed the lower part of his face, long, dark, curling locks fell over his forehead and temples; a wide cloak, unnecessary in this tropical climate, hid his form. 'You are Dr. Morosini?' he asked, hurriedly, 'surgeon of the—' 'I am,' I replied."

"Your services are required, then, sir. It is a case of extreme urgency. Will you come at once?"

"I rarely practice out of my own corps," I



"THE TIGER LEAVES NO TRACK IN THE JUNGLE, PURSUIT IS VAIN. CAUTION IS BETTER THAN COURAGE,—WAIT, WATCH AND HOPE."

"Well, what success?" he asked, as Braddon entered.

"No success, as yet, sir," replied Braddon, cheerfully. "The only conclusion that I have formed from the testimony is that Major Delmore and his wife have eloped together, for some unknown cause, which is altogether legal, you must confess."

"Nonsense, sir, all nonsense," said the irate doctor. "There has been foul play, I tell you, and I will swear to it. You say that you have been collecting testimony. Here is my testimony of the dagger—its motto, its message. I told you that it had a meaning to me, and those rascals must have guessed so. Nine years ago I met with an adventure that I have never mentioned to anyone. My lips were sealed, both by the professional honor that guards sacredly the secrets of the sick room and death chamber, and by a caution, which in this case, I thought it prudent, nay necessary to observe. But now, justice, friendship, affection, all bid me speak. I cannot trust my tongue this morning," said the doctor, his voice quivering as he spoke, "so I have tried to write a short, clear statement which I here lay before you. Read it, and then say that Ross Delmore is not the victim of some dastardly conspiracy, and I will believe you."

Braddon drew near the table and seated himself. Several sheets of paper lay there, covered with Dr. Morosini's bold, clear handwriting. He picked up the first and read with an interest that he could hardly conceal:

### THE TESTIMONY OF THE DAGGER.

As sworn to, before God and man, by Claude Morosini, M. D.:

"It was in the year 18—, I was stationed awhile in the city of New Orleans. It was a fearful epoch. Pestilence had swept over the city, war was at hand, crime was rampant. At length a murder was committed which aroused the stinging indignation of the populace, and the criminal was brought to justice and condemned to die. A wealthy and honored stranger had been treacherously slain in one of the streets of the city, and a woman was discovered hiding near, with the bloody attleto concealed in her bosom, blood upon her hands and her garments, even upon her hair. The law is apt to be lenient with a woman, but in this case the criminal was so hard, so cold, so impetuous, though still young and strangely beautiful, that there was but one voice in the jury on the day of her trial, and that was to condemn."

replied, 'except in cases of charity or extreme necessity.'

"This is a case of both charity and necessity," the man replied. "It struck me there was a strange mockery in his tone. 'You are needed as a surgeon, not as a physician.'"

"Ah! I rose immediately. 'Is the case one of accident or disease?' and I turned to the table for my instruments."

"It is one of accident," he replied, in the same strange tone I had noticed, 'but it is best to be provided with restoratives also, as the patient is weak. A carriage awaits us at the door.'"

"I had no reason for further hesitancy. We drove rapidly a few moments through some of the thoroughfares of the city, when, by a sudden movement that I could not prevent, my companion gagged and paled me."

he said, 'no injury is intended either to you person or your property, but as you are aware it may be necessary for the physician to see what would be dangerous for the man to bear witness. For your own sake, as well as for our safety, we act by the law of might.' I was powerless to resist. At length we stopped. My companion took me by the hand and assisted me from the carriage. He led me through several passages, so it seemed, as I could see nothing, and then entering a room, removed the bandage and confronted me."

"You are bound by an oath to hold sacred such secrets you learn by virtue of your profession?" he asked.

"We are bound in honor to hold them sacred, but I protest against such treatment."

"Enough! Follow me then, but I warn you in this case it will not be safe to betray." Passing through a narrow corridor we entered another room, a dark, lofty chamber, filled with chairs and benches, as if intended for a meeting place. Over the entrance hung a dagger, such as I have shown you, with a death's head on the hilt, and the motto 'Morte.' A lamp burned in one corner of the room, and by it crouched a misshapen figure, with long hair and gibbering tongue. He watched by a pallet, that seemed to have been hastily formed of shawls and other garments covered by a linen sheet. Upon it lay, pale, rigid and seemingly dead, the figure of the most beautiful woman upon which my eyes had ever rested. Her delicate hands were folded over her breast, her long, dark hair fell in rich waves over her brow and neck, her garment was the white shroud of the dead!"

"To your work, fool!" muttered the man, thrusting me forward. "Did I not tell you that there was need for haste?"

"I bent over the beautiful form, to see if life still lingered, and, great God! I fell back, for a moment sick with horror, for upon the slender throat was the dark, purplish mark of the hangman's cord!"

"It was the woman, who that morning had suffered the penalty of the law. Who had been hanged by the neck until she was dead. The last word escaped my lips involuntarily."

"Liar!" hissed the man, 'I tell you she is not dead. Use your knife, let the warm blood flow. Bah! Do you think I would leave her to perish by their bungling hands. Mercy is your law, not justice. To your work!'"

"Yes, mercy was my errand, if a spark of life still lingered, even the hand of justice would forbear to extinguish it. I took out my lancet, and baring the beautiful arm, pressed the steel into the smooth white flesh. For a moment I waited with bated breath. There was an awful pause, then slowly, drop by drop, the sluggish purple blood issued from the wound—the stream of life still flowed. I bent my ear and listened—the heart still beat. I chafed the cold limbs, applied ammonia to the nostrils. At last I was able to pour brandy through the pale lips. A faint flush came to the cheek, the eyelids quivered, the pulse rose. 'Thank God!' I murmured, 'she will live!'"

"Yes," was the reply, 'she will live, but I thank no God for it. I have baffled death before. Aline!' At his voice her eyes unclosed. She looked about her with such a gaze I have never seen, and never shall see again on earth—for it was the seal of death that had dropped from her eyelids, and with the vision of another world she looked again upon this. Slowly turning her eyes, they rested upon the man, whose face, full of triumph, that was neither gladness nor love, bent over her. 'Have you more to ask from me now that I have died for you, Sebastian?'"

Here the paper dropped from the reader's hand. He started up with a face blanched with surprise and agitation.

"Sebastian!" he echoed.

"That was the name," replied the doctor.

"And Inez had an uncle Sebastian," said Braddon.

"An Uncle Sebastian?" repeated the doctor, in bewilderment. "I never heard of him."

"But your daughter has, Marion told me once that Inez told her that she was always afraid that she would fall again into the hands of her Uncle Sebastian, who her father had told her was her worst enemy."

The doctor's face darkened.

"Her enemy, did she say? And her dying father warned Delmore against her enemies. Read on, sir, I begin to see a light through the mystery."

Braddon took up the paper and continued:

"You have not died. Did not I swear to you that you would be saved? Look up, you live! The woman went on again, in the same low whisper, 'Who are you?' she said, turning to me, 'messenger of hope and mercy, who are you?'"

"Only a plain physician, to restore you to life which your crime forfeited."

"My crime," she murmured, in bewilderment, 'my crime!'"

"Hush, fool!" said the man at my elbow. 'She is as innocent of blood as you are!'"

"A revelation flashed into my mind. She was innocent of blood, she had died for him!"

"Yes, you have been saved by a strange dispensation of Providence."

"By a purse of Mexican gold in the hangman's hand?" interrupted the man's mocking voice.

"You are right," she murmured softly. 'I vow to live for one who has felt man's justice and God's mercy. Tell me your name, that I may remember it when I learn to pray.'"

"Claude Morosini, surgeon of the—th—."

"A sudden flush rose to her pale cheeks. Why, I could not tell, but the name seemed to cause her some emotion. 'You are a good man, I shall never forget you.'"

"Enough, enough!" said the man, thrusting a purse of gold into my hands. 'There is something more substantial than words. Leave the necessary directions, if you please. Follow me, we have no time for compliments.'"

"It was midnight when I left the room. My companion drew me into the room where he had first conducted me."

"And now, good sir, a word of warning. I ask for no oath of secrecy. Tomorrow your patient and I will be far beyond the reach of the law whose power I have defied, but those will remain whose reputation would be ruined by your words. There will still remain those who can witness your actions, hear your words, punish your treachery. See! This is the crest of a band who fear neither hangman nor sheriff, who recognize no law but that of might! You are in their power, good doctor, mark you this!"

He handed me a dagger, such as hung over the entrance to Aline's chamber. I noticed its hilt, its motto. I saw by the strange bluish tint of the steel that the blade was poisoned. He raised the window and let the weapon fall outside. I followed his movements with an eager eye. I saw that we were near the water. As the blade flashed through the air, a blue light suddenly illumined the mast of a little vessel at anchor near by. Tongues of blue fire seemed to leap into existence in a hundred different quarters of the city. 'Our outposts are secure, you see,' he said, with a malignant smile. 'They are brave, who defy the law of might. And now, good sir, if you will permit me to arrange your bandage, I will conduct you home. Be silent, and you will be safe.'"

"I will be silent," I replied. 'Keep your gold. I will not touch it, stained, as it may be by the worst of crimes. Blindfold me, I wish to see nothing.'"

"Plugging the purse on the floor, I placed the banage myself over my eyes, and we returned to the waiting carriage. Something blocked its passage up one of the narrow streets, and we were compelled to stop a moment. I removed the handkerchief from my eyes and found that I was alone. Hastily leaping from the carriage, I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

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# Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

well. Toby who has the grip, says he has a colt on his chest—I hope your colt, Clara, will never get as close to you as that. Plainfield seems to be a big thriving place. I would like to see that "cabin" factory, and those "liver" stables. Anyone who worked in a liver stable ought to have a soft snap and plenty to eat. Does Maud eat liver or hay? I used to be a chambermaid in a livery stable, but I never held down a job in a liver stable. You have quite a variegated assortment of religious orders in your burg, Clara. You seem to have Methodists of all shades and complexions. A white Baptist must be an interesting creature—I never saw a Baptist of any color, but I have seen two Quakers, but never in church. There is a bunch of Quakers swimming around in a pond near my coop right at this moment, but I don't think any of them have any very serious religious convictions. They are just ducks, that's all; close relatives of the web-footed cousins out in Oregon. If Quakers go to church in Indiana, that is more than they do in Maine. Still, I am glad to hear that the Indiana ducks are going to church, and setting a good example to the millions of miserable sinners, who have not the decency to go to church at all.

BIMBLE, KNOX Co., Ky., Dec. 12, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have received my membership card and button. I think they are fine. I am four feet and eleven inches tall, weigh eighty-nine pounds, light complexion, blue eyes and dark brown hair. I was born and reared here. I have attended school ever since I was four years old. I live one mile and a quarter from the schoolhouse. I milk and sweep the house. My father follows farming. I have not got any brothers or sisters living. I have got three brothers dead. I will close, being this is the first letter I have written to you. Your loving niece,  
MISS FLOSSIE ROWELL (No. 17,477).

Your letter is not very long, Flossie, but it contains one very interesting statement, that has got me all worked up. You say that: "You milk and sweep the house," and honestly that statement leaves me breathless. I have heard of a young lady milking a cow, but never have I heard of one milking a house. Will you kindly let me know how you milk a house? Which end do you milk first, the kitchen end or the parlor end? Suppose the house wags its tail while you are milking it and knocks you kitting what then? How much milk does a good healthy house give? Do you milk the top or the bottom floor first? I suppose you get more cream out of the parlor than the kitchen? How many times does a house want milking, morning and night, or only twice a day? I am intensely interested in this Flossie, for if you can milk a house, I don't see why I can't milk my chicken. op. I am glad papa follows farming, though I do not think it is a very profitable pursuit to follow farming. I followed a circus once, but I never followed a farm. Now, Flossie, if you will send us a picture of yourself milking a house I will put it in COMFORT, and I bet the cousins will be tickled to death to see it. You can send me a quart of house milk on a picture postal.

LUCAS, KANS., Dec. 12, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Well uncle, I am a Kansas niece. I live in Wolf Creek Valley, in the wheat belt country, where everyone tries to see how many acres of wheat they can plant.

This is a very good country to live in most of the time. It's a rolling prairie country, with very little timber, so the wind that comes down from the North Pole has a fair sweep, and this time of the year it goes ooh-ooh-ooh around the house. I am not going to tell you how old I am, but I have brown hair, blue gray eyes, a Roman nose, which is my most prominent feature, and I weigh ninety-five pounds, am about—well, I don't know how tall I am, but I haven't stood up to see for over twenty years, and don't walk either. But I get about on a tricycle and am not a shut-in except in bad weather.

I do all of our housework, such as cooking, sweeping, making beds and everything one has to do to keep house, on my wheel. Am keeping house for my father who is an old soldier—very feeble—not able to work at all. My mother passed out of this life last May, and I miss her very much. I hope all the cousins love and appreciate their mother as they should, for some day when they have to lay her to rest, they will realize that it was mother's hand that smoothed the way for them; that it was mother who loved them with a love that would stand before everything. All that will be left will be memory, so let that memory be a blessing. Mother and I were companions as well as mother and daughter, and I find it a lonesome road to travel without her. I am trying to do the best I can, and be of good cheer, for I know she is still living, for the life which God gave can never be destroyed.

Uncle Charlie, I think your life should be an inspiration to us all. Your page is worth all the rest of the paper. I always read it first; long may you live to write for us.

I am a telephone operator of afternoons. I take care of about two hundred and twenty-five phones. The work is very interesting and I am very fond of it. I see the editor of COMFORT's Information Bureau says that it doesn't require much intelligence and is poor pay. I would like to seat this editor at the average switch board of two hundred and fifty capacity, and I think he would very soon change his mind—he would find that it required much intelligence, tact, quick comprehension, and infinite patience. I hope other "Hello-girls" will rise up and help me defend the work. The operators in the large city exchanges are required to be intelligent and refined, with a pleasant voice. They pay good wages to such girls, and the work and surroundings are much more to be desired than the factory or shop. I would like to correspond with operators at Denver and Kansas city, or any place west of the Missouri. I will close by sending my love to you, Maria and Toby. Your Kansas niece,  
DAISY M. SHIRLEY (No. 15,550).

Daisy, yours is an admirable letter, and you are a heroine indeed. The way you get around and do your work on your bicycle is wonderful. Where there's a will there's a way. Your devotion to your aged father is touching and beautiful. You are right, when mother is gone she can never be replaced. She is the best friend we have in this world. I am very much interested in your telephone work. I agree with you that it needs intelligence to be a phone operator, and it needs patience, too. Women always were clever at handling the switch anyway. You will remember what I told you of what happened when I first had a phone, and how the company removed it. I promised to be good and behave, and friends have gone security for my good behavior, and so I have got my phone back once more, and I am having more fun than you could shake a stick at. I'm on what they call a party wire. There are five others on this wire beside myself. Nearly any time of the day if I pick up

the receiver, I am sure to butt into a conversation that Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Smith is holding with her friend Mrs. Robinson, or Mrs. Brown. The other day, I wanted to phone to the meat market for a cent's worth of bologna for dinner, and when I put the receiver to my ear, I heard two voices on the wire in animated conversation. Mrs. Brown was going to the theater to a matinee, and was discussing the question with Mrs. Smith. "You see, dear," said Mrs. Brown, "I have got the seats bought, and I want to go in the worst way, but I don't know what to do with the baby, as the maid is sick, and I have nobody to take care of him. What would you do about it?" That is where I got busy, and butted in. "Put the kid in the ash barrel," said I, assuming a feminine tone of voice. Directly I said that there was a scream from Mrs. Brown, and she burst out. "Why I am surprised at you, Mrs. Smith, making such a suggestion as that. Put my child in the ash barrel, indeed, you ought to be ashamed of yourself." "I never said a word, my dear," said Mrs. Smith. "Don't tell me, you know you did, I heard you, I am not deaf you know." Then I butted in again: "If you do not like the ash barrel, put the kid in the garbage can." Then there was war and Mrs. Brown called Mrs. Smith a "Hussy" and I hung up the receiver in high dudgeon. A little later on I wanted to phone for a cent's worth of liver for supper, as I had friends coming and wanted to give them a swell meal. As I took up the receiver I heard two ladies discussing the eternal question of dress. "How do you think I looked in my green silk," said one lady to the other. That was my chance. "I think you looked rotten," said I. "Cat!" screamed the other woman, "Hussy!" shrieked her friend. "I will never speak to you again," and up went the receiver with a bang. I tell you I am having more fun with my phone since I have been on a party wire, than I ever had in my life. I have broken up about three hundred life-long friendships, and I expect to break up about three hundred more. I do not want to be mean, but when I want to phone to the meat market for a cent's worth of liver, I want the line clear, and do not want my messages blocked by a lot of busy feminine gazaboos, chinning about glad rags and matinees. If you want to have fun on a phone, get on a party wire.

PEMBERTON, OHIO, Dec. 2, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I don't know that I dare write to you but it has been on my mind for a long time. I want to know if the North Pole was still standing when you were there. When I was there so many years ago, it was down, lying right across the end of the axis of the earth, both ends pointing straight south. The water was boiling up all around, and through the axis of the earth, at a fearful rate, and flowing in every direction toward the south. The current was so strong that I am afraid that it has floated the pole away. This mighty spring I think must be fed by some great underground water spout. Perhaps from Japan as numerous chips of wood were floating there that came from that country. These chips could not have come from anywhere else, as they were covered all over with Japansu. But we will not dispute about this. But the point is that the end of the axis of the earth is sticking up in a big spring, and was the Pole standing on it when you were there?

Your answer to this will decide the mighty question in regard to this great mystery. Yours for the truth in the interest of science.  
A. LAMBERT.

I don't know whether your letter, Aaron, is intended to be humorous, or whether you are thirsting for scientific knowledge. I intend to answer you only from a scientific point of view. I know all about the North Pole, as we have had it in our family for some few weeks now. I was at the North Pole last fall with Toby and Billy the Goat. We discovered the North Pole in good condition, and a very interesting object it was. While I was surveying the surrounding scenery, Billy the Goat ate the Pole, and still has it in his interior. This gives rise to another interesting scientific question: "Is Billy the Goat, a goat or a Pole?" I want the cousins to give me their opinion on this. Talking of poles there is a Polish couple living opposite my chicken coop, and they were celebrating their fifth wedding anniversary the other day. Of course, as they were two Poles, it was a wooden wedding. I hope, Aaron that my answer is thoroughly satisfactory to you. I am nothing, if not scientific.

BERRYVILLE, ARK., Dec. 3, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

The COMFORT is doing a noble work, caring for, and looking after the "Shut-ins." I am certainly proud of its works. Uncle, there is here in our town a poor little woman, who has been confined to her bed for nineteen years or more. Now, I want the cousins of the C. L. O. C. to write to her. Here is her address: Miss Lizzie Brooks, Berryville, Arkansas. She should have a roller-chair, so that she can be rolled out into the sunshine. I don't think she ever sees the beautiful sunshine. She lives in a small loghouse with a low dingy ceiling, one window; and it is so arranged, that she cannot get much light. She is very cheerful and hopeful. The ladies of the H. M. S. visit her often, and she seems just delighted to have them come. She can piece quilts, but that is about all. The cousins, when writing or sending anything, must not expect an answer. Send her quilt scraps, pictures, or anything that will cheer her life.

Good by uncle, with best wishes to the cousins, and a great big lot to yourself I am your Ark., nephew.  
J. B. B.

I am very glad to give publicity to this letter, and I have no doubt that the readers of COMFORT will provide Miss Brooks with a wheel chair, which she needs so badly. These chairs can be obtained for from \$15 to \$20, and that is not a very large sum for six millions of our readers to provide. It is a strange thing, is it not, that this poor soul should have been forced to go without sunshine for nineteen years, for the lack of a \$15 chair. If I had been a minister in Berryville, or even a citizen, this poor soul would have had her wheel chair long ago. The writer of this letter says that the ladies of the H. M. S. visit her. I don't know what H. M. S. stands for, but am making a rough guess, and presume it is Home Mission Society though I may be wrong. It is strange that the Christian people of this town, have not enough of the spirit of Christ in them to hustle around and get this poor soul a chair. One hundred and fifty dimes would do the trick. I have no doubt that more than one hundred and fifty dimes have dropped into the bars of the saloons every morning of the year in this township. Any man or woman with a little energy, and a little Christ like pity in their hearts could run around and collect sufficient to get this poor

soul her chair in a couple of hours. The C. L. O. C. is going to do all it can for God's suffering poor the country over, but I am going to make it my business whenever I can, to get people to do their duty in the towns and villages where the invalids reside before they come to us for help. All that is necessary is to stir people up, and make them realize the duty they owe to their helpless brothers and sisters. It is a disgrace to our civilization, when in a country with its thousands of churches and tens of thousands of ministers, a woman is deprived of God's blessed sunlight for the lack of \$15. If I had my life to live over again, I think I would like to be a minister, and I would run my church a little different from any I see around me today. I would teach only one thing—practical Christianity. I would cut out long-winded sermons and prayers. I would make my congregation put their religion into deeds not words. Every Sunday I would read out a list of what had been done during the week. I should require every member of the congregation to get up, and make—not make a long-winded prayer that reaches about three inches above the roof of the building; but I would make them tell, of at least one good deed they had done during the week, a deed that had cost them both time and money. The one who had done most good would be specially honored, and made head of the church for that week. This would create rivalry. Each would vie with the other in seeing how much good they could do. If people would think of their own precious souls, and more of the welfare of others, it would be better for them and for humanity. You do not need to worry about yourself, if you are looking after others, for remember when you are looking after other people, God is looking after you. I trust Miss Brooks will get her chair, and I hope J. B. B. will write me a letter and tell me why it was the Christian people of his town did not provide this chair years ago.

BARRON, WIS., Dec. 9, 1907.

DEAREST UNCLE CHARLIE:

Did you say I might rest awhile and feast my beautiful blue eyes on your dear face? Why, hello cousins! Pardon me for not speaking before. I was so anxious to see our dear uncle that I almost forgot you.

How's Billy the Goat, Toby and Marlo? I hope they're in the best of health. Give them my love, and uncle I heard you say you'd lost your collar button and one sock and eve since then I've been looking for some to give you.

The sock belonged to my great-grandfather from Scotland, and it's been abipwrecked once (and rescued) and I assure you it's as good as new, and as soon as I get enough postage I'll send it to you. If you don't care to wear the sock I'll make good chewing gum for Billy the Goat.

My conscience tells me that I ought not to describe myself, but will tell a little anyway. I'm a little schoolma'am at present, and am making big plans for the future. Am just the right height, light complexion, blue eyes and auburn hair, and between sixteen and twenty years.

This country is a great dairying region and all kinds of grain are raised here, and many kinds of fruit.

There are still large forests in part of the country, and cutting and hauling logs, and wood, ties, lumber and logs are the chief occupations in the winter.

I think COMFORT is the best paper I ever struck. I would like to hear from all the cousins and will answer all letters. With finger-tip kisses to all, I am your niece and cousin.  
ELLEN COOK.

Ellen, I am always glad to hear from the little school ma'am. I would just love to see you making big plans for the future. You must let us know what you are planning. I do not believe that tale you tell, though, about your Scotch grandfather and his sock. I happen to know something about this, as I am closely connected with some of Scotland's most reputable families; I even believe that I had a Scotch grandfather once, and from the best information I can gather, Scotch grandfathers never wear socks; the majority of them I believe, never even wear pants, but parade in kilts, and the man that does not wear pants, does not care much about socks. However if you will send me the sock, I will promise to wear it, and not use it for chewing gum. I am very much interested in your n. e. Ellen, and I am delighted to find that we have at least one cook in the League. I have no doubt, when your letter goes in print, you will have several hundred proposals, for any man who marries you is bound to have a Cook in his family, and cooks are the scarcest things in the world. The health of myself and family just now is nothing to brag about. I unfortunately have had the grip. I went to call on my best girl, and her father got a grip on the seat of my pants, while the jull dog got a grip on the calf of one of my legs, and a grip on the cow of the other. I am still laid up for repairs. I lost the calf of one leg, and I understand that someone has got it on a dairy farm, raising it for veal. Cousins, write to Ellen, and thank her for coming into the League. Now we have a cook in the C. L. O. C. I hope we shall never go short of good things to eat.

VERMONT, R. D. 2, ILL., July 8, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Is there any room on your lap for one more jolly cousin from Illinois? I will try and give a short description of myself. I am fifteen years of age, have dark hair, gray eyes and am five feet and ten inches tall, though I do not know what I weigh.

I live about four miles from the town of Vermont, which is still small, although large enough to handle about anything a person could want to use. People are now in the harvest field cutting their wheat and rye and getting ready to thrash.

Uncle Charlie if you want some work I will let you shock wheat and I will take a lay off. I and my cousin intended to take a journey this month on a train, as neither of us had ever been on a train before. But his girl won't let him go, so I suppose we can't go. The world seems to be getting funny, when a fellow can't go away without asking his girl; if all girls are alike I don't believe I want any, would you uncle?

I am very fond of reading, in fact I don't believe there are many who read more than I do. I also write a good deal, but am a rather poor writer as you can see for yourself.

Among the story papers I take I prize COMFORT most highly, it is worth double its price. I wish to thank you most sincerely for the membership card and button I received.

Tell all of the cousins to write to me and I promise to answer all letters. I would also like to exchange postals, any kind.

Your affectionate nephew,  
RAYMOND E. LINDSEY (No. 19,619).

Raymond, you say in your letter that you will let me shock wheat. My dear boy, I do not think I could shock wheat, no matter how I tried. I went into a field of wheat once to shock it, and I did some very dreadful things,  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

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# The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

## Facial Massage

**Y**OU can't get rid of your wrinkles, did you say? Why of course you can, both big and little wrinkles. All you need is a good wrinkle cream and a thorough knowledge of the rules of massage to make your skin as smooth and unwrinkled as a babe's. Perhaps you think I'm promising too much, but really I'm not, girlie. It's all true. Just follow all my directions and I know success will crown your efforts. Wrinkles are not a necessary evil and no woman under one hundred years should have them, unless she has had much illness or is one of the worrying kind.

From the beginning of time, women have preserved their beauty by massage and oil baths. Massage is friction and makes active the blood vessels and nerves and exercises the weary muscles. It is stated by eminent authorities, and it seems reasonable, that such things as pimples, blackheads and boils cannot exist when massage is thoroughly and regularly carried out. Massage is often used in cases of obesity, but in such cases, it is necessary to massage deeply and firmly.

Exercise is necessary if you wish to be beautiful. Lack of exercise means yellow skin, crow's-feet, wrinkles and everything that the feminine heart abhors. The face muscles more than those of any other part of the body, are dull and torpid. As life's worries descend upon us, they come hand in hand with a wrinkled skin, thus making bad, worse. Gradually the circulation becomes defective and this brings flaccid tissues and all sorts of horrible things, and down in the bottom of your heart, you just feel as if you could not stand it.

While a professional masseuse has to be perfectly informed as to the muscles of the neck and face, the location of veins and arteries, you can do very well indeed with a few simple rules, and you will find the accordion plait running away with fear and trembling before your diligent fingers, even though you are not "professional."

A very important thing to remember is that massage will both create and reduce flesh, according to the kind of treatment and time devoted to it. Severe rubbing of the flesh between the fingers will gradually dissolve the fatty tissues. Under this severe treatment you will find the flesh becoming soft and flabby and eventually there is danger of the skin falling into minute creases, unless some astringent wash is used to harden it somewhat, and so make the flesh firm again. Weak alum water (used hot) is a very good wash for this purpose. If instead of reducing the flesh your face needs to be plumped or lines removed, the skin should be rubbed with a rotary movement. You should use your finger-tips for this movement, which you will find is an excellent treatment for all kinds and classes of wrinkles. This motion not only rubs but kneads as well and it is well to follow with light tapping of the fingers over the entire face. This generates electricity and makes your face glow with youth and vitality. Remember sisters all, never roll the flesh between your fingers unless your flesh needs to be reduced! And here is another thing to remember. It is not advisable to massage oftener than once a day and then only for fifteen or twenty minutes. After your work has begun to show and your face is almost wrinkle-clear, it will be quite sufficient to massage every other day.

So much for my preliminary talk. Now I will treat you to a paper massage.

Before massaging the face, you should be careful to have it thoroughly cleansed. You must wash it in tepid water and use one of my Beauty Bags. If you feel that you must have soap, use the pure castile. You can use either a soft complexion brush or a rough washcloth. This removes the dust and powder which would otherwise be ground into the pores, causing redness and irritation.

Now rub skin food all over your face and far down on your neck. Rub it in firmly with upward, circular movements. Remember, never rub your face downward, even when drying it with a towel. Always rub upward and outward. But I digress. To resume the subject, when the cream is partially absorbed by the pores, then you can begin your manipulations, starting at the forehead. After your face has been thoroughly creamed and massaged, wipe away the cream that has not been absorbed by the skin with a cloth dipped in hot water. Then wet the cloth in cool water and lay over the face. Do this several times in order that the pores may become fully contracted. A little powder now fanned over your face and your beauty stint is done and oh! how refreshed you feel and how soft and pretty your skin looks.

The wrinkle that abounds and which comes first usually, is the forehead, and when you have this, your forehead is ruined from a beauty standpoint. In its worst form, this wrinkle which attacks the pretty girl, extends across the forehead and down each side of the temple. And when this occurs, it is good by to good looks and amiability. For this horrid wrinkle that runs horizontally across the pretty forehead, use the Swedish movement, which is something new—when adapted to wrinkles. The "movement" is made with the finger tips, which are pressed upon the wrinkle, but placed very gently so as not to make the wrinkle any deeper. You must go over this as gingerly as possible, just as if you were pressing out crumpled rose leaves or putting your very best Sunday-go-to-meeting hat in a very small box. Press with the tips of your fingers, some good "wrinkle" cream into your wrinkle, following the line of the muscle and working across the wrinkle not in it. For straight wrinkles, rising perpendicularly from the bridge of the nose, rub the fingers across. You can do more to efface these forehead wrinkles by keeping your face in repose than you can by massage. When you are talking, remember that it is most unbecomingly as well as unnecessary, to keep screwing your forehead into a thousand creases. Watch a

cute little monkey wrinkle up its forehead when greatly interested in something it is doing, and you will gather a faint idea of how you look to others, when emphasizing all your remarks by these forehead grimaces.

The rotary massage mentioned above, consists of moving the second and third finger in little circles or wheels across the wrinkle to be massaged. The kneading is done firmly and is continued backward and upward.

The laughing wrinkle runs from the corners of the mouth to each side of the nose upward and outward. You should draw the skin tight and pinch the wrinkle gently, working upwards.

For the dreaded crow's feet, woman's deadly enemy, use the following movement. Place the first and second finger of the left hand at the end of the eye. Then with the third finger of the right hand, rub just above the eye from the nose outward half an inch beyond the end of the eye, returning below the eye, toward the nose. Massaging around the eye is very delicate work and very little pressure should be used, as otherwise you may create more wrinkles than you efface.

To keep your cheeks full and plump and to prevent the muscles from sagging, massage upward. Another way to plump the cheeks and cause them to keep their soft contour, is to fill your mouth full of air, causing each cheek to look like a big balloon, and then the air to escape with a soft, explosive sound. Do this ten or fifteen times each day and you will be pleased with the improvement.

Now for your neck. It is well to begin this treatment by washing the neck thoroughly, then applying skin food and use the same motion for these lines as you used for your wrinkled forehead, remembering to massage against the wrinkle not in it.

Double-chins are not very pleasant things and I am sure you want to know how to dispatch them to realms unknown. For a troublesome, flesh chin, try dissolving the fatty tissues by picking up the flesh between the thumb and forefinger and rolling and rubbing as much as you can without bruising the flesh or breaking the tender skin. Then in order to prevent the plump little chin from getting flabby, bathe it in cold water with a little pinch of alum dissolved in it. Never use this wash unless you are reducing fleshy parts.

Ironing your wrinkles away is quite a new fad and one that is proving very successful. To iron away your wrinkles may, perhaps, suggest burns to my readers but this is carefully guarded against. You should take a heavy cloth (flannel would be best) saturate it with hot water and apply again and again to your wrinkles. Then take an ordinary little nickel plated iron and heat until it is moderately hot. This is pressed against the hot flannel on your forehead and held there and verily, when you remove the cloth, the obnoxious wrinkle has folded up its tent, and, like the Arabs, has silently stole away. This is one of the latest and best methods of steaming wrinkles and creases away.

The other day I was in the rooms of a famous New York specialist, who told me that wrinkles can be kept away by buttermilk. This pretty woman told me that she bathed in it, she drank it, she ironed her forehead with it, saturating the cloth in buttermilk, instead of hot water, and she massaged her face with it, patting it into her face thoroughly, trying to get as much buttermilk absorbed by the skin, as possible. This fills out all the tiny creases and leaves the flesh pink and glowing. She is considered one of the most beautiful women in New York and she declares she owes it all to buttermilk massage.

## Observe the Wrinkle Laws

Don't go to bed all worn out. Wrinkles come from aching bones. Take a glass of hot milk, relax thoroughly in a nice comfy chair in your room, being sure that your windows are open, so that you can breathe the fresh night air. When you feel quiet and rested go to bed. If you do this, you won't frown in your sleep and you won't ache all over in the morning.

Don't go to bed hungry, as hunger makes wrinkles.

Don't go to bed with something on your mind, as calculation brings wrinkles.

Don't go to bed angry as that brings furrows.

Don't go to bed with a light shining in your face.

Don't wake up with the sun glaring at you. Draw your shades or close the shutters the night before.

Don't be cross. A cross woman has a perpetual scowl.

Don't strain your eyes by fine sewing or embroidery.

Don't do anything exclusively all the time, as tired eyes cause more wrinkles than anything else.

Don't read too much. If you read steadily or read in the twilight or in a poorly lighted room, you will acquire knowledge perhaps, but wrinkles surely.

Don't let your teeth stay uncared for. Bad teeth fall out—and your cheek falls in, and this gives you a complete set of wrinkles to set up housekeeping with.

Don't have any more ills than you can help. Ill health brings wrinkles. Be happy and live sensibly and wrinkles will fight shy of you.

And last of all—massage your wrinkles.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Publishers of COMFORT knowing it will be difficult for the readers to handily obtain all of the ingredients recommended in these columns for making cold cream, a superior cold cream has been prepared for them by expert chemists that will give the best satisfaction to the members of the Pretty Girls' Club, to use as a face cream. This is excellent for all purposes, to use as a Gold or Face Cream can be used for, and the Publishers of COMFORT will send any reader of this column a nice jar of this Cream free for getting a club of only two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each.

## ALSO A SKIN FOOD.

Many also desire a proper Skin Food and Massage Cream to remove wrinkles, develop the bust and neck, etc. We have also had this prepared and will send one jar free for a club of two subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each, or for a club of five yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, we will send one

jar of each, Cold or Face Cream and a jar of Skin Food for rich milk with cream. For constipation soak half a dozen prunes in a cup of warm water over night in the morning drink two glasses of hot water, fifteen minutes later drink the prune juice and eat the prunes. Take the prunes and water again at night.

Black Eyes.—Raise the skin of the wart with the tip of a stout needle and peel off, then apply colorless iodine every day until it goes away.

Sweet Sixteen.—Find answer to both questions in this column.

W. S.—See X. Y. Z. in this column for a cure for dandruff. Rinse the hair in borax water. This will cut the oil.

Tom.—Take two raw eggs and a tablespoonful of olive oil three times a day, after meals. You will soon gain in weight. Drink large quantities of warm water which will help constipation. Massage wrinkles with face cream, across wrinkles softly and for some length of time. See reply to R. I. and E. A. L. in this column.

C. McK.—For dimples see reply to Miss M. C. P. in this issue. Persevere, my dear. Wash out your eyes with a weak solution of boric acid, twice a day.

Anxious Miss.—You cannot straighten a crooked nose nor cure a harelip. That is something for a surgeon to attend to. See reply to Alma in this column.

Troubled Heart.—See reply to L. S., St. John, N. Dak. in this column and also Farmer's daughter. See reply to Olive Farmer for bust.

Chap.—You say you worry a lot, you certainly have no cause to worry about your form. Your proportions are all right, and your eyes, hair and complexion are certainly very pretty. You also must have a good carriage or you would not keep your shoes in shape until worn out. Is it necessary for you to do so much needlework? That probably causes your headaches, also the sinking of your eyes. It is much better to save your eyes than wear elaborately trimmed clothes. Worry does not help, live each day as it comes, and pick out the pleasant things, to think about.

L. P. C.—Massage the sunken parts with olive oil. I should think the deep circles under the eyes may come from lack of proper nourishment. Try the Milk Diet. Sleep as much as you can.

Girlie.—Rub in lemon juice every night to whiten the hands. Use the Beauty Bags on the face. Steam the face often, dashing cold water on the face to close the pores.

Ethyne M.—For your bad breath use a solution of Listerine and water, washing your mouth and throat out very thoroughly several times a day. See reply to Cal. Girl.

M. B. C.—Dimple process given to Miss M. C. P. in this column.

Brown Eyes.—I am afraid the bald spots caused by boils cannot be helped. Massage with vaseline and if the roots are not dead it will help. I do not know what will keep false pompadours and braids from fading. Yes, rinse the face after washing with cold water. Write to COMFORT about good cold cream.

Floy.—See reply to Ida M. E. in this column for Beauty Bags. See reply to Black Eyes for warts.

Dew Drop.—Lemon juice and glycerine will not cause hair to grow. For red nose and excessive perspiration see reply to Miss R. E. K. Get shields and baste in your dresses. A discolored waist under the arms is very unpleasant to see.

Hazel Eyes.—See face cream formula given in January number. To banish liver spots take the juice of one lemon in a glass of water every morning.

Poor Know Nothing Country Girl.—My dear little girl, don't have a bony neck and arms, take the Milk Diet described to M. R. in this column. You will then have a white skin, full bust and well developed hips, etc.

Woodland Girl.—Use any kind of rolled oats. Fix a small bottle at a time of the lemon juice and glycerine. See reply to Alma in this issue. I do not think olive oil will turn the skin yellow.

T. L. R.—Write to COMFORT for face cream. Your late dinner should not hurt you, but eat small amounts of greasy and rich foods. A glass of milk between meals will help you. Your breakfast is all right. So is your method of bathing.

Down Hearted.—See reply to M. R. in this issue. Do not pull out the little hairs. See reply to E. A. K. and R. I. in this column. Keep hair clean and massage with vaseline.

E. W., Texas.—Your questions answered elsewhere in column.

L. B. S.—See reply to Violet Monroe in this column. See reply to Clara H. in this column.

Orange Blossom.—Do not meddle with moles. After using Beauty Bags rinse off with water.

Jay.—Stick to the hot water and deep breathing. Do not meddle with moles. It might produce a malignant growth such as cancer, etc.

R. C.—Rub mutton tallow on the hands at night and wear a loose glove while sleeping, with a hole cut in the palm for circulation. See reply to Olive Farmer.

D. A. S.—The bust developer will not interfere with the other medicine. I do not know what the price will be. Druggists vary so in prices. Your bust measurement is too small. Try the Milk Diet.

Tishia.—Drink hot water and you will not have a hollow skin. I think a fluffy pompadour would be becoming to you. Light colors are sure to become you.

Irma.—Use any good white soap, preferably imported castile, to wash your hair. For freckles see reply to L. S., St. John, N. Dak. Use lemon juice night and morning for your hands. Other questions answered in this column.

Sad Heart.—Wash your hair thoroughly and dry and then do up in "kid" curlers. Moisture face and neck with Peroxide of Hydrogen to whiten. Send to COMFORT for "Pretty Girl's Cream."

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AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO., Chicago, Ill.



# A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

**M**Y DEAR NEPHEWS: The various subjects this month are of unusual interest and value to my boys. Try them all, you will be much pleased.

The answer to the puzzle in last month's installment is "The Father of His Country."

**Cold Storage Business**

A young man who lived near a stream which froze over every year cut a large quantity of ice and stored it in a shed which he had built with double walls and roof. Adjoining the ice shed was another also built with double walls and papered on the inside. When eggs and butter were cheap and plentiful in the hot summer months the young man filled up his storage shed, leaving room only for enough ice to keep it cool. A temperature of about forty degrees was easily maintained all summer and in the late fall he sold his dairy goods at a large profit. This is the plan always followed by the city merchants and there is no reason why it cannot be worked in the country as well.

## Necktie Rack

This tie rack will prove very useful and should be fastened on the inside of a closet door adjoining the boy's chamber. It is made of a flat piece of half inch hard wood artistically shaped, and two small brackets into which fits a small round stick like a curtain pole. Any round object, for instance, a half dollar piece, may be used as a pattern for outlining the curves of the brackets. The flat back piece by first making a pattern of folded paper as shown. This article can be finished very prettily and should be stained and varnished to match the door.

## Spelling Game

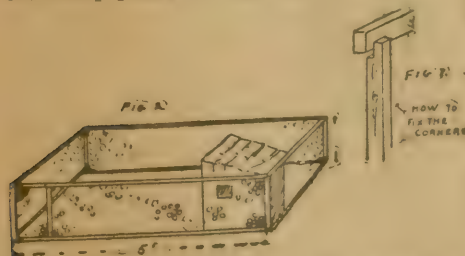
Here's a brand new game that is both valuable and amusing. Each player is provided with twenty-six little squares of cardboard upon which are printed the letters of the alphabet. If you are going to use long words it is well for each one to have at least four sets. At a given signal a word is given, for instance, "Constantinople," and the players begin to spell it out by arranging the letter squares properly. The first one finished, scores five points; the second three points, and the third two, the fourth one point. One hundred points win the game. A dictionary should be kept on hand to decide disputes over the spelling of difficult words.

## Dumb Waiter

Nothing is more annoying in a large barn or house than the constant running up and down stairs. This little device, commonly called a dummy or dumb waiter will save many a trip and can easily be built by the boy of the house. A light box corresponding in shape with our drawing is first made and through holes in the top and bottom the ends of a rope are inserted and knotted on the inside so they cannot pull through. The rope is now passed over pulleys at the terminals of the shaft in which the box is to operate. Those pulleys may be made of common spools in the manner shown. When once secured in place the dummy may be raised or lowered by pulling the rope. Try one of them in your barn and see what a convenience it is.

## The Sitting Hen

When the hens begin to sit along in March the troubles of the young poultry raiser naturally increase. The combination house and cage shown here is designed to make Biddy's confinement as comfortable as possible for herself and owner. It can be easily moved and is an ideal place for the clutch of young chicks during their first few weeks. Eight five foot strips and four two foot corner pieces are all that are required for the frame. Nail them firmly together as shown and then with whatever scrap pieces you can find build the small



house in the corner. It is best to make a room that can be fitted on like a lid. Allow for a door near the corner and then cover the framework with fine wire netting. The accompanying diagram shows the plan of construction.

## A Sparetime Pursuit

Did you ever stop to realize the vast sums wasted by throwing away old metals, rags, rubber, etc., in the country. Now in million dollar factories not one rusty nail is allowed to go to waste. The country boy who has the use of a horse and wagon should ask a large circle of people to save their junk for him and then find out the price the city man will pay. He can then arrange his scale of prices so as to leave himself a good profit and go over the route picking up whatever is to be had. Three or four trips in the spring and fall is all that will be necessary and a boy who really wants to get ahead can make those trips pay him very well.

## Throwing Tunes

This game is essentially a boy's but any girl fortunate enough to be allowed to look on will no doubt be greatly amused. The players sit in a half circle facing each other and the

one on the left end begins to whistle some tune with which all are familiar. After he gets well started he suddenly and without warning places his hand to his mouth as though withdrawing the tune and throws it to any other player he chooses, endeavoring always to select the one that least expects it. The player to whom the tune is thrown must immediately take it up and continue to whistle where the thrower left off. After he whistles a few bars he may throw it to another. It is easy to see that the crowd will soon be in a fit of laughter. Forfeits are demanded from those who fail to whistle when they should.

## Concrete Drum

It is not too much to ask the boy of the present day to do concrete work for the process is simpler than many a problem at school. Here is an original plan for a punching bag, disc or drum, as they are sometimes called. In the same manner described you may also make a flag for a well or sistrin cover, sidewalk or any purpose. First construct a round wooden mould four inches deep and fill it with a good wet mixture composed of two parts crushed stone, two parts cement and one part gravel. The sand and cement are first mixed then the stone is thrown in and lastly sufficient water to wet all thoroughly is added. Only the sand and cement mixture is used for the top inch and the final surfacing is done by sprinkling cement on the spots which remain wet. Smooth carefully with a trowel and set up as shown by the diagram. If you wish an extra strong job plant the heavy upright post in a bed of concrete.



## A Bit of Science

It is a peculiar fact that air exerts an upward pressure as well as weighing down heavily like any other substance. To prove it place a small tube or one that has a small opening in the bottom into a vessel full of water and after tightly covering the top opening of the tube with your thumb withdraw it. The water in the tube will not flow out through the bottom opening although it apparently has every chance in the world to do so. The reason is that the air is pressing it upward and holding it in tact. When the thumb is removed from the top opening a counteracting force is admitted and the water falls by reason of its weight.

## Telephone

Telephones are quite common in rural communities nowadays but even so this home-made private line will prove a useful novelty. Any boy who reads the instructions herewith can rig it up without expending a cent. Procure two rather small tin cans and after removing the bottoms cover the open end with strong muslin, as shown in the largest cut. The muslin must be stretched very tight and after it is in place coated with thin glue. Now all that needs to be done is to place those two vibrators at your terminal points, and connect them with a strong cord pulled tight and resined after it is in place. The small cuts show an arrangement of spools for carrying your line around a curve or any angle.



Next month I am going to tell you how to

make a useful home article of furniture that will make mother and father happy, as well as the usual variety of good things. Be sure to watch out for that number, and see that your subscriptions are now paid in advance, otherwise you will get no copies of COMFORT. Very truly yours,

Your Uncle John.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

but the wheat did not seem to be in the least bit shocked. It stood right there, and never budged an inch. A young lady told me that she shocked the wheat once, and I do not wonder at it, because she walked across a wheat field with a pair of those open-work hose on, and that would shock anything. It goes against the grain for me to shock wheat. Excuse my little joke, but I will not do it again. I hope when you have a ride on the train that you will enjoy the trip. I used to sit on the cowcatcher and catch the cows as I went along. Catch a cow, milk her, and throw her back into the pasture while the train was going one hundred miles an hour, a man has to be pretty slick to do that. I have done it lots of times—in my mind. A fellow should always ask his girl's permission before he goes anywhere. If boys would ask a girl's advice it would be better for them. The average boy is the worst kind of an idiot, life to him is one huge joke. The majority of girls have a serious twist to their characters, and as they always have a boy's welfare at heart, they will always advise him rightly. I know when I was a young man several of them advised me to go and chase myself. I am sure that was excellent advice. Do as the girls tell you, and you will not go far wrong.

ADOBE WALLS, TEXAS, NOV. 3, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I live out in the northern part of the panhandle of Texas. I live in Hutchinson county on the Canadian river. I am employed on a mail line. I have to cross the Canadian river every day except Sunday. If any of the cousins want to know about this country, they can write to me. I am sixteen years of age, weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds, have light hair, blue eyes, sandy complexion. I was born in Gray county, Texas, fifty miles south of here. I have not been out of the panhandle in all my life. I was born on a little cattle ranch, but little farming was done in this country up to a few years ago. My father and mother are living. I have five sisters, three brothers, and all are alive. I love to work with cattle. I have ten head of cattle of my own, and am very fond of them. I am good and kind to dumb animals. Three years ago I was as cruel as anyone in the world. I was as wicked as anyone, but I changed, I am trying to live a Christian life. I joined the Baptist church this summer in June.

It is thirty miles to the nearest railroad town. We live one mile from our county seat. It is where the smaller children are going to school. We have a nice little Sunday school and preaching. If any of the cousins want to know about our country just write and I'll answer. Your nephew, NORMAN B. STUBBLEFIELD.

Norman, I am always glad to hear from you Texas boys, and am ever so glad to know you are trying to live a Christian life, and are treating animals kindly. You are doing right, old boy, stick to it, you are on the right road. Remember there are trials and tribulations on that road, but there is success and happiness at the end of it. It is the only road that is worth while. There is another road that looks very enticing and very lovely to the eye, but sorrow, despair and death await all those who travel by it. I am glad you take care of

your stock. It pays to take care of animals as well as human beings. One thing, Norman I am worried about and that is this panhandle business. How did you get into this panhandle? I suppose you got snooping around the cook-stove when mother was cooking and fell into it. I don't think I would like to live in a panhandle, and I do not see how you can raise and tend cattle if you are in a panhandle. We only have one frying pan in our family, and we seldom use that as there is nothing to cook. Billy the goat is sleeping in it just now. If your panhandle is like ours, the sooner you get out of it the better. What does the Canadian river do down in Texas? I know it is there, as I have seen it on the map, but what right has Canada to be dropping her rivers all around the U. S. She ought to pay storage. I hope the next time you write you will be out of the panhandle, and away from the fire.

CENTERFIELD, UTAH, NOV. 24, 1907.

MY DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:

Please let me come and join your merry group in your large sitting-room; I wish to talk for just five minutes about myself and valley in which I live. It is cold out here in the winter and hot in the summer. I live on the outskirts of Centerfield ward. Gunnison has three wards. Axtell is the south ward, Centerfield is the center ward, and Gunnison equals the north ward. Now you know all about our wards.

Cousins will you please write to me, I will answer all letters for I love to read and write. Uncle, what do you think about my writing, or can't you read it?

I am pleased with the rules and button. I love the week and old people, and try to be good to them for they have suffered a great deal for us.

I am sixteen years old, and weigh about one hundred and twenty-nine pounds. I am about five feet tall.

Gunnison has two saloons, but Centerfield and Axtell have none. In Centerfield we have three stores, one public school, dancing hall, and post-office and meeting-house. In Axtell we have a schoolhouse and post-office, and in Gunnison the largest ward, we have a public school, post-office, dancing hall, one opera house, a candy store, one drug store. Then there's the city hall, furniture house. There are five stores, and two meat markets. We have large orchards and and plenty of fruit, to supply all the people of Gunnison. Papa has an eighty acre farm which we live on. We live near the hills and fifteen miles from the mountains. We get all our winter pines and firewood from the White Hills. I shall close wishing you and all the cousins a Happy New Year. Your loving niece, EVELINA HANSEN (No. 18,967).

Evelina, Gunnison has quite a number of wards. I suppose they keep the wards to ward off the cold. I am sorry to see you have so many dance halls in your town. I would rather see a saloon than a dance hall. Dancing is all right in the home, but a public dance hall is an invention of the Devil. God help the girl when she gets running to these places, for that is the beginning of the end for most of them. I lived opposite one in a big Western city for a considerable period. From my window I could look right on to the floor of the dance hall. I saw hacks come to take away young girls who had been made half senseless by drugged liquors. The majority of the men who frequent these places do not come there to dance, that is merely an excuse. They come there, these libertines, to meet young girls, and to accomplish their ruin. Evelina, when you run the saloons out of town do your best to run the dance halls out with them. I am glad that you like our rules, and trust you will protect and love old people, but do not think you need to bother about the "week," as the weeks are pretty well able to take care of themselves. If you do love the "week," I hope

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



# Danderine

Grew  
Miss Wallice's  
Hair

AND WE CAN

## PROVE IT.

EVERYBODY CAN HAVE NICE HAIR NOW, and you don't have to wait around weeks and months for results either. You will see improvements from the very first application.

Her Hair Takes on New Life and Grows 3 Feet Longer than it was Before.

KNOWLTON DANDERINE CO.,

Gentlemen:

Your Danderine has made my hair grow over three feet longer than it was when I began its use.

It is now over five feet long and keeps right on growing, it seems to fairly crawl out of my scalp, it is so glossy and nice too.

Danderine will always have my best wishes.

Sincerely,

JEANETTE WALLICE.

This GREAT HAIR-GROWING REMEDY can now be had at all Druggists in three sizes, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle.

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To show how quickly Danderine acts, we will send a large sample free by return mail to anyone who sends this free coupon to the Knowlton Danderine Co., Chicago, with their name and address and 10 cents in silver or stamps to pay postage.

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643 W. 14th Street,

NEW YORK CITY.

Cut this out



# ONLY A GIRL or, From Rags to Riches

By Fred Thorpe

Author of "The Silent City," "Frank, the Free Lance," etc., etc.

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A dispute arises between Madge Mason and Annie Kelly, two girls of the street, and Madge Mason springs upon Annie like a tigress. Dave Lane, a good-natured lad of fifteen pulls them apart. Ralph Straight, who buys papers of Madge, places his hand on her shoulder. He is surprised and asks the girl not to go with him. The boys mistake him for a thief, and Dave tells him if the girl is in trouble he'll go bail for her. Ralph turns to Madge; it is a pity for a girl like her to be selling papers on the street for a living. He will get a place for her in the bindery. His sister Alice will show her. Madge goes to Ralph's home, and she opens her heart to Mrs. Straight and tells of her mother and the counsel she gave when dying. "I think dey's kep' me good more dan anything else." Ralph walks home with Madge and there is no happier girl in New York City.

Shirley Everton, at sixty, retires from business to enjoy his wealth and the companionship of his son whose tastes are different. It is whispered that Mr. Everton has been a little wild. The father dies suddenly leaving Shirley a little heir to his estate. He receives a visitor, Richard Harold, who convinces Shirley he is not the only heir. There is indisputable evidence of a child by a former marriage. Shirley cannot buy the papers but he can sell them. He is a miser and he is in a bad way. Shirley will pay well for the proof of the girl's death. There is a rap and Harold is confronted by a shabbily dressed old man. He passes the papers to him and tells what Shirley demands. Stanwix is in a rage that he divulges where the girl is to be found.

A big printing press is in the place where Alice Straight works. Her seat is near a slowly revolving wheel encircled by a belt. Her hair blows dangerously near the belt. A well-dressed young man asks Dave Lane if Madge Mason works there. Dave points to Alice, whose hair becomes entangled. Madge comprehends the situation and seizes a pair of shears to cut her hair. Shirley Everton grasps the girl's hand. Madge struggles. In one minute Alice will be beyond human aid.

Shirley Everton is seriously disturbed. The marriage certificate bears the name of Shirley Everton and Anna Hilton. It is the old, old story. The girl's station in life is humble—she can neither read nor write. His position is higher. He marries and exacts an oath that she keep his identity a secret, and that she be known as Mrs. Mason. Within two years he makes "a marriage of convenience" with Alice Fenton, the daughter of a banker, and neither wife is aware of the existence of the other. After the birth of Madge he deserts his first wife and causes a notice of his death to appear. Shirley Everton goes out to find his half sister. Dave Lane, believing him to be a madman, points out Alice Straight. As Shirley grasps Madge, Dave Lane deals him a blow, and Madge seizing the shears severs Alice's hair, and she is saved. Shirley sees the resemblance to his father in Madge and explains why he prevents her going to Alice. Ralph Straight appears and demands an explanation from the millionaire. Madge knows where she bears the name of Everton. In her mother's last sickness she calls, "Everton, Everton, Shirley Everton!" There is mystery, and Everton laughs uneasily.

He is visited by Richard Harold. For one million dollars he agrees to bring proof of Madge Mason's death. She is beguiled by a scheming woman, and under pretense, as a favored guest to a dinner, enters her carriage. A peculiar odor overpowers Madge, and she becomes unconscious. As the woman descends from her carriage she is confronted by John Brownlow. He recognizes Madge Mason who is carried in by the coachman. Madge awakens in a luxuriously furnished room. She is met by a negress. Mrs. Fairleigh enters. She admits to Madge she is an adventuress, and gets Madge there for a young man who loves her. Mrs. Fairleigh prevents Madge leaving the room and she is a prisoner. She pushes aside the damask hangings and finds bare unbroken walls. Richard Harold enters. His intention is to force Madge into a marriage. If she becomes his wife every luxury she desires is hers. Harold talks with Mrs. Fairleigh. Leave all to her and the Everton millions will be divided between them. When she is so knowledgeable as Shirley Everton's widow she shares the estate evenly. Harold thinks it risky. The only one to interfere is Stanwix, an escaped prisoner. Dave Lane is employed by Mrs. Fairleigh. The bell rings and he admits Mr. Harold, who is escorted to Mrs. Fairleigh. He takes two winks from his pocket. She may want to bring Madge back to life again. Harold enters Madge's room. She insists upon being released. Mrs. Fairleigh enters. She steps between them and forbids him to annoy her any further. Madge can go. Before they part they will say their adieux over a bottle of wine. Mrs. Fairleigh engages a cab and Harold pours the contents of a vial into one of the glasses. Dave witnesses the act and changes the glasses. Harold takes the one intended for Madge. The glass drops from his hand and he calls for the antidote. Dave helps Madge make her escape. Harold recovers. In a few days he will see Mrs. Fairleigh mistress of the Everton fortune. She visits Shirley Everton and will present indisputable proofs that she was his father's first wife.

Shirley Everton introduces his aunt, Mrs. Stafford Everton. Mrs. Fairleigh consents to this arrangement suggested by Shirley and agreed to through her lawyer. Shirley's suspicions are strengthened when the supposed aunt fails to recognize his father's portrait. Mrs. Stafford Everton receives a caller and he reminds her he is known as Stanwix. Removing a wig the woman falls in a faint.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### CHANGES IN MADGE'S LIFE.

**A**FTER a long discussion on the subject between the girl, Ralph and Alice, it was decided not to make the particulars of the abduction public. There seemed various good reasons for this, but none of them satisfied Dave Lane, who wanted to have all concerned in the affair dragged off to a dungeon cell, and who was highly indignant when he found that they were to be spared.

"Dey orter have ten years each," he said. "An' jes' t'ink o' w'at an elegant ad. it w'd be fer you, Madge. Why, der papers 'd be full of it, prob'ly a story 'd be writ about yer, an' yer might git ont der stage."

It was with some difficulty that his friends made Dave understand that this publicity was just what they did not want, and when he did understand it he found it impossible to comprehend their feelings.

So earnest was he in his desire to bring the villains to justice, that on his own responsibility he paid a visit to Mrs. Fairleigh's house, with a dim idea of wrecking vengeance on all concerned in the abduction and the subsequent events.

But he found the house closed and deserted, and was forced to return home in disgust and anger.

The days and weeks passed on, and no one event worthy of special mention occurred. Madge's life with her new friends—old friends, they seemed now—remained peaceful and happy, far happier than any period in her past existence.

Her education progressed steadily and rapidly. Every evening was spent over her books under the guidance of Ralph or Alice or their mother, and her proficiency astonished her kind, simple-minded friends.

After a very short time she seldom used a slang phrase or even a vulgarism.

And in passing the stage of the world—that is, the polite world, as it is called—she showed an aptitude.

In a very short time her friends found that they had no occasion to be ashamed of her.

If company came to spend an evening she could entertain them like one "to the manner born."

the way in which she "picked up" and utilized information was really remarkable, and proved her a girl of unusual quickness.

Ralph thought her the most wonderful girl in the world, and showed his partiality in a thousand ways.

Before long his mother and sister began to joke him about her, and to hint at the probability that she would some day become really a member of the family.

These jests, none of which were uttered in Madge's presence, annoyed the shy, reticent young fellow more than Alice or her mother suspected, and changed his manner toward Madge in a marked degree.

He became cold and distant, and instead of seeking her society seemed to try to avoid it.

Sometimes such actions are the surest symptoms of a deep, all-absorbing love, but Madge was not a woman of the world enough to know this, and so in her turn she became frigid and reticent.

And so the two young people drifted apart, neither of them knowing what had caused the change; and the estrangement distressed Mrs. Straight and Alice almost, if not quite, as much as it did them.

One evening after supper, just as the quartet were about to sit down to their books, Ralph turned to Madge, saying gravely:

"Well, Madge, I have a surprise for you."

"A surprise—what is it?" asked Madge.

"Yes, what is it?" added Alice. "Out with it. I've seen you a dozen times today and you haven't said a word to me about it. Is it anything pleasant?"

"If it were not," said Ralph, as gravely as ever, "I should hesitate to say anything to Madge about it. I hope she will consider it pleasant."

"Well, what is it?" persisted Alice. "You are certainly the slowest fellow I ever saw."

Turning to Madge, Ralph said almost awkwardly:

"I know you want to get along in the world, Madge."

"Of course I do," was the girl's prompt, almost pert, response.

"You know, too, that I want to help you succeed in life."

"I have never doubted that," said Madge, more earnestly.

"Thank you. Well, I would like to give you another proof of that fact."

"What proof?"

"Of course you do not expect to always stay in the gold-digger-room. Would you not like a better position?"

Madge's face brightened.

"Are you going to promote me to another department?" she asked.

"No, there are no vacancies."

"Oh! then I don't understand—"

"I'll explain. I have heard of a position that I think will suit you a great deal better than anything in the bindery."

A disappointed look appeared upon the girl's face.

"Don't they want me in the bindery any longer?"

"It is not that, of course," Ralph hastened to assure her.

"I was afraid—"

"Oh, your work has always been everything that was satisfactory, but I think I have something that will suit you a great deal better. How would you like a position in a store?"

"In a store?"

"Yes, as saleswoman. A friend of mine has told me of a place that I am sure you could have."

Poor Madge's heart sunk like lead.

"He wants to get rid of me," she thought. "He is tired of me—I can see that."

Around she said:

"Where is the store?"

"It is Smith & Smith's—one of the biggest dry and fancy goods' houses in the city. They pay well, and treat the people who work for them well, and I think it would be a first-rate chance for you."

"You advise me to take it, then, Mr. Straight," said Madge.

"Then I will follow your advice."

"I thought you would. Well, my friend, Mr. Adams, who is a floor-walker in the establishment, is going to call here tonight. I will introduce you to him, and he will take you to the store tomorrow morning and see what can be done."

"So soon?" faltered Madge.

"Yes; the sooner the better. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," said Madge, "I do think so."

"It is plain enough," she added beneath her breath, "he doesn't care for me at all. Well, why should he? He's been very good to me, and I ought to feel grateful, not offended."

The floor-walker, Mr. Adams, came, was introduced to Madge, and was evidently pleased with her.

"I think there is no doubt that I can get you the place, Miss Mason—at any rate I'll do my best."

He did his best, and the next morning found Madge behind the counter in the leather goods department of Smith & Smith's.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### MADGE AS A SALESWOMAN.

How strange Madge Mason's new life seemed to her! As she thought of the events of the past few weeks she could scarcely realize that the heroine of all these events was herself.

A blush mounted to her cheeks as she pictured herself running about Park Row shouting:

"Ere's yer last edition Sun!"

But it was not a blush of shame. The man or woman, boy or girl, who is ashamed of honest toil takes a false view of life, and will never make a great success in anything or be of much use to the world while he or she holds such opinions.

No, Madge's blush was caused only by the thought of the years she had wasted, of the ambitions, born in her nature, which she had stifled.

These reflections caused her bitter regret, but she firmly resolved that in the future her course should be onward and upward; and she pictured herself as some day in a position to lift up and aid wails such as she had been.

Her position at Smith & Smith's was an unusually good one.

Her employers and Mr. Adams, the young floor-walker, were very kind to her, and gave her every aid in their power.

Of course Madge knew nothing about leather goods, but it did not take her long to learn. She made some mistakes, to be sure, and all of them were mercilessly ridiculed by the other saleswomen, all of whom were jealous and envious of the girl.



## You will Need This Book

How would you like to go to Chicago or New York to buy the wall paper for your home? If you could come to the city you would delay your papering until you saw the new 1908 patterns, wouldn't you?

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bookful of samples. It contains the cream of high quality patterns for all rooms and homes, in it was made for this season. There are designs and colorings suitable for the newest and most attractive patterns of wall paper as easily as residents of large cities. Our contracts in this line are so large that but few wholesale houses can buy as advantageously. As a result you can buy from us at a saving of from 20 to 40 per cent. There is no reason for buying locally when you can buy as cheaply as your dealer. This sample book contains helpful suggestions in regard to choosing wall paper and there are eight pages of instructions (with illustrations) including directions for making paste, how to trim the paper, how to prepare the wall—in fact the book tells how to make an easy job of paper hanging. You need the book whether you do the work yourself or hire it done.

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Montgomery Ward & Co. Michigan Ave., Madison and Washington Streets CHICAGO

Each saleswoman had one or more friends whom she wanted to get into the store, other girls felt that they deserved promotion, and the advent of this newcomer did not please them.

Madge tried to be pleasant to them all, but most of them seemed scarcely willing to meet her half way.

There were one or two, however, who were more friendly than the rest, and Madge used to go down to the lunchroom (which was in the basement of the building) with them at noon and gossip over her simple meal as girls will.

She soon found, however, that she had to be careful as to what she said, for every word was repeated and sometimes a wrong construction put on her utterances.

One noon, after she had been in the store only a few days, she overheard the following conversation, which was carried on in whispers, between two of the saleswomen.

"Perhaps it was intended for her ears; Madge thought so afterward."

"Are you sure it's true?" asked one.

"Certain sure," was the reply.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder—she looks it."

"You're right, she does."

"And she really sold papers in the street?"

Madge could not help starting.

For the first time it occurred to her that these whispered remarks might refer to her.

If her tormentors saw the start they were doubtless pleased.

"That's what she did," replied the girl, who was in Madge's own department. "She used to travel around Park Row, and stand at the bridge entrance every morning, and sell papers."

"Who told you?"

"My own eyes."

"What?"

"I live in Brooklyn, you know, and I used to see her every morning and evening. When she first came here I couldn't believe it was the same person; but the more I saw of her the surer I felt that it was, and this morning, when I came over, I asked one of the little mudjarks at the bridge about her."

"What did he say?"

"Oh, he told me all I wanted to know. The name was just the same—Madge Mason. The boy said that some weeks ago she got into a fight on the street with another girl and that a gentleman came along and separated them."

"Good gracious! A street fight, and that is the sort of creature we have to associate with!"

"Yes, well, this gentleman, whoever he was, got her a place in a bookbinder, and afterward she left it and came up here. That's the whole story as I heard it."

The other girl drew a long breath.

"Well! I'm ashamed to work in the same store with her."

"Me, too. But what are we going to do about it?"

"I can't do anything. She's too solid with Mr. Adams. Do you know he walks home with her nights?"

"Yes, I know it. Well, we can do something—we can tell him."

"That's so."

"And we can tell all the other girls, and then none of them will have a word to say to her."

"Good! We'll do that if we can't do anything else. The idea of such a thing as her coming in here and sticking up her nose at us!"

Then the two girls went upstairs again, having finished their luncheon, leaving Madge almost in tears.

But she did not give way to her emotion any more than she could help.

"After all," she thought to herself, "what does it amount to? A lady of leisure would look down on those girls just as much as they do on me. I've never done anything to be ashamed of, and I won't let them make me ashamed. Besides, I have one or two friends here, and I don't believe they can be turned against me."

Madge's confidence in her friends proved to be misplaced.

By the time she had gotten up-stairs they had been informed of her story, and returned a little cool nod for her bright smile of recognition.

It was pretty hard for the girl to conceal her feelings, but she succeeded in doing so, and the other saleswomen did not have the satisfaction of seeing the slightest expression of annoyance on her face.

That afternoon seemed to Madge as long as an ordinary day, and she was glad enough when six o'clock came and Mr. Adams stepped up to her as she was about leaving the department and asked with a smile:

"May I walk home with you once more, Miss Mason?"

Madge assented rather hesitatingly, for she had not forgotten what she had overheard the malicious girl in the lunchroom say.

Mr. Adams had walked home with her several evenings, and had been so kind and b' therly that she had enjoyed his society.

But if the girls were going to make talk about this trifling attention on his part, perhaps she ought to ask him, to discontinue it. Yet she did not like to do so, and decided that she would not for a day or two at least. He saw that she had something on her mind, and on their way home he said jestingly:

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Mason."

"I don't think they're worth as much as that," replied Madge, quite gravely.

"Perhaps not to you, but they might be to me. May I have them?"

"I think not."

And Madge smiled faintly.

"I see that something troubles you," went on Mr. Adams. "Has anything gone wrong in the store today?"

"Nothing in particular," hesitated Madge.

"If you have any trouble with your work I shall be glad to help you; or if you have any ground of complaint against any of the other girls, let me know what it is, and I shall investigate the matter."

"Can that girl have told him already?" thought Madge.

But she only said: "You are very kind, sir."

The girl had not told Mr. Adams, but Ralph Straight had, and the good-hearted floor-walker felt no little sympathy for the poor girl who was trying to work her way up in the world.

He had an opportunity to prove it the next morning.

As Madge took her place behind her counter the girl who had made the discovery about her past (and whose name, we may state, was Moore) stepped up to her and asked in a tone that was distinctly audible for some little distance:

"Well, did you sell out all your papers before you came?"

There was a titter from eight or ten of the girls who stood by, and who had been informed of what was to occur.

Madge flushed and then turned deathly pale. Before she could make any reply to the insulting question the voice of Mr. Adams was heard, stern and reproving.

The floor-walker had approached unseen. "Miss Moore," he said in measured tones, "I am surprised, indeed. Any repetition of this sort of thing will insure your immediate dismissal."

Miss Moore knew that Mr. Adams spoke with authority, and she stammered out an apology.

After that Madge and the young floor-walker were better friends than ever.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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## Right Care Insures Success

**F**OR safety during transit, incubators are shipped with the legs, lamp-stand, thermostat or regulator-arm detached; so, after uncrating the new machine, the first consideration is to connect these parts. Screws of correct size are sent, and the easiest method of procedure is to turn the machine upside down on the floor and fix the lamp-stand in place, being careful that the block of wood at the end of stand, on which the lamp really rests, is immediately and evenly below the opening of the heater chimney. After the stand or support is in place, should the block lean to the right or left, the support, which is made of metal, can easily be bent while the machine is upside down. Try putting the lamp in place, to ascertain if the angle of support is correct to insure the neck of chimney fitting evenly around the burner. The slightest inaccuracy in the contact of the two circles will cause the lamp to smoke; soot will accumulate and ignite, and in all probability it will end in consuming machine and contents in the middle of the hatch.

After the lamp-support is in place and properly adjusted, put two empty boxes about twenty-four inches high, a little over a foot from and parallel with the back and front of the incubator, which is to be lifted up and turned over to rest on the boxes while the legs are put in place. Be careful that they fit evenly against the machine; then make a hole with a small gimlet where the manufacturer's marks indicate the screws ought to be inserted. The punctures must be perfectly straight, as any diversion would prevent the screws going home truly, and in all probability throw the legs crooked.

The next important item is accuracy in connecting the thermostat, which goes inside the machine, to the regulator-arm, which fits into a pivot at the top of the machine, and which is accomplished by means of the wire connecting rod, on whose nicety of responsiveness to pressure depends the self-regulating possibilities of the modern incubator. Unless its passage through the several attachments is uniformly even and free from friction, the value of the thermostat is lost. This will be obvious when the method of controlling heat is understood.

The thermostat is composed of a combination of such materials as aluminum and steel. Being extremely sensitive to heat, it expands and contracts with every fluctuation of temperature within the incubator. The regulator-arm has a counterbalance ball at one end and a metal disk at the other, and when it rests on the pivot which is fixed at the top of the machine, the disk should be suspended directly over the lamp chimney. The connecting-rod has two nuts at the top, and one at the lower end; the latter is removed entirely, and the former loosened to the extremity of the rod, before it is run through the regulator-arm and pivot on the exterior, and through the hot air space and thermostat in the interior of the machine, at which point the lower nut is replaced and screwed up to hold the thermostat closely against the burlap ceiling of the egg-chamber.

After the lamp is lighted and the machine heated to one hundred and two and a half degrees, the top or regulating nut on the connecting-rod, immediately above the regulator-arm, is screwed down until the disk is raised one-fourth of an inch above the chimney—such adjustment being considered by manufacturers and expert operators as most desirable for incubation. The machine once being "set" for this degree of temperature, any excess of heat causes the thermostat to expand, which makes it press on the lower nut of the connecting-rod, so instituting a tension that influences the regulator-arm at the point of balance, raising the disk over the lamp-chimney in sympathetic conjunction with the thermostat.

Reverse the conditions to a dying lamp or a sudden cold wave, and of course the thermostat contracts, and general release of pressure allows the regulator-arm to resume a normal balance which, permits the disk to lie closely down on the chimney. It will be readily conceded that on a correct adjustment of the machine before starting the hatch depends the operator's peace of mind and subsequent success.

The incubator being properly located, fill the lamp, light and hang in place, using only a moderate flame at first. Leave all the ventilators open for a few hours, to thoroughly air the machine; then close, and proceed to adjust the regulator so that an even temperature of one hundred and two and a half degrees, with the disk one-fourth of an inch above the lamp-chimney, is steadily maintained for twelve hours before setting the eggs. Patience and scrupulous exactness at first will save accident and loss later.

When the cold trays and eggs are first put in, the temperature will run down, but do not turn up the lamp or alter the regulators. As the eggs gradually become warm the thermometer will creep up again. After the first day, the trays must be taken out every night and morning, and the eggs turned and allowed to cool to ninety degrees. The time allowed for the process must be regulated by the atmosphere of the room; if very cold, five minutes may be enough; if moderate, twenty or thirty may be needed. They must not be allowed to chill but the more airing they get under that point, the stronger the chickens when hatched.

The eggs should be checked on the seventh and fifth days. This is best done by a block-tin device sold by all incubator companies.

## Broody Hens Need Watching

Old hens of the heavy breeds will be wanting to sit soon, so have plenty of nest-boxes and keep a close watch for the broody ladies. Of course it is well to let every hen, who

evinces the desire, sit at this season of the year; for everybody longs for the early broiler. Besides, March birds are strong and will make the best layers next winter.

Many old-fashioned farmers still allow hens to retain a nest in the regular chicken-house, which is a mistake, as other hens will always try to lay in that particular nest—an intrusion which Biddy resents so vigorously that eggs are often broken. Even if she should happen to be good-natured and allow the other hen to crowd into her nest without dispute, the intruder's egg remains in the nest and is spoiled for table use.

The plan we adopt of having a special house for sitting hens saves time and trouble. Nests are arranged all round the sides of the house. In the center of the floor are placed a drinking-fountain and a two-compartment self-feeder for whole corn and grit. In front of the window, where the sun will strike them, two dust baths are kept—being shallow boxes, constantly filled with clean, dry earth.

When a broody hen is noticed to keep the nest in the chicken-house for three days, she is removed after dark, held by the feet head down, and thoroughly dusted with insect powder; for which purpose we use an ordinary flour-dredger. Rub the powder well down into the fluffy feathers on the thighs, breast and above the tail. Then hold the hen firmly in both hands, with the thumbs meeting over her back, to prevent her fluttering. Pick her gently on three or four china eggs in the prepared nest; then, as a precautionary measure, we place a wire netting coop arrangement right over the nest and about a foot of floor space in front, which effectually prevents her from going far from the nest. In a day or two, when she settles down to the serious business of hatching, after dark the china eggs are carefully extracted and the thirteen she is to incubate put in their place.

Eggs to be used for hatching should be gathered as soon after laying as possible, to prevent their being chilled. Keep in shallow box filled with bran in a moderately warm place. Lay the eggs on their sides, the pointed ends slightly sunk in the bran, and turn every day. If possible use them within five days.

## Correspondence

Mrs. R.—Your description of hens "just dropping off the roosts, not sick more than a day, combs very dark," puzzles me, unless you have been feeding too much nut and cod-liver powder; but as you don't quote the bill of fare, it is impossible to say what to avoid. I can only suggest cutting down the quantity of fatty foods, such as fat, sunflower, or cottonseed meal, and mixing charcoal with the feed.

H. G. B.—How many ducks will my brooder accommodate safely? It is a hot-air brooder, three by four feet, and rated at two hundred chick capacity; but it looks as if two hundred would be crowded.

A.—I don't think any brooder can accommodate two hundred with safety. Fifty are enough for any size brooder. Don't try more, if you want them to do well, and grow.

L. M. T.—Please inform me what breed of fowls lay the darkest eggs?

A.—Brahmas and Langshans; also White Wyandottes.

B. S.—What is meant by "Clover rowen"? (2) When is the best time to hatch Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks, and Leghorns, to get pullets for winter egg production?

A.—Rowen is used to designate the second crop of grass in the same year. Clover rowen is much finer in stalk, has more leaves and blossoms—hence is better for poultry, than first crop. (2) Set Wyandotte and Rock chicks out in March; Leghorns, May, for next winter laying.

E. L. W.—Please give me a description of the Indian Runner duck. Last fall we bought a pair, which are dark; and the drake has a dark green head. Now, another man near us has a pair, which he says are Runner ducks, and they are mouse-colored. Please tell us which is right.

A.—I fear the other man has got the better birds, for the Standard describes the Indian Runner as light fawn or gray (fawn preferred), and white. Head adorned with a cap, with cheek-markings of gray or fawn, with a narrow white line dividing the cheek markings from the cap; a line of white about one eighth inch wide should divide the bill from the head-markings. The bill yellow with green when young; green when fully matured, with black beam. Neck perfectly white from head to where the breast-markings begin, which should be about one and one half to two inches below the base of the neck. Breast light fawn or gray, evenly cut about half-way between the point of the breastbone and the legs. Fluff hite; legs and toes, deep, bright yellow. Weight of duck, four pounds; drake, four and one half.

M. N. H.—What kind of turkeys are the most domesticated? (2) Are the buff-colored as large as the bronze? (3) Is it as well to let them set on the first eggs of the season, or to set them under hens? Last year I set the first under hens, and the turkey kept the last. They hatched fine, and lived to a nice size, but then they died. Those raised with the turkey were not so large as they would have been had I used the first eggs, but they all lived. Which do you advise, and which is the most profitable? (4) Which pays best, on free range, and the roosters running with them, or penned in separate yards? I have a few mixed chickens, and some White Wyandottes. If I keep just White Wyandotte roosters, shall I get good W. W. chickens? The roosters are out of the same hatch as the pullets. Will they do? (5) Do you ever have hens die in the fall? I always do. I suppose it is roup. Can it be prevented, and if so, how? What is the remedy?

A.—The White Holland turkeys are the most domesticated. (2) No, the bronze are fully ten pounds heavier at maturity. Cockerels and pullets average twenty-five to sixteen pounds respectively, and the Buffs would only reach eighteen for cockerels and twelve for pullets. We have always stolen the first eggs, and set them under hens, and I have never found that there was any difference in the size of birds hatched, unless those that came later in the season happened to hatch out during very hot weather. For profit I consider it is best to steal one setting, and let the turkey keep the rest. (4) If you can give your birds free range, and keep only one breed, it lessens the feed-bills a little, but I am not sure that it pays, if you count all the lost eggs. If you keep only White Wyandotte roosters, the chicks hatched from eggs laid by the White Wyandotte pullets will of course be thoroughbred White Wyandottes, and those from thoroughbred birds are sure to show strong Wyandotte tendencies. If the pullets of your present birds were in any way akin, you can retain the cockerels for this season without fear of deteriorating your flock, but banish them before next year.

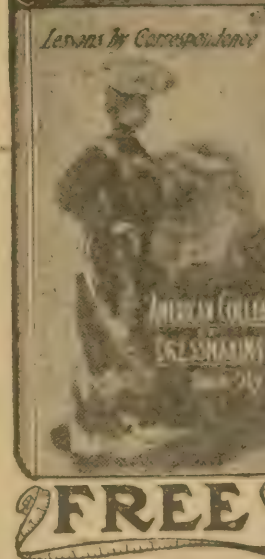
H. S.—Please send me an illustration of the drop-nest which you described recently.

A.—I regret I cannot oblige you; I do not draw, and have no photographs of the nests.



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## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

who love the country are rarely lonesome. For amusement I feed and tend the chickens, and fuss about my flower beds in the summer. These are things that I love to do and could spend twice as much time on them if there were not dozens of other things which had to be done. The old adage is surely true:

"Man's work lasts from sun to sun,  
But woman's work is never done,"  
or at least that is the way it is with me.

MRS. BENJ. P. CUNNINGHAM, Galena, R. D. 18, Mo.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:  
I wish to make a request: Will all sisters who are "Women of the Woodcraft" send me a piece of muslin six by six inches with your name and number of your order written on it. You need not work it. That would be asking too much. I wish to make a W. O. W. quilt. Do you not think it a good idea? I belong to Arcata Lodge, No. 551.

How many read the letter of John Gordon in the November number of COMFORT? I never read anything as pitiful as it was. I hope you who were at all able responded.

That is where dear old COMFORT gets in the good work, is in cases of this nature. It must have a noble editor. Three cheers for him, may God bless him and dear old Uncle Charlie.

The Chocolate Sponge Cake recipe I gave in the November number should be baked in layers and a cream filling in which add one half cup chopped walnuts.

Did you ever try Epsom salts dampened to put on a burn? It will draw all the fire out and it will not leave any soreness or blister.

Mrs. Wm. Machin. "Your little poem was very sweet. Come again."

Mrs. Anderson. I do not wish to find fault with you, but in being fretful with your little ones, you are only doing them a great wrong for when they are older you will find to your sorrow that they will seek to find enjoyment away from home. Make home pleasant for when you lose patience you weaken your influence. Be firm, make them obey. Teach them to love and trust you. Cut Mrs. E. Cate's poem out of COMFORT and put it where you can often read it. Now dear friend I hope I will not offend you, but we often need a wee bit of advice it makes us think a little of our faults.

Do you all know that a little hen's oil rubbed into baby's shoes will keep them soft? If they get wet rub the oil in when they are partly dry and set in a warm place; in this way they will not draw up.

If your baby gets a cold in the head put vaseline well up the little nose.

Here is a sure cure for catarrh. Get five cents' worth of quinine in the powder. Take a bit the size of a pea on the palm of your hand snuff it up the nose, in each nostril the same. Use once a day. This cured my mother-in-law when she was really offensive from catarrh of the head and throat. Try it. Of course it is a little bitter. I have used it for a cold in the head and been cured in one night.

For chapped or sore hands, take one half cup melted mutton suet add a piece of gum camphor the size of a walnut, a pinch of alum and a drop of carbolic acid, apply after washing the hands.

For chilblains, rub vaseline well into the feet, then bake them before the fire. One application is usually enough.

Mrs. A. T. Cordry. You are very kind but I wish you had told us the name of these vegetables.

Mrs. X. Long. Your remedy wouldn't do for me as I am so slim. I weigh one hundred and six and one half pounds.

Josie E. Bragg. I know just the remedy for erysipelas. Take a lemon, cut in half, rub it over the affected part.

Mrs. Van Dyke. Why do you not accept Mrs. Jennie Buchanan's generous offer of helping in your good work. It will help her to forget her own suffering. Is she not lovely to offer her assistance?

Mollie Hoyle. Have you tried shirting to make baby's dresses of? It is strong and wears well. But if I were you I would take husband's old overalls and make play dresses. I have a nice pattern.

MRS. M. TACKITT, Arcate, Cal.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Let me join your happy circle please. I have been taking COMFORT ever since I could remember and have thought many times I would write but couldn't pick up courage enough until now. I am a young wife, just twenty-two, and need the advice of all. I think the sisters are doing a great work in His Name. I enjoy reading the helpful letters more than I can express and you must know that all your recipes are very much appreciated by all young housekeepers.

I have a box of nice chrysanthemums and there are little red insects tak to them and I don't know of anything to keep them off. I have tried dusting them with powdered tobacco but that doesn't seem to do any good. Will some of the sisters tell me through COMFORT how to get rid of them. How many of you know if coffee grounds are applied to rose bushes or any kind of a bush troubled with ants they will disappear? Wishing success to COMFORT and its many readers, I beg to remain your sister.

MRS. J. T. MCKEE, Klam, Polk Co., Texas.

DEAR SISTERS:

I can hardly tell you how much I enjoy all your letters and especially the mother talks. I have three boys, and have always wanted a little girl. I used to long for a little sister but never had one as I was the youngest child, although I had an older sister, but she hardly seemed as such for when I was a year old she was married, but all the boys were home and there were five of them.

Then when I grew older and married, my first little one was a sweet baby girl, but God took her away when she was born; then came three little boys, the youngest of whom is now seven years old. Then God abundantly blessed me and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

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By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Judge Howell receives a letter asking him to adopt a little girl nearly two months old. Taking another letter he reads why his son is in New Hampshire. Betty Kirby, a poor relation, is taken into Judge Howell's family. His wife, on her death-bed, commits the young girl to her husband's care. The memory of his wife and daughter softens his heart until he learns there is no music so sweet to Richard as Betty's voice. The Judge turns her from the door and threatens to disinherit his son. Richard writes Betty is dead. His father can curse him. He buries his heart in his grave. The Judge hears the cry of a child and opens the door finds a basket with a baby in it. The dog carries the basket into the house. The Judge calls Rachel, the colored woman of all work, to take the child to her house. Richard returns. His father tells of the baby. He will keep it, of course. The father accuses Richard of most unaccountable tastes. "Betty is dead, but if she had lived he would have called no other woman his wife." In the morning Richard goes to Rachel's house and takes the baby in his arms.

Hannah Hawkins, a widow with one boy, Oliver, offers to have Milly, in place of little Bessie. It impresses Richard favorably and he takes Milly to her home. Her mother Hepzibah Thompson objects. Curious people offer opinions as to the parentage of the child and none pass the ordeal so wholly unscathed as Richard Howell. The physicians order a sea voyage for Richard. Before leaving he visits Betty Kirby's grave. There is a stormy farewell and a father's curse. Richard implores Hannah to be good to Milly.

Nine times the April flowers blossom. Milly's heart is heavy. She asks Clubs if she isn't his sister and if she isn't who is she, and she knows why her grandmother scolds her. Clubs tells her the story of her life and she exclaims, "Judge Howell is my father!" The conversation is interrupted by the shrill voice of Hepzibah Thompson. Milly realizes if she isn't Milly Hawkins then Aunt Hepzibah isn't her granny. She visits Beechwood. Judge Howell is incensed. Milly thinks the Judge is her father. He raises his hand to smite her when his eyes meet those of Richard in the picture on the wall. He sends Milly to her home. She meets her mother. He advises her to run away to Boston. Cousin Geraldine Velle wants a waiting maid. Lillian, her half-sister, will be good to her. Milly runs away; she misses the train; a severe snow storm comes on. In her desperation she goes to Judge Howell's. She's "come to stay." He'll be sorry if he turns her away.

## CHAPTER VI. (CONTINUED).

WHY was it the Judge started so quickly and placed his hand before his eyes, as if to assure himself that it was little Milly standing there and not his only boy—not Richard, who long ago had said to him in his indignation:

"In the years to come, when you are old and lonesome, you'll be sorry for what you've said tonight."

Those were Richard's words, while Milly's were:

"You'll be sorry if you turn me off."

It would seem that the son, over whose fate a dark mystery hung, was there in spirit, pleading for the helpless child, while with him was another Milly, and looking through the eyes of brown so much like her own, she said, "Take her father, you will need her sometime!"

And so, not merely because Milly Hawkins asked him to do it, but because of the unseen influence which urged him on, the Judge drew the little girl closer to his side, and parting back her rich, brown hair, said to her pleasantly: "You may stay tonight, and tomorrow night, and if I don't find you troublesome, perhaps you may stay for good."

Milly had not looked for so easy a conquest, and this unexpected kindness wrung from her eyes great tears, which rolled silently down her cheeks.

"What are you crying for?" asked the Judge. "You are not obliged to stay. You can go back to Hepzibah any minute—now if you want. Shall I call Rachel to hold the lantern?"

He made a motion toward the bell-rope while Milly, in an agony of terror, seized his arm, telling him, "She was only crying for joy; that she'd die before she'd go back!" and adding fiercely, as she saw he had really rung the bell: "If you send me away I'll set your house on fire."

The Judge smiled quietly at this threat, and when Rachel appeared in answer to his ring, he said: "Open the register in the chamber above; and see that the bed is all right, then bring us some apples and nuts—and wait till I get done, can't you—bring us that box of prunes. Do you love prunes, child?"

"Yes, sir, though I don't know what they be," sobbed Milly, through the hands she had clasped over her face when she thought she must go back.

She knew she was not going now, and her eyes shone like diamonds as they flashed upon the Judge a look of gratitude.

The next morning when Milly sat upon the shone like diamonds as they flashed upon the Judge a look of gratitude. It wasn't lonesome now in that handsome library where Milly sat, eating prunes after prunes, and apple after apple, while the Judge sat watching her with an immense amount of satisfaction, and, thinking to himself how, on the morrow, if he did not change his mind, he would inquire the price of feminine dry-goods, a thing he had not done in years. In his abstraction, he even forgot that the clock was striking nine, and half an hour later, found him still watching Milly, and marveling at her enormous appetite for nuts and prunes. But he remembered, at last, that it was his bedtime, and, again ringing for Rachel, he bade her take the little girl up-stairs.

It was a pleasant, airy chamber where Milly was put to sleep and it took her a long time to examine the furniture and the various articles for the toilet, the names of which she did not even know. Then she thought of Oliver, wondering what he would say if he knew where she was; and, going to the window, against which a driving storm was beating, she thought how much nicer it was to be in that handsome apartment than back in her little bed beneath the gable-roof, or even running away to Boston after Lawrence Thornton.

The next morning when she awoke, the snow lay high-piled upon the earth, and the wind was blowing in fearful gusts. But in the warm summer atmosphere pervading the whole house, Milly thought nothing of the storm without. She only knew that she was very happy, and when the Judge came down to breakfast, he found her singing of her happiness to the gray house-cat, which she had coaxed into her lap.

"Shall she eat with you, or wait?" asked Rachel, a little uncertain whether to arrange for two or one.

"With me, of course, you simpleton," returned the Judge; "and bring on some sirup for the cakes—or honey; which do you like best, child?" Milly didn't know, but guessed that she liked both, and both were accordingly placed upon the table, the Judge forgetting to eat in his delight to see how fast the nicely browned buckwheats disappeared.

"She'll breed a famine if she stays here long," Rachel muttered, while Finn looked ruefully at the fast disappearing butter.

But Milly's appetite was satisfied at last, when Hepzibah's sharp, shrill voice was heard in the hall, proclaiming to Rachel the astonishing news that Milly Hawkins had run away and been frozen to death in a snow bank—that Clubs, like a fool, had lost his senses, and gone raving distracted, calling loudly for Milly and refusing to be comforted unless she came back.

Through the open door Milly heard this last, and darting into the hall, she asked the startled Hepzibah to tell her if what she said was true. Perished with astonishment, Hepzibah was silent for an instant, and then in no mild terms began to unload the child, because she was not frozen to death as she had declared her to be.

"Neger mind," said Milly, "but tell me of Oliver. Is he sick, and does he ask for me?"

The appearance of the Judge brought Hepzibah to herself, and she began to tell her story. It seemed that she had staid with Widow Simms until after ten, and when she reached home she found Clubs distracted on account of Milly's absence. He had looked all through the house, and was about going up to Beechwood, when his grandmother returned and stopped him, saying that Milly had probably gone to stay with Lottie Brown, as she had the previous day asked permission so to do, and been refused. So Oliver had rested till morning, when he insisted on his grandmother's wading through the drifts to see if Milly really were at Mr. Brown's.

"When I found she wasn't," said Hepzibah, "I began to feel a little riled myself, for I knowed that she had the ugliest temper that ever was born, and, says I, she's run away and been froze to death, and then such a rumpus as Oliver made. I thought he'd go—"

Her sentence was cut short by a cry of joy from Milly, who, from the window caught sight of the crippled boy moving slowly through the drifts, which greatly impeded his progress. Hastening to the door she drew him in out of the storm, brushed the snow from his thin hair, and folding her arms about him, sobbed out, "Oliver, I ain't dead, but I've run away. I can't live with her any more, though if you feel so bad about it, maybe I'll go back. Shall I?"

Before Oliver could reply, Hepzibah chimed in, "Go back, to be sure you will, my fine madam, I'll teach you what is what," and seizing Milly's hood, which lay upon the hat stand she began to put it upon the screaming child, who struggled violently to get away, and succeeding at last ran for protection behind the Judge.

"Keep her, Judge Howell, please keep her," whispered Oliver, while Milly's eyes flashed out their gratitude to him for thus interfering in her behalf.

"Woman!" and the Judge's voice was like a clap of thunder, while his heavy boot came down with a vengeance as he grasped the bony arm of Hepzibah, who was making a dive past him after Milly. "Woman, get out of my house! Quick too, and if I catch you here again after any-body's child, I'll pull every hair out of your head. Do you hear, you she dragon? Begone, I say; start! Move faster than that!" and he accelerated her movements with a shove which sent her quite to the door, where she stood for an instant, threatening to take the law on him, and shaking her fist at Milly, who, holding fast to the coat-skirts of the Judge, knew she had nothing to fear.

After a moment Hepzibah began to cry, and assuming a deeply injured tone, she bade Oliver, "Come."

Not till then had Milly fully realized that if she stayed at Beechwood she must be separated from her beloved playmate, and clutching him as he arose to follow his grandmother, she whispered, "If you want me Oliver, I'll go."

He did want her, oh so much, for he knew how lonely the gable-roof would be without her, but it was far better that she should not return, and so, with a tremendous effort, the unselfish boy, stilled the throbbings of his heart, and whispered back: "I'd rather you stay here, Milly, and maybe he'll let me come some time to see you."

"Every day, every day," answered the Judge, who could not help admiring the young boy for preferring Milly's happiness to his own. "There I'm glad that's over," he said, when, as the door closed upon Hepzibah and Oliver, he led Milly back to the breakfast-room, asking her if she did not want some more buckwheats.

But Milly's heart was too full to eat, even had she been hungry. Turn which way she would, she saw only the form of a crippled boy moving slowly through the drifts, back to the dark old kitchen, which she knew would that dismal day be all the darker for her absence. It was all in vain that the Judge sought to amuse her by showing her all his choice treasures and telling her she was now his little girl and could call him father if she liked. The sad, despondent too, did not leave her face for the entire day, and just as it was growing dark, she laid her brown head upon the Judge's knee, as he sat in his armchair, and said mournfully, "I guess I sha'n't go back."

"I guess you won't," resumed the Judge, running his fingers through her soft hair, and thinking how much it was like his own Mildred's. "But I ought to," answered the child, "for I can't do without me. You don't know how much I like me. You know how much I like him. He's missing me so now, I know he is, and I'm afraid he's crying, too. Mayn't I go?"

Milly's voice was choked with tears, and Judge Howell felt them dropping upon his hand, as he passed it caressingly over her face. Six months before he had professed to hate the little girl sitting there at his feet, and crying to go back to Oliver, but she had grown strangely into his love within the last twenty-four hours, and to himself he said:

"I will not give her up."

So after sitting a while in silence, he replied: "I can do you more good than this Oliver with his crooked feet."

"Yes, yes," interrupted Milly, "but it's because his feet are crooked that I can't leave him all alone, and then he loved me first, when you hated me and swore such awful words if I just looked at a flower."

There was no denying this—but the Judge was not convinced, and he continued by telling her how many new dresses he would buy her—how in the spring he'd get her a pony and a silver-mounted side-saddle.

"And let me go to the circus?" she said, that having hitherto been the highest object of her ambition.

"Yes, let you go to the circus," he replied; "and to Boston and everywhere."

The bait was a tempting one, and Milly wavered for a moment—then just as the Judge thought she was satisfied, she said:

"But that won't do Oliver any good." "Hang Oliver!" exclaimed the Judge; "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll have a lady governess to come into the house and teach you both. So you will see him every day. I'll get him some new clothes too."

"And send him to college when he's big enough?" put in Mildred. "He told me once he wished he could go."

"Great Peter, what next will you want? But I'll think about the college; and if he learns right smart, and you behave yourself, I reckon maybe I'll send him."

The Judge had no idea that Oliver would learn so "right smart," for he did not know him, and he merely made the promise by way of quieting Milly, who, with this prospect in view, became quite contented in her new quarters, though she did so wish Oliver could know it that night, and looking up in the Judge's face, she said:

"It's such a little bit of a ways down there—couldn't you go and tell him, or let me. It seems forever till tomorrow."

Had the Judge been told the previous day that Milly Hawkins could have persuaded him to brave that fierce northeaster, he would have scoffed at the idea as a most preposterous one, but now, looking into those shining eyes of his, and seeing how pleadingly to his, he felt all his sternness giving way, and before he knew what he was doing, why he was doing it, he found himself plunging through the snow-drifts which lay between Beechwood and the gable-roof, where he found Oliver sitting before the fire with a sad, dejected look upon his face as if all the happiness of his life had suddenly been taken from him. But he brightened at once when he

saw the Judge and heard his errand. It would be so nice to be with Milly every day and know that she was beyond the reach of his grandmother's cruelty, and bursting into tears he stammered out his thanks to the Judge, who without a sign of recognition for old Hepzibah, was dipping candles with a most sour expression on her puckered lips, started back through the deep snow-drifts, feeling more than repaid, when he saw the little, eager face pressed against the pane, and then heard a sweet, young voice calling him "the best man in the world."

And Milly did think him the embodiment of every virtue, while her presence in the house worked a marvelous change in him.

"The little mistress of Beechwood," the people began to call her, and so indeed she was, ruling there with a high hand, and making both master and servant bend to her will, particularly if in that will Oliver were concerned. He was her first thought, and she tormented the Judge until he kept his promise of having a governess, to whom Oliver recited each day as well as herself.

Once during the spring Lawrence Thornton came again to Beechwood, renewing his acquaintance with Milly, who, comparing him with other boys of her acquaintance, regarded him as something more than mortal, and after he was gone, she was never weary of his praises. Once in speaking of him to her teacher, Miss Harcourt, she said, "He's the handsomest boy I ever saw, and he knows so much, too. I'd give the world if Oliver was like him," and Mildred's sigh as she thought of poor, lame Oliver was echoed by the white-faced boy, without the door, who had come up just in time to hear her remarks. He, too, had greatly admired Lawrence Thornton, and it had, perhaps been some satisfaction to believe that Milly had not observed the difference between them, but he knew now, that she had, and with a bitter pang, as he thought of his deformity, he took his accustomed seat in the schoolroom.

"I can never be like Lawrence Thornton," he said to himself. "I shall always be lame, and small, and sickly, and by and by, maybe, Milly will cease to love me."

Dark indeed, would be his life, when the sun of Milly's love for him was set, and his tears fell fast, erasing the figures he was making on his slate.

"What is it Oliver?" and Milly nestled close to his side, taking his thin hand in her own chubby one, and looking into his face.

Without the least reserve he told her what it was, and Milly's tears mingled with his as he said that his twisted feet were a continual can-

ker worm—a blight on all his hopes of the future when he should have attained the years of a man. The cloud was very heavy from which Milly could not extract some comfort, and after a moment she looked up cheerily, and said: "I tell you, Oliver, you can't be as handsome as Lawrence, nor as tall, nor have such nice straight feet, but you can be as good a scholar, and when folks speak of that Mr. Hawkins, who knows so much, I shall be so proud, for I shall know it is Oliver they mean."

All unconsciously Milly was sowing in Oliver's mind the first seeds of ambition, though not of a worldly kind. He did not care for the world. He cared only for the opinion of the little brown-eyed maiden at his side. It is true he would have endured any amount of torture if, in the end, he might look like Lawrence Thornton; but as that could not be, he determined to resemble him in something—to read the same books—to learn the same things—to be able to talk about the same places, and—if, in the end, she said he was equal to Lawrence Thornton, he would be satisfied. So he toiled both early and late, far outstripping Milly and winning golden laurels, in the opinion of Miss Harcourt and the Judge, the latter of whom, in spite of himself, became deeply interested in the pale student, who before three years were gone, was fully equal to his teacher.

Then it was that Milly came again to his aid, saying to the Judge one day, "Oliver has learned all Miss Harcourt can teach him, and hadn't you better be looking out for some good school, where he can be fitted for college?" "Cool!" returned the Judge, tossing his cigar into the grass and smiling down upon her. "Cool, I declare. So you think I'd better fit him for college, hey?"

"Of course, I do," answered Milly; "you said you would that stormy day long ago, when I cried to go back, and you wouldn't let me." "So I did, so I did," retorted the Judge, adding that "he'd think about it."

The result of this thinking, Milly readily foresaw, and she was not at all surprised, when, a few days afterwards, the Judge said to her, "I have made arrangements for Clubs to go to Andover this fall, and if he behaves himself, I shall send him to college, I guess; and—come back here you spitefire," he cried, as he saw her bounding away with the good news to Oliver. But Milly could not stay for more than.

Rapidly the autumn days stole on, until at last one September morning Milly's heart was sore with grief, and her eyes were red with weeping, for Oliver was gone, and he was all alone.

"If you mourn so for Clubs, what do you think I shall do when you, too, go off to school?" said the Judge.

"Oh, I shan't know enough to go this ever so long," was Milly's answer, while the Judge, thinking how lonely the house would be without her, hoped it would be so; but in spite of his hopes, there came a day, just fourteen years after Milly was left on the steps at Beechwood, when the Judge said to Oliver, who had come home, and was seeking for his playmate:

"She's gone to Charlestown Seminary, along with that Lillian Velle, Lawrence Thornton made such a fuss about, and the Lord only knows how I'm going to live without her for the next miserable three years."

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## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

granted my wish by sending me the sweetest little treasure in the world, a beautiful baby girl, with long dark hair and blue eyes. Oh, we are so proud of her, and had such a time finding a name for her, but finally decided to call her Mary Luciell. We call her Luciell, and she is indeed our little sunbeam. I hope and trust that I shall be spared until she is a woman.

I sincerely sympathize with all the dear afflicted ones of this band as I am myself not very strong and get tired easily doing my work. Indeed would find it an impossible task but for my boys' help. Dear mothers, those of you who have no daughters, teach your boys to help you. They can as well as girls if they will only try. My boys are so good. They wash the dishes, do the sweeping and scrubbing, and Mondays do all the rubbing, rinse the clothes and hang them out. I certainly could not get along without them.

MRS. J. W. WILLIAMSON, 2214 Grand Ave., Parsons, Kans.

MY DEARS:

Some stormy day why not have a good old-fashioned boiled dinner. Take a piece of corned beef or salt pork, and if the water is salty, change it, then when the meat is half done, add cabbage cut in quarters, scrape carrots, peel turnips and keep covered with water boiling briskly. Prepare beets by washing thoroughly and cooking them in a separate vessel. Add potatoes which have been previously soaked in salted water, when all are done, serve all on one platter or on separate dishes as desired; do not fail to serve a bowl of the liquor in which the vegetables have been cooked, it is palatable on any kind of bread. If you are fortunate to have any of the dinner left, pour the liquor in a kettle, put in meat, arranging the vegetables around it carefully so as not to break, heat very hot and serve as at first, it will be found as good as before, much more nutritious than if eaten cold; squash, parsnips and other vegetables may be added to the above if desired. See recipe column for corn bread and old-fashioned pudding that go nicely with this dinner.

Many of our readers are enjoying vegetables

out of the garden now, but we Northerners are looking with great expectations to having some in the near future.

I trust that many of us have our spring sewing, rug-and-quilt making well under way; to those that have not I would say, don't forget to look over the rag bag and cast-off clothing where veritable gold mines are often found, consisting of ladies' dresses, men's suits, coats and even under clothes and old stockings can be "ripped, washed or dyed and oftentimes turned into what is supposed to be new garments. I recently saw a dress made of two old ones, a blue cashmere and a bright plaid, they had been carefully ripped, washed and pressed, the blue was made into a jumper, the plaid into an under waist, a plain skirt to the knee of the blue with a deep ruffle of the plaid. Of course we have not all got blue and plaid discarded dresses. The legs of old stockings may be used for patching or making new feet. Instead of darning a big hole in the stocking heel, cut out the heel and use it for a pattern, pin securely on the strongest part of a discarded stocking, when cut out pin the corners in place, stitch on the machine

then overcast the seam flat to the foot part, the seam will not hurt the foot and you have a new heel. The bottom of men's shirts often make good skirts for the little ones.

Old shirt-waists can be made into corset covers and kimonas by taking the band off the sleeves, neck and waist and binding with goods to match.

Faded lawn dresses, jackets and waists can be transformed into things of beauty, by simply dipping them in Diamond dyes; the full directions are on each package. Get out your last year's millinery, remove the ribbon and lace, brush and press, dye if necessary, flowers can be renovated and cleaned at home, also the feathers curled; do not let us think we must have a hat all feathers and furbelows unless we are able to buy an expensive one; to my mind a neat cheap sailor with a plain band of white ribbon with a bow, or a full band of soft white mull tied with short bow and ends, is much more suitable for a young girl in modest circumstances. I hope these hints and suggestions will help F. J. M. who wrote me on the subject.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

# I Help The SICK

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I am willing to send to every man and woman in the United States, entirely at my own expense, a **Proof-Treatment**, put up in **Capsules** (making it very easy and pleasant to take) with full directions, and also my simple rules for keeping in perfect health. I have so much faith in my skill and experience that I am willing to do this free. I repeat, I will send this treatment free to you, yes to every reader of this paper. I know how I have cured others. I know I can help you. Could anything be fairer or more convincing?

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### Sick People, Why Suffer?

Just sit down and write me your troubles, tell me in confidence what ails you, fully, freely and frankly—talk to me as a wife would talk to her husband, or as a husband should talk to his wife. No matter what your ailment is, or of how long standing, I will send you my trial treatment absolutely free, and also my letter giving you advice, the same as if I was sitting by your side, telling you just what you are suffering from and how I can cure you. It may be you have a cough or a cold, a pain in the arms, legs or body, or perhaps you are suffering from the first symptoms of stomach or bowel trouble. The

neglect of early symptoms often paves the way to serious illness, when, if taken in time, the trouble can be stopped right at the start. Most all patients can receive the medicine in twenty-four hours. Remember, my treatment does not interfere with your everyday occupation or social habits.

Why go on day after day, month after month, year after year, carrying that load of sickness? Why handicap yourself in life's race? All you've got to do is to just sit down and tell me all about it. I do the rest.

### Let Me Send You a Free Treatment.

I trust my patients. I don't want your money. My confidence tells me I can cure you, and I am willing you should try it free, and without its costing you one cent. I have cured many. Why can't I cure you? I don't want you to take my word for it—try my remedy, it is free to you and free to your suffering friends and neighbors.

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**DR. E. P. KING, 418 Security Trust Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.**



# Lady Isabel's Daughter

## or,

# For Her Mother's Sin

### A Sequel to "East Lynne"

#### By Mrs. Henry Wood

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#### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The mysterious tenant of Leith Abbey is a daughter of Mr. Archibald Carlyle with his first wife, Lady Isabel Vane. Lady Lucy is accompanied by Joyce Halliwell. She is eighteen years of age and is christened Isabel Lucy Carlyle, and is to be called "Isabel." Lady Isabel falls to understand why she cannot speak to her papa about mamma when he overcomes his grief to marry another. If you and papa refuse to explain there are those who will. A servant announces Mr. Carlyle and a turning point for Lady Isabel arrives.

Emma, Countess of Mount Severn, tells her daughter Rosamond her sad miserable story. The Earl of Mount Severn, William Vane, is forced to part with East Lynne. Mr. Archibald Carlyle becomes owner. William Vane dies and his brother Raymond Vane becomes Earl of Mount Severn. Isabel, daughter of Archibald Carlyle, after her mother's death is placed under the care of Emma, wife of Raymond Vane. She plunges deep into the life she loves. Among her admirers is Captain Francis Levison. The presence of the girl fetters her freedom. Captain Levison wins the heart of Isabel. Her aunt, jealous, makes life unendurable and convinces her of Levison's doubtful honor. Archibald Carlyle appears upon the scene and marries Isabel. William Vane returns. He goes to East Lynne and learns the story from Archibald Carlyle's own lips. Three children bless the union. Before his marriage, Archibald Carlyle is attentive to Barbara Hare. Lady Isabel becomes jealous. Captain Levison visits East Lynne and fires her imagination by lies; she elopes with him. He promises marriage as soon as a divorce is secured from Archibald Carlyle. Becoming Sir Francis Levison he wears of his toy and the report is given that she dies in a railroad accident. She lives crushed and disfigured. Archibald Carlyle marries Barbara Hare. A governess is needed and Lady Isabel in the guise of Madame Vane, is secured. She reveals herself to Archibald Carlyle and dies of a broken heart. Leith Abbey is alive with rivalry. The Earl of Mount Severn appears and bids his wife dismiss her guests. He confronts her with secrets disclosed by Lady Isabel's death and refuses to exchange one word with her. He gives his daughter, a girl of eight, the right to choose between her father and mother. For seventeen years the countess is a prisoner. She exacts an oath of her daughter that she work Isabel Carlyle's ruin. Rosamond promises to blight her every hope in life.

Lady Lucy asks her father to give her the name of her dead mother. With his last breath the Earl of Mount Severn requests that Isabel never recognize Lady Emma Mount Severn. She is announced and Isabel declares she will see her.

The Earl of Beresford insists in seeking a woman he does not know. His yacht is under orders to sail. The countess declares he brings no bride not his equal in birth and culture. The countess and her son prepare for the Grace of Arleight's drawing-room. The countess schemes with the earl's valet to make the yacht unseaworthy. The valet brings a sign. The earl finds the mysterious stranger, Lady Isabel Carlyle. The Countess of Mount Severn is responsible for her.

Lady Rosamond meets Mr. Carlyle and implores him to help, save and forgive her. His daughter shall never learn from the lips of a Mount Severn Lady Isabel's terrible death. Lady Rosamond's mother is beyond speech, paralyzed. Lady Isabel meets Lady Rosamond Vane, the Countess of Mount Severn. Her Grace, the Duchess of Arleight, consents to bring out Lady Rosamond and Isabel. Joyce says every girl needs her destiny the night she enters the world. Lady Rosamond looks with a queer little smile at Isabel. "Is there a certain 'he' in the world?" she asks. Isabel has never spoken to him, never heard his voice. Rowing up the stream, a yacht glides by and Isabel sees a face leaning over the rail. The memory haunts her and she hopes to look on it again. Rosamond thinks it odd that she, too, should meet her ideal in a strange manner. Isabel meets Annette, Rosamond's maid, and in after days knows why she repels her. The Earl of Beresford and Isabel meet in mutual recognition. Lady Rosamond realizes he loves her deadliest foe, and if there is a power in heaven to blight she invokes it now. Sir Francis Levison appears; he is at her service.

Lord Beresford presents Lady Isabel to his mother, and tells her Ravenswood Court will be honored by Lady Isabel's presence. It is a case of woman against woman and Lady Beresford stands face to face with a woman whose pride equals her own. Lady Isabel goes home. She wishes to be alone.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### LAYING THE SNARE.

"S" For a full minute after she had gasped those words, Lady Rosamond Mount Severn stood dumb, rigid, petrified, under the shining light of the August moon, and looked with wide, wild eyes on the figure that glided out of the shadowy palms and confronted her.

The throbbing of the music in the ballroom floated about her with a dim, far-away sound; the stars looking down through the crystal dome of the conservatory, seemed to sit about and far each other through a haze of impalpable silver; the perfumed fountains, the odoriferous jasmynes, and the breath of tangled roses filled her senses with a suffocating sweetness—she reeled and clung to the great blossom-crowned vase with trembling, ice-cold hands; and so, all glimmering with satin and sparkling with diamonds, she leaned and looked until she was strong enough to speak again.

"Wait—wait a moment," she gasped, as the man came toward her with a cunning, crafty smile on his treacherous face. "Oh, Heaven, such a marvellous likeness. Where did you come from? Who—who are you? Do you hear me? Who are you?"

He paused in the center of the marble-tiled floor, and made a low, cringing bow.

"I am my lady's most devoted slave," he said, softly. "She has called out for someone to aid her in a task of vengeance and I have offered her my services."

"But your name," gasped Lady Mount Severn, tottering forward and laying her hand on the fellow's shoulder. "Just Heaven, is it possible such a likeness can exist without a tie of blood. Answer me, man, what is your name? Who were your parents? Your future may depend upon your words."

He made another bow—cringing, low, leering.

"My name is Pierre Bloushar, my lady; I am valet to the Earl of Beresford," he answered in a winning voice. "The rest of your questions I cannot answer for the best of reasons—I do not know. That I have, or had, parents, is certain; nature owes one that debt you know;—but who or what they were, fate has seen fit to keep from me. I only know that I owe even the poor name I bear to the charity of the good sister of the hospital of the Sacre Coeur at Cammère, and they were as ignorant of my parentage as I."

My lady made one great gasp for breath and staggered from him with both hands clutched at her beautiful slender throat.

"The Sacre Coeur at Cammère," she cried out, suddenly, a wild, lurid light breaking over her blanched face. "Speak—tell me—how came you there? Answer me—oh, Heaven, answer me, and tell me that Satan has sent me the power to crush my foe. Do you hear me? How came you at the Sacre Coeur in Cammère?"

Pierre smiled and drew a trifle nearer.

"I was left there—abandoned by my mother," he replied. "I never knew that until one short year ago, when the surgeon of the Sacre Coeur thrust me out into the world because the valuables of a patient were missing, and suspicion pointed to me. I went straight to the Sister Superior and told her what had happened. She wanted to pray with me before I departed, but I was in no mood for that, and I should have left the Sacre Coeur in perfect ignorance but for one thing. 'Mayhap you may find your parents and be happy if you are good, Pierre,' said she. 'The saints are ever kind to those who struggle to do right, and who knows, your mother may be glad to claim you.'"

"At that I stopped, my lady, and asked her what she meant. I had always been called Pierre Bloushar—the records of the hospital bore the name of Scipio Bloushar among its founders. I had never asked, but I took it on simple faith that he was my father. The good sister, however, undeceived me. I had been left there by my mother, she said—left for dead—and Scipio Bloushar had given me his name because they knew nothing of my own. My mother was an English *miladi*, who had been traveling on a train from Grenoble that had been wrecked at Cammère one evening in July, and had been herself picked up for dead. She, however, recovered, and disappeared suddenly, going nobody knew where. In the confusion I was carried into the deadhouse locked in the arms of a nurse who was mangled and crushed out of all recognition, where, by an attendant I was subsequently discovered to be living, and carried into the infant's ward. There were many dead—both women and children—but it was long ere the Sisters of the children's ward recollected the mother who

had asked for her nurse and child, and murmured, 'It is better so,' when they told her both were dead. When they did remember her, they went to the doctors of the hospital, but my mother had died. From her dress and accent they judged her to be an English lady, but from her joy over my death, they believed I bore the bar sinister, and would not be reclaimed. 'If my mother was English, I fancied I should find her in her native land, and quitting France, I came to England and so entered Lord Beresford's service. One night, his lordship spoke some hasty words. I had never been used to these arrogant English—my French temper boiled. I answered hotly—insolently, he called it—and then he struck me—struck me, my lady—and I—I never forgot, never forgave. He discharged me too, but I was very humble, I went to him and prayed of him to keep me—I would never be insolent again; I would obey him like a dog; I loved him, and I could not bear to be parted from him. My lord's tender heart relented; I was reinstated in my position, but that night, in the solitude of my own chamber, I swore an oath to cling to Lord Lionel Beresford until I had wrecked his honor and had double recompense for that blow. I hate him, my lady—I would stab him in the back, but that I want a deadlier vengeance, and it must have been Heaven itself that prompted me to follow him to Arleight Towers this night, and told me I should find his foe. And I have found her, have I not my lady? You call for aid in blighting the Earl of Beresford's life—Countess of Mount Severn, will you accept me?"

My lady made no reply. A ghastly sight with white, malicious face, and wide, wondering eyes, she had been leaning there and listening like one under the influence of a terrible spell, and when his slow, whining voice ceased, and went out into silence she leaned there yet, with that diabolical look frozen on her delicate, blonde beauty, and that wild, unutterable joy smouldering in her azure eyes.

The band in the drawing-room struck up the soft strains of "Le Reve." she could hear the feet of the dancers treading the rhythmical measures of the waltz; above the wall of scarlet cacti and the wilderness of tropical palms she saw Isabel float by on Lord Lionel Beresford's arm; and then, further down the long blossoming avenues, she heard the sound of footsteps, and swinging round with a tigerish flash, she clutched Pierre Bloushar's arm.

"Someone is coming," she breathed in a hard shrill whisper. "Meet me in the Elm Walk when the ball is over. Away, away before it is too late. Yes, I accept your aid. Away, and God bless you. I could give you a kingdom for this."

There was no reply from Pierre. Like a shadow he bent and glided through the palms, and my lady, going back to the drawing-room like a mad bacchante, heard the crystal door close softly, and knew that he had escaped unseen.

Through the hours that followed, she hardly knew how she had existed, the marble mask was laid aside—she laughed and danced as though the world were a garden and she only trod on rose-leaves—and her grace, noting this wonderful

change in her marble *debutante*, tapped her with her jeweled fan.

"The butterfly has come out of her chrysalis," she said, laughing. "Pray, Lady Rosamond, have you seen the ideal 'male creature' that you have become so bewilderingly fascinating all of a sudden?"

My lady swung round and lifted a thrice-transfigured face.

"Oh, your grace, I am so happy," she said, with a wild, sweet thrill. "I shall always bless Arleight Towers, for I never knew what true happiness was until this night."

And her grace, murmuring a laughing, "Take care, *ma belle*, we cannot lose you so soon as this," never dreamed that true happiness in Lady Rosamond's understanding was the irrevocable ruin of the proud, dark *debutante* who had carried the fashionable world by storm.

As the ball neared its end, my lady's spirits grew more and more buoyant. She watched the buhl clock that ticked on the mantel in folds of ruby and plush and golden flagree with a breathless sort of impatience, and when daylight began to look whitely in on the faded, *passee* beauties who had been bewilderingly lovely in the glare of gaslight and stars, her heart gave a bound of joy. The ball was over at last.

"The lights were fled, the garlands dead, The banquet-hall deserted."

And my lady, imprinting a good-morning kiss on the rouge and powdered face of her grace, the duchess (as Lord Beresford fore himself away from Miss Carlyle and went out into the faint August dawn with his proud, pale mother on his arm) blew another kiss to Isabel from the tips of her jeweled fingers and ran lightly up the great oaken staircase through the bowers of wilted bloom.

"Good morning," she laughed, as she paused on the first landing. "I must have an hour's sleep or I shall be a sight at noon. We blonde girls fade so easily, you know. It is only brilliant dark beauties, like Isabel, who can stand criticism in the morning and laugh at the rising sun."

With that my lady went out of sight, and the door of the chamber closed upon her like a flash. She had not gone to slumber, however—she knew that as well as my lady herself—for once locked in between the four blue satin walls of her little parlor, she flashed breathlessly across the room, lifted the azure portiere, glided into a little fairy boudoir, all pearl and blue, with clouds of brussels lace and silver mirrors paneled in the fluted walls, turned up the light, ran to a soft fauteuil and awoke Annette Varnelli.

Without a word she went down on her knees before her, and with the gaslight dancing down on her radiantly lovely face, she clasped the shriveled old Spaniard in her arms and breathlessly began to talk to her.

What was said or what was done, they alone knew, but twenty minutes later my lady glided out of a rear door went noiselessly down the servants' staircase, and, wrapped in the ample folds of a long black cloak, slipped out into the hazy dawn, and flitted away in the direction of the Elm Walk.

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WILLIAM H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

The dawning day widened and grew brighter. All the household slept except two women. One of these was Annette Varnelli standing at the head of the staircase and breathlessly watching for Lady Rosamond's return, the other—Ah! would sleep ever again come to her? she thought as she lay crouched in her chair and wept the bitter tears of suffering. Would she ever be free from the haunting memory of that kindly face, or the bitter recollection of Lady Beresford's taunts?

The clock on the landing below chimed seven with a sonorous peal that resounded through the deep silence of the Towers, the servants began to stir after their two short hours of slumber, and Annette, watching the glided staircase with glistering eyes, grew faint with terror at my lady's long stay.

Ten minutes slipped quickly away—no sign of her coming yet, and still Annette waited, still she watched. The clock chimed the quarter hour, and rang the changes of a dreamy nocturne by way of accompaniment—the lower door clicked and closed softly, a silken robe rustled in the marble corridor, and Annette, bending breathlessly forward, recognized my lady's figure gliding through the ruby and emerald arabesques, where the early sunlight glinted through the painted windows and flecked the tessellated floor.

"Is she at last!" she murmured, with a breath of deep relief, and slipping away from the staircase like a gliding shadow, her face aflame with rapturous malice, her bluebell eyes glinting with steely light—came swiftly, silently, venomously, and under the silver wilderness of a great chandelier paused abruptly and shook her clinched fist at the door of Isabel's room.

"At last!" she cried out, with a shrill, bleak vehemence that rang like a serpent's hiss, "at last I have you in my grasp, Isabel Carlyle, and I shall wring your heart till it is dust and ashes. The proofs are conclusively established, Pierre Bloushar's identity is clearly proven, and my first wild suspicion is verified. Go to your doom, my dazzled dupe—go to your doom, and know that my hands have wrought it. Would you know who Lord Lionel Beresford's valet is, my proud Isabel? He is your half-brother—the child of Sir Francis Levison and the Lady Isabel Carlyle, your mother. Yes, Pierre Bloushar is your brother, my peerless, black-browed, haughty Isabel, he is the living proof of your mother's dishonor—he is the creature of my will, and my path is clear at last. Sleep while you may—sleep while you can. The net has closed about you at last, and the tragedy of sin has begun."

She turned with a low, steely laugh and glided swiftly to her own room.

"Well?" questioned Annette, looking up breathlessly. "You have seen him? You have learned?"

My lady gathered up her fallen cloak and swung around with a laugh of awful triumph.

"I have seen him and I have learned, *cara mia*," she said rapturously. "The proofs tally to a letter. The Lady Isabel Carlyle left Grenoble with her nurse and child on the morning of the eighth of July and the train was wrecked at Cammère on the evening of the ninth, at half-past six o'clock—the day and the hour, when Pierre Bloushar was taken from the ruined

train, and borne into the hospital of the Sacre Coeur. Would you ask for greater proof when he bears Sir Francis Levison's face? He is her brother—it is a shameful secret, and the house of Beresford never knew a stain before. Let her win him—let her go to him and carry dishonor to his race. She shall be murdered by the hand she loves, *cava mia*; she shall see him recoil from her, scorn her, curse, and a demon might shrink back appalled at the fate we have planned tonight for the Lady Isabel's child. The scheme is laid, Annette, my own—tomorrow we begin our work."

And Pierre Bloushar?"

"He quits Lord Beresford's services this morning and leaves for London at nightfall," responded my lady as she glided across the threshold and closed the door behind her. "He goes to seek the one woman who will aid us, and Isabel Carlyle's earthly ruin is as irrevocable as destiny itself."

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### AT RAVENSWOOD COURT.

At ten precisely the breakfast-bell tinkled through the silent corridors of the Towers, and her grace, looking worn and tired, for all the artist's handiwork of a marvelous French maid, took her place at the head of the table, and smiled serenely over the crystal and silver as the two young *debutantes* tripped lightly in and took their seats at the sparkling flower-scented table, my lady radiant in a dress of dead white silk with azure streamers, and faint little sprays of forget-me-nots in her shining, golden hair, Isabel in peach-blossom surah, with soft clouds of creamy, oriental lace, and one pale pink rosebud nestled in her rich, dark tresses.

There was no trace of last night's tears in those lustrous, dark eyes, no sign of last night's fatigue in that fresh young face, and her grace bit her lip with a sigh of envy, recollecting how Fifine had worked over her for two solid hours with *blanc de perle* and rouge, and cream of lilies, and yet this untitled solicitor's daughter could come down with a smile like sunshine, and a complexion like a blush-rosebud, and eyes that shone like jetty diamonds after eight hours dancing in the hot and odorous drawing-rooms where the perfumes of the flowers had been enough to stifle one.

Lady Rosamond, however was not so fortunate. She had said last night that blonde beauties faded easily, yet her complexion was exquisite, as she established herself in her chair, all white and pink, like the lining of a sea-shell; but her grace's practiced eye knew it for rouge and pearl powder, just as she knew Isabel's for the handiwork of nature.

His grace the duke was not skilled in these little secrets of the toilet, and glancing at the two fair girls as they glided into the sunny breakfast-room, he was charmed at the picture they made.

"Upon my word, young ladies, you seem to reverse the rules of nature," he said looking up with a smile as he received his chocolate from the fair hands of the duchess. "Eight hours in a perfumed oven seem to have rendered you more dazzling than ever. What was that you said last night about blonde beauties fading, Lady Mount Severn? Egad! The hothouse seems to have forced the roses instead of blighting them, eh, Agatha?"

Her grace's pencilled brows knitted to a faint little frown, and something like contempt for my lord's masculine ignorance curved her painted lips.

"Don't be ridiculous, Herbert," she said, pettishly. "A compliment at the breakfast table is ill-timed, and surely the ladies are tired to death of hearing them. Miss Carlyle received so many last night that she must be fatigued listening to them. She really looks worn out this morning, as though the burden of flattery had overpowered her."

Miss Carlyle did not look worn out, however—it was merely a petty feminine spite on her grace's part. She never liked to think that she was past the bloom of her youth, nor to hear another woman praised in her presence.

"I am sure I do not feel fatigued, your grace," smiled Isabel, glancing up from her plate. "If I appear so, then my looks belle me."

"Your looks do not belle you, Miss Carlyle," interposed the duke. "You are as fresh and blooming as a rose. Agatha, my love, if your sight is failing you will have to adopt spectacles soon."

Her grace made no reply to this. The frown deepened on her patrician brow, she shot the duke a withering look, and, with pearly teeth shut with a spiteful click on the egg-shell rim of her chocolate cup, and the subject was not mentioned again.

The meal passed in almost complete silence after this contretemps, and the mail bag having been brought in, the little party adjourned to the morning-room to discuss its contents.

"A letter from papa," smiled Isabel as she broke the seal of an envelope his grace had just offered. "Oh, see, Rosamond, darling. He writes that he will leave London six hours after his letter. He has purchased the town house you desired him to secure for you, and he will return with the deeds as soon as all has been satisfactorily arranged. Why, when was this letter posted? Just look at the mark—Monday night. Oh, Rosamond, he will surely be here before tonight goes by. Dear papa! Oh, I am so glad!"

"Rosamond, darling," smiled sweetly.

"I share your joy, puss," she said lightly.

"But this will not spoil our proposed trip, will it?"

"To Ravenswood Court, you mean?" murmured Isabel, letting her eyes fall and her face crimsoning with a vivid blush. "No, why should it? His grace has placed the carriage at our disposal, promised Lord Beresford—and his mother that I would spend today at Ravenswood, and I never broke a promise in my life."

"But if Mr. Carlyle arrived today dear—"

"I shall go all the same," flashed Isabel, willfully. "Nothing could change my resolution. I shall go to Ravenswood Court no matter what happens—I have a purpose in doing it, *ma mignonne*."

"A purpose, dear," questioned Lady Rosamond, quietly, her blonde brows upflitting, and her *lupine* eyes serenely scanning that passionate, red-flushed face, blazing with all its pride and dogged resolution. "Come, we are getting on, puss. To meet a gentleman one night and have a purpose in seeking him next day! *Ma foi*. This is wildfire love with vengeance, or else—Blen! I harbor a suspicion. Surely this Lord Beresford cannot be the realization of that charming ideal face seen under the mystical influence of April moonshine."

My lady had purposely spoken with a slight tinge of contempt in her voice, and Isabel looked up, with a red, wrathful face.

"Do you think his face to be treasured as an ideal?" she responded systematically pumping her ladyship instead of answering her question.

"The very least in the world," laughed Lady Rosamond lightly. "At least from my point of view. But this purpose, puss—may I know it?"

Isabel bent over and shook an imaginary speck from her silken robe for the express purpose of screening the hot, indignant flush that overspread her beautiful face.

"Mercy, we shall be late, Rosamond," she broke out suddenly. "Do look at the clock. The carriage will be around presently, and we have barely time to dress. Pray let us hasten."

"But the 'purpose,' Isabel?" persisted my lady, as they glided out of the morning-room, and answered she received, Lady Rosamond Mount Severn never forgot.

"The 'purpose' is pride, *ma cousine*," blazed Isabel, swinging round and facing her with flashing eyes and scarlet cheeks. "Some day you may know more—some day I will tell you why, and that day will be when I have kept my solemn promise of scorn for scorn. Ask me nothing now. Be content to know that I have set myself the task of humbling the Beresford pride."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)



# Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

you will love the days, months, and years also, otherwise they might get jealous.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will always be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

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All those League members, who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1442 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

## League Sunshine and Mercy Work for March

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

(Positively no appeal inserted, unless accompanied by first-class references.)

Fay Huldquist, Clovis, C. I. (10). Little shut-in. Has had leg amputated. Wants sunny letters, and picture books only. Myrtle Poole, 627 E. Temple St., Washington C. H., Ohio. Dear little shut-in. Helpless and needy. Mrs. Martha L. Covey, 1352 S. Main St., Frankfort, Clinton Co., Ind. Widow. In poor health. Has three little boys, four and three years, and a baby nine months old. She will be grateful for clothing, and anything that will be useful to the little ones. H. W. Hutchinson (31), Coolidge, Ga. Hasn't walked in ten years. Send him sunny letters, and reading. Don't send junk. E. P. Plaster, Shuff, Va. Crippled with rheumatism. Fond of music. Can anyone pass him a guitar? George Martin, Shuff, Va. Helpless crippled boy. Needs cheer. Myrtle Buel (24), Evansville, Ark. Invalid, would like cheery letters and reading. Wants a chance to earn a little money by light home work. Edward C. Cole, West Pierrepont, N. Y. Never walked in all his life. Needs wheel chair, warm clothing and assistance. Edith M. Dart, Oakdale, Conn. Shut-in for six years. Would like a letter party. Luther T. McFarland (23), Berea, N. C. Bedridden, unable to move without help. Grateful for letters and help. Writes nicely. Carrie Walters (18), Princeton, W. Va. Shut-in for two years. One of a family of eight. Mother supports the children by washing. Needs letters and money for treatment. James F. Essex, Nelsonville, Ky. Another rheumatic martyr. Sick six years. Parents feeble and over seventy. Needs money for treatment. J. D. McLannan, Guilford, Fla. Very grateful for assistance rendered him. Is still sick, and needs reading and cheer. A. S. Stinson, Roswell, N. Mex., Fort Sumner Mail Route. Is badly ruptured. Can get around, but is unable to do any heavy work. Will someone suggest a way by which he can make a living by light work—work he can do while seated. Miss Novella Tanner, Howell, Jackson Co., Miss. Shut-in from rheumatism. Unable to walk. Wants silk scraps, and any sunshine you care to send. Mrs. Mary Stringell, 510 S. E. Fifth St., Washington, Ind. Wants cheery letters. Victoria Butler (16), Lecturville, Tenn. Poor little shut-in cripple. Very needy. Give her a dime shower. Roy Brockington, Loveland, Ohio. Young man, bedridden four years—rheumatism as usual. Needs good reading (no junk), and anything you can send him to secure the comforts he needs. W. H. Grasser, Charleston, Wash. Shut-in. Is trying to make a living by selling a wonderful fly trap he has invented. Edward J. Davis, Le Sage, Cabell Co., W. Va. Lung trouble, unable to work—needs treatment. R. G. Brown, Lee Isaac, W. Va. Helpless cripple. Send twenty-five cents for his booklet. M. J. Kline (70), Box 44, Benton, R. D. 4, Columbus Co., Pa. Crippled with rheumatism, unable to work. Over seventy, and wife can do but little. Who can suggest a way to help these poor souls? Mrs. Elizabeth S. Yates, Courtland, Southampton Co., Va. Shut-in. Needs a Morris chair. Nora Jordan, Clatam, Washington Co., Ala. Wants silk and satin pieces for a quilt, and "k" thread. Novels and story books, and any help you can send. H. S. Hunt, late of Tusculum, Tenn. Has moved to care of J. W. Chavin, Jacksonville, Fla. Appears to be in improved health. Would like letters.

Here is a list that ought to keep you busy till you meet again. My last word for this month is to remember what I said at the beginning of this month's tale. We want twenty-

five thousand new members in this League by November 1st. Help me to get them, and win the chairs. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

## The Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

J. L.—See reply to M. R. in this column. Thank you for your picture. You have a very pleasant face and if you will try thoroughly the Milk Diet and Hot Water Cure will get your heart's desire, an excellent figure and complexion.

Lady Jane.—Massage lightly with olive oil over the scars. This will dim them. Massage vigorously and firmly, holding up your chin.

M. E. D.—Stop using the remedy you mention. See reply to E. H. S. in this column. Wear a small "rat" in your hair. They are selling woven wire ones, very light and airy for the small sum of fifty cents.

Mrs. K. B.—See reply to E. H. S. in this column for growth of hair.

Kitty R.—Your size is all right. See reply to E. H. S. in this column.

N. M. P.—I do not approve of bleaching hair, and fear you will regret it.

Swastika.—Braid your child's hair loosely. It is good for it. See reply to Eva in this column.

L. M. III.—See reply to Clara H. in this column. Read article in December COMFORT.

Inez.—Dear little girl, I think you ought to be satisfied with yourself and my advice to you is to let Nature have her own way for the next two or three years. Thank you for your kind letter, let me hear from you again.

Sad Girl.—Never mind the size of your foot, wear neat well-fitting shoes. Cultivate a firm walk and a pleasant manner and people will never think of

your feet. Walk with chin out and hold your head up. See reply to E. H. S. in this column.

A. M., Ore.—You will find elsewhere in this column answers to your questions.

Miss M. T., Kentucky.—See reply to Violet Monroe in this issue.

L. H., Utah.—If there is a good Osteopath near you, I think you should go to him or her for treatment for your back. I feel sure they could help you, and it would mean much to you in years to come.

H. L. I.—You will have to be contented with the size of your hands, but you can make them soft and white. Runans are hard to cure. A little cotton batting put in between the ends of large and second toe makes it a little easier.

Golden Curls.—I cannot understand about your hair. The sample marked No. 1 is a lovely color and that is what your hair is intended to be. It seems to me as though you had put something on your hair that has faded it and that the new growth coming in had the original color. If this is so cut the ends often, and as it grows out you will have cut away all the faded part. Do not use too many remedies on the hair. Don't use patent medicines on your skin.

Miss C. L., Ohio.—Apply a little red liquid Vaseline to edge of eyelids, being careful not to get any in the eye. You are using the cream all right.

Sad One.—See reply to E. H. S. in this column.

Eva R.—You will find your questions answered elsewhere in this column.

A. G., Wis.—Keep up the exercises for some time. Drink plenty of hot water. It will give you rosy cheeks.

A. B. C., Penn.—I would not advise the use of salt water. See reply to E. H. S. R. L. and E. A. L. in this issue. I do not think iodine used on a thick neck would cause any other trouble. Do not use it unless prescribed by a good doctor.

The Farmer Daughter.—To plump the arms massage gently with olive oil.

E. H. S.—Yellow vaseline is a very good remedy for falling hair, and it promotes a new growth. Take a lump about the size of a pea rubbing with the tips of the finger into the scalp gently, morning and evening, endeavoring to keep the scalp loose.

Kansas Sundew.—Your weight is correct. Try bending a dozen or more times while still in your nightclothes every morning, trying to touch the floor with the tips of your fingers without bending the knees. Anything that heats the scalp will cause the hair to fall out. Lemon juice or kerosene will widen the hands.

Cal. Girl.—Drink plenty of hot water, at least two glasses before each meal. This will soon clear your complexion and give you rosy cheeks.

Alma.—You should wash one hundred and thirty pounds. For a red nose use this treatment: One ounce powdered sulphur, two and one half ounces powdered starch, one half ounce castor oil of rose, three drops of oil of rose. This will lessen the redness. See reply to Cal. Girl. For enlarged pores rub the following into the skin: Three ounces lemon juice, one ounce glycerine water, one fourth ounce tincture of benzoin, five grains of tannic acid, thoroughly mixed. The white marks on the nails are probably fungus. Soak the nails in scapy water and gently push back the skin until the half moon shows. Keep this up and everytime you wash your hands do it. File nails into desired shape with fine nail file.

Mrs. E. R.—See reply to E. H. S. in this column for falling hair. Resorcin can be obtained at any drug store.

E. A. L.—The Peroxide and Aqua Ammonia should be used alternately to kill the hair roots. I recommend this treatment because I used it and found it successful. Peroxide will bleach the hair and the Aqua Ammonia kill the roots.

Miss R. E. K.—See reply to Farmer Daughter. Take a bath in tepid water. Powder the pores affected with excessive perspiration with the following: One ounce zinc, one drachm, powdered starch, one ounce, salicylic acid, one drachm. Powder frequently.

Lily of the Valley.—See reply to Cal. Girl in this column. If you sit all day take plenty of exercise morning and evening. A couple in the club makes a weakness. A good broad chain shows a strong intellect. Let well enough alone.

The Lone Daisy.—Put lemon juice in the last rinsing water. This will cut the oil and make the hair fluffy. Perhaps you did not use enough kerosene.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

# If You Have Rheumatism Read This Offer. A Fifty-cent Box Mailed Free To All.



MR. JOHN A. SMITH

Discoverer of the Great Rheumatism Remedy, "Gloria Tonic."

I will give away one hundred thousand 50-cent boxes of my rheumatic remedy, "Gloria Tonic," FREE and every afflicted reader is courteously invited to write for one.

If you are suffering from rheumatism, either chronic, inflammatory or muscular, and have endured the intense agony that Lumbago, Sciatica or Gout causes, you know what it means to you to be cured. You know that it will be worth the trouble to write and get the free 50-cent box that I send to all who ask. You will certainly get enough relief from it to pay for the post stamp and the trouble it takes to write.

The failure of other remedies perhaps have discouraged you like many others, therefore, in order to make my genuine remedy more generally known, I have decided to give away this enormous quantity, so that every man and woman can test for himself or herself the truth of my statement. Lay aside everything else and get a free 50-cent box of "Gloria Tonic"; it will be sent by mail, postpaid. No charge will be paid for this package, either now or later. If my remedy did not have the greatest possible merit it would be folly to send it in the way I do.

I found this remedy by a fortunate chance while an invalid from rheumatism and it did me more good in a week than all the other remedies in years. Since then it has cured hundreds of others—cases of thirty and

forty years standing—persons of seventy and eighty years of age. Some of them were so decrepit that they could not even clothe and feed themselves.

Remember, that I ask you for no money. All I ask you is to try a 50-cent box of "Gloria Tonic" at my expense and if more is wanted I will furnish it to you at a very reasonable cost.

Cut out the following coupon and mail it to me, with your name and address, and by return mail you will receive the free box and also free a book on rheumatism which is illustrated with many stippled drawings from actual life and which will tell you all about your case.

## Coupon for a Free 50-cent Box of "Gloria Tonic."

JOHN A. SMITH, 4947 Gloria Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

I am a sufferer from rheumatism and I want to be cured. If you will send me a 50-cent box of "Gloria Tonic" Tablets free of cost and postpaid, I will give it a trial.

My name and address is:

Name.....  
Street No.....  
City.....  
State.....







# Are You **DEAF**



**Let Me Send You Two Months Medicine Free. Deafness, Head Noises, Discharging Ears and Catarrh Permanently Cured at Home.**



ELECTRO MAGNETISM

Are you deaf? Have you sharp buzzing noises in the head? Do your ears tingle when you blow your nose? Do your eyes frequently "water?" Does your nose and head feel stuffed up? Have you Catarrh? If you have any or all of the above diseases, I ask you as a successful Specialist and friend to write me at once describing your case.

For 16 years I have devoted my entire energies and studies to the cure of these diseases and I have effected cures in people who have been pronounced incurable by their family physicians and good specialists. My methods are new and original; Electro-Magnetism removes the cause, therefore cures.

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I come to you with a great reputation—a sympathizing heart—a friend of the family—to cure you and cure you I will if I accept your case. I don't want any money for my medicines or professional services—not one cent—not a promise. Let me say right now that my new Electro Magnetic system will positively stop head noises, discharging ears, cures Catarrh in any stage and restores the hearing. I give you two months' medicine absolutely free to prove what confidence I have in my treatment and if you write me at once describing your disease I will also send you free my book "How to Cure Yourself of Catarrh, Deafness, Head Noises and Asthma" in your own home without the expense of a doctor. My treatment acts like magic. Many cases of stone deafness have heard after a few treatments.

## **I Am Your Friend Write to Me**

I have proof that will astonish you. Without price or promise—without anything but an earnest desire of being cured I ask you in all frankness to lay your troubles before me. I know of nothing more sad

—nothing that calls for our deepest sympathy—than the sight of a deaf man, woman or child. And here I am ready and willing as an ardent conscientious Specialist to uplift and relieve suffering humanity. Write me at once—today—describing your case, and I will send you positive proofs and my **Valuable Book FREE**. Grasp this opportunity now—you have everything to gain—you can't possibly lose a cent. No incurable cases accepted, no experimenting. Address

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1280 WALNUT STREET, KANSAS CITY, MO.

**I send you  
Two Months  
Medicine  
FREE  
to convince you**



## The Death-Bed Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

turned into one of the wide thoroughfares, and in a few moments was at home.

"The next morning I read in the daily paper a brief account of the criminal's burial, the body being placed at the disposal of her friends. Gradually my night's adventure faded away into a mere dreamy memory, that I scarcely believed had ever been true. I saw or heard nothing to recall it to my mind, for I shortly after left New Orleans. I returned to my own home, married, and the adventure of nine years ago lingered in my memory like some misty fever dream, that was started into reality upon Ross Delmore's return for when we opened the package containing the Spaniard's secret legacy, the parchment that dropped into my hands bore upon its huge red seal the stamp of the dagger, with its ominous crest and motto, 'Morte!'"

### CHAPTER XI. BRIDGET O'REILLY.

"Well?" questioned the doctor, as Braddon folded up the manuscript, and laid it again upon the table, "what do you think of the testimony of the dagger?"

"I think it conclusive, sir," was the quiet response.

"And Ross Delmore?"

"He has met with foul play at the hands of those who sought his wife's inheritance. He had the packet with him?"

"Yes. Poor Ross—true soldier that he was—believed the safest place for a thing of value was his knapsack or his pocket. 'I'm a careless fellow, you know,' he replied when I remonstrated with him, 'so I always keep in marching order.'"

"Have you any idea of the contents of this packet," asked the lawyer.

"None," save a suspicion from recent events. May not the old Spaniard, Inez's father, have become acquainted with some of the secret resources of this band of desperadoes?"

"And left a secret so replete with perilous consequences to his innocent child," said Braddon, incredulously.

"Time and space he believed would be between her and her enemies—seven years of silence and absence."

"We have some keen, desperate scoundrels plotted against her," said Braddon, "to have kept on a hidden trail for seven years."

"By heavens, sir! with vengeance or avarice to lead them on, they would sneak through slime and darkness for seven times seven years. Poor Ross and Inez! The eagle and the dove, both in the foul nests of these monsters of the night! What in the thunder is the matter outside?"

continued the doctor, in another tone, starting to his feet, as a succession of shrill shrieks, resounded from the law outside.

"Ochone, ochone! ye devil of a baste, begone wid yer! Is it murder he out and out ye would! Och, ochone! murder! murder!"

Doctor Morosini flung open the window, and despite the weight of anxiety and care upon his mind, burst into a merry shout of laughter at the scene that met his eye. His watch dog stood in the road, his four legs widely extended, barking most belligerently at an old peddler-woman, who, with the basket containing her small stock of needles and tape, cheap knives, pins and shoe-strings, held as a sort of shield before her, was endeavoring to make a strategic movement around the enemy.

She was a strange little bent figure, whose wizened face was half concealed by a pair of round spectacles, and shaded by a frilled cap of pretentious magnitude.

"What do you want, my good woman?" asked the doctor, as the old peddler seated herself composedly on the steps, and placed the basket beside her.

"Only to rest a bit, sir, if your honor please; for the breath is fairly frightened out of me. Ochone! that devil of a baste, a-roaring scratchin' as if poor old Bridget O'Reilly was a murderin' thafe instead of a decent woman, a-thrivin' to turn an honest penny to buy her a bit of bread. Perhaps ye'll buy something yer honor, from the poor old woman, that 'ud be ashamed to ask charity, though it's sore she needs it."

Her eyes, fine enough to make a wedding collar, at ten cents a yard, sir; and tape-stuffing enough to hang a highwayman at five cents a ball, and needles—ochone, ochone!" continued Bridget, rummaging in the basket. "Faix, I came near forgettin' the bit of a letter intirely. Shure, sir, could ye tell me if there's a doctor live hereabouts named Morosini?"

"Morosini? Well, I am Doctor Morosini."

"Are ye now?" said Bridget, admiringly. "Faix, and it's the name of a fine, honest, handsome gintleman then. Ochone, ye look as if ye had small need for your own physic, so ye do, the Lord be blessed! Thin the bit of paper is for you, sir, it's for Doctor's stuff, said the man that give it to me. You gives it for nothin', he said, sir."

The doctor took the slip of paper carelessly, and opened it. It was a strange prescription, certainly, for it read thus:

"The tiger leaves no track in the jungle; pursuit is vain. Caution is better than courage—wait, watch, and hope!"

Repressing the exclamation that arose to his lips, Dr. Morosini handed the paper to Braddon. The lawyer read it with an unchanged face.

"Who gave you this paper, good woman?" he asked Bridget, who seemed busy rearranging her disordered basket.

"A man, sir, down in the market, beyant."

"What sort of a man? How did he look, I mean?"

"What sort of a man?" repeated Bridget, "a very honest sort; for he bought tin-pliny worth of shoe-strings and paid twelve cents for them. How did he look? Well, sir,—with a shy glance—not quite so handsome as yer honor; but that's not to be expected twice in the same mornin'."

"Did he wear a beard?" asked Braddon, patiently.

"A beard, is it? Well, now, let me think!" said Bridget, reflectively. "Faix, I believe he had, sir—most of it grew under his nose."

"Tut, tut! You mean a mustache."

"Faix, is that it, sir? Well, it's a queer place for hair anyway."

"The old fool knows nothing!" muttered Dr. Morosini, impatiently. "Here, my good woman, is some money for your trouble. Take it and be off."

"And wouldn't the ladies like to buy a trifle?" asked Bridget. "Tapes and needles from Lime-rick, lace shirt buttons—"

"No, no, no! Nothing this morning," said the doctor, interrupting her professional cry. "They are all in trouble this morning, and don't want to be disturbed."

"In trouble, ochone! Thin may the Lord take its shadow from your door, and He will too—face Bridget O'Reilly's word for it, good gintleman. As she passed out of sight Dr. Morosini grasped Braddon's hand, and wrung it painfully. When the young lawyer looked up, great tears were standing in his patron's eyes.

"I am as weak as a child, Braddon," he said, in trembling accents, "weak with joyful surprise. Foes Delmore lives, my boy, in strange peril and trouble perhaps, but still he lives! That hand-writing is his. Honest Ross does not even know how to disguise his hand. He lives, and we must take his words of warning. Be cautious and silent—watch, wait, and hope!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

If not a subscriber, or if your subscription is about to expire send 15 cents for one year or 25 cents for two years, and read the next chapter, "The Death Chamber," when Inez makes her escape, and meets face to face the "Recluse" of Mount Dorey.

### Stop Being Sick!

Why suffer longer when there is help and health for you? Vitis-Ore cures where other fail and you can try it without any risk, or on whole month. Read the advertisement on last page and send for it.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

he will be sorry to have to return to the old-fashioned way of curing by salt alone, which makes the best beef in a few months seem like a well-salted leather apron, and makes the ham, when boiled, look as if it were "sugar coated" instead of "sugar cured."

Yours truly,  
BROTHER HARRY.

### Cracker Jack

One cup molasses, two cups brown sugar, one tablespoonful butter, two tablespoonfuls vinegar, boil until it hardens in cold water. Then add one half teaspoonful soda. Stir and pour over pop corn.

ZELLA FRIZZELL, 10th and Marion Sts., Boone, Iowa.

Comfort a whole year, fifteen cents, if you subscribe now.

### Lemon Jelly Cake

Two cups sugar, one half cup butter, three and one half cups flour, one cup—brimful—water, three eggs, one heaping teaspoonful baking powder—about twice as much above the bowl as in it—salt to taste. Use granulated sugar, sift flour twice before measuring, and keep out one quarter cup to which add baking powder just before adding it and the last thing sift it into batter. The cup is a "measuring cup" and holds exactly one half pint; dry materials should be stroked off at top. For success, mix as follows: and by the way, it is the way I put all cake together and I know nothing but success with the many kinds I can make, but this is the universal favorite with the eaters of it, and so easily made, and is good for loaf cake, by flavoring, and especially if flavored with pineapple, and loed with coconut, or marked in squares and one half English walnut in each square, icing flavored with pineapple.

Cream thoroughly together sugar, butter and salt, add water and mix well; next about one cup flour, having rubbed out all lumps of flour and bubbles add little by little of flour and egg, which has been beaten very light; stirring perfectly smooth between each addition and finally add the flour with the baking powder in and give a good hard beating. Bake in three nine inch jelly tins which have been well greased with cold butter; have oven a moderate temperature.

Turn out upside down on papers from cracker boxes, putting under lower layer a board—that it may be left perfectly flat. When most cold with a sharp knife, carefully trim off the protruding edge that rests on the paper—that it may be even when piled up—then put together with filling so as to have sides perpendicular and top level. Let set twenty to thirty minutes when with silver table knife spread on icing which makes one good thick coat.

After this month you pay more for Comfort. Send fifteen cents now.

### Lemon Jelly for Filling

Beat well one egg, add grated rind and juice of one fresh lemon, add one cup brimful of cold water; pour this slowly—mixing well—over one cup sugar and two tablespoonfuls flour—all that will stay on them, as it were—and which has been well mixed, salt to taste and put in pan or double boiler of boiling water, and stir most constantly till well done, when let cool and beat thoroughly before using, it should be thick enough to "set" stiff and not even settle down. Spread on with knife.

### Icing

Three cups powdered sugar, put thro' h sieve, and moisten with enough sweet milk (or water) to make it just as thick as it can be spread on smoothly; flavor with a little pineapple.

Keep powdered sugar in a tin bucket, and you will not have hard dry lumps in it. I take a bucket to get it in.

### Corn Cakes

One egg, half cup sugar, one tablespoonful melted butter, one cup each of sour milk, flour, meal, one teaspoonful saleratus, one small teaspoonful salt, or if desired, instead of the sour milk use sweet and two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar and one teaspoonful saleratus.

### Boiled Indian Pudding

Take sweet milk of sufficient quantity for the pudding desired, salt to the taste, stir in Indian meal till a little thick will rise on the top by standing. If too thick it will be hard. Fill a pudding pail, tie cover on tightly. Put into boiling water sufficient to keep it covered, and boil steadily three hours. Fruit may be added if desired. Serve with sweetened cream.

J. A. D.

### St. Paul Sandwiches

Chop fine two slices cooked ham (or three small), one onion and one green pepper, add six eggs well beaten, and salt. Mix w h the ham and other things, and fry in large spoonfuls like pan cakes and shape with the turner. Place while hot between slices of bread with sliced sour pickles between; and you will have a sandwich fit for kings.

Mrs. PRUDENCE MORAS.

You may subscribe or renew now at 15c. a year. After April first Comfort is to be 20c. a year.

### Steamed Pudding

One and one half cups sour milk, one half cup sour cream, teaspoonful soda, little salt, heaping teaspoonful cinnamon, one cup sugar, on heat sliced quart sliced apple, stir stiff as you can, steam two hours in basin or one and one half in cups, serve with cream and sugar or gravy.

### Plum Pudding

Six beaten eggs, two cups sugar, one cup good molasses, one cup butter, one cup buttermilk, teaspoonful soda, one of cloves, one of allspice, three of cinnamon, one nutmeg grated, four cups raisins, four of currants, one of citron all chopped fine, four heaping cups fine dry bread crumbs, stir thoroughly and add one scant cup of flour, pack in basin and steam four hours, it will keep a long time, cut off slices and steam as wanted, serve with cream.

### Eggless Cookies

Two and one half cups sugar, one cup each of lard and sour milk, one teaspoonful soda, two of vanilla, salt, flour so not to stick, roll thin, bake quick.

### Graham Cookies

Two eggs, two cups dark brown sugar, one half cup each of meat fat and sour milk, little salt, one teaspoonful cinnamon heaping, one teaspoonful soda, mix to a dough with graham and use white flour on the board, roll out same as white cookies, only bake slowly, so not to burn.

### Crullers

One egg, one half cup sugar, one and one half cups buttermilk, two tablespoonfuls melted lard, salt, one teaspoonful soda, nutmeg or cinnamon to taste, stir stiff as you can and pinch off small pieces and fry in hot fat.

### Cream Cake

Two eggs well beaten, one cup sugar, one cup sweet cream, two of flour, one rounding teaspoonful baking powder, little salt, vanilla, bake in loaf or layers, filling or icing, one and one half cups sugar, six tablespoonfuls sweet cream, boil till it becomes waxy in cold water, add teaspoonful vanilla, beat till it cools a little, then spread quickly, having cake cold.

### Sponge Cake

Separate four large eggs, whip the whites stiff, add two tablespoonfuls of cold water to yolks and beat light, add whites and beat hard, now add

one cup sugar, little salt, lemon, and one even cup flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, beat and pour in a shallow pan and bake quick.

BERTHA PUTNAM...

Comfort at a dollar a year would be a bargain. A year's subscription only 15 cents.

### Fruit Cookies

One and one half cups sugar, one cup of butter, one half cup sweet milk, one egg, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one of cinnamon, one fourth cup currants or raisins chopped fine and dusted with flour, mix all together using as little flour as possible, roll, cut out, wet tops with milk, sprinkle sugar over, bake in buttered tins. Try this and report, they are fine.

DORA BARNARD.

### Tomato Soup with Stock

One quart stock, one can tomatoes, salt, pepper and sugar to taste. Stew tomatoes with seasoning, strain and add to boiling stock. Let simmer together ten minutes and serve.

### Venetian Egg

One can tomatoes, one onion chopped, one cup of grated cheese, butter, pepper, salt and sugar to taste. Let cook after it begins to boil hard fifteen minutes. Then set on back, and just before serving add slowly a well beaten egg, stirring rapidly all the time. Do not add egg when tomato is too hot, for it will cook it and be in streaks.

### Baked Onions

Bake with skins on until a fork can be easily run into them, then remove from oven, peel, slightly mash, season with pepper, salt, butter and vinegar and serve hot.

MRS. C. W. REID.

### Good Old Songs We All Love

By special request from many of our readers we print the words of a few songs and will continue to do so each month as space allows. We invite our readers to send in the words of popular old songs which they think would please our six millions of readers. In copying, give each line of poetry a line by itself, do not run it in, as though solid. Please write on one side of paper only.

### Nobody's Darling

Out in this cold world alone  
Walking about in the street,  
Asking a penny for bread,  
Begging for something to eat;  
Parentless, friendless and poor,  
Nothing but sorrow I see,  
I'm nobody's darling,  
Nobody cares for me.

### CHORUS.

Nobody's darling on earth,  
Heaven will merciful be;  
There I am somebody's darling,  
Somebody cares for me.

No one to kiss me good night,  
No one to put me to bed;  
Up in an attic alone,  
Weeping for those who are dead.  
Merciless winds chill my form,  
Sitting on poverty's knee,  
I'm nobody's darling,  
Nobody cares for me.

### CHORUS.

Often at night when I kneel,  
Lifting my sorrowful eyes,  
Asking my mother to smile  
Down on her child from the skies,  
Then I forget all my grief—  
Mother and heaven I see—  
There I'm somebody's darling,  
Somebody cares for me.

### CHORUS.

There is but one Comfort and it costs but twenty-five cents for two years.

### Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

This exchanging of Post Cards has become a great fad all over the world and we are now helping our readers get thousands of postals without cost.

Get up a club of subscribers to this paper and have your name put in this list free; you will then receive many exchanges in souvenir postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return the favor to all who see your name in the list and send you cards. The publisher simply ask the slight service from you if getting up these small clubs. We will send an assortment of six cards for clubs of three, or twelve for a club of five, in sending in your club, say where you want them from any particular city or just assorted up. You can start your collection this way and then exchange with others as you see their name in the list.

The following persons wish to receive Souvenir Postals and agree to return all favors. Positive requests will not be inserted here, unless a club of at least three subscribers is sent with the name. The publisher will then send you an assortment of Postals free, per offer above.

Miss Laura Ware, Rush Tower, Missouri.  
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You may subscribe or renew now at 15c. a year. After April first Comfort is to be 20c. a Year.

### Missing Relatives and Friends

At the request of many readers we restore our popular Missing Relative department with our April number. Through this department, when previously appearing, we brought together many relatives and dear ones, and shall hope for the same happy result in the future.

If you are anxious to learn the whereabouts of any missing relatives or friends through COMFORT with its enormous number of readers, there is every reason to believe they can be located.

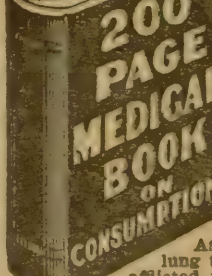
We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your name for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three yearly 15-cent subscriptions, or two 2-year 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new yearly 15-cent subscriptions, or a club of two 2-year 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 15-cent yearly subscriptions for every seven words.

Archer Harvey, wife or children; wife's name Angie, daughter Fernie and son Johnnie. Write to Edith M. Archer, Piper City, Ill.

### A HAPPY BALD-HEADED MAN

H. Dayton, a chemist living at 3004 S Magnolia Ave., St. Louis, Mo., accidentally discovered a mixture that made him bald grow hair again. He tried it on his bald-headed friends with the same results. He is so proud of it that he has had the receipt printed by the thousand and is sending it to all who write and enclose stamp.

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FREE

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 2252 Water Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

## FREE Talking and Sleeping DOLL

ANY LADY OR GIRL CAN HAVE ONE IN FREE WRITES AT ONCE

This is the prettiest doll offered by any premium house. Nearly a foot and a half tall, a perfect little queen; eyes open and close; stylishly dressed; has complete wardrobe; will say "papa" and "mamma." All I ask of you is to send your name and address at once. I then send you all the things and eight beautiful multi-colored art pictures, to distribute by your special plan at 25c each. All different, printed in 10 colors.

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I trust you with pictures and take them back if not satisfactory. I also give an elegant gold-finish locket and long chain. You receive both premiums without one cent of cost to you. Only one doll and locket to a family—no more. Don't delay. Address: DOLL HEADQUARTERS, 409 U. S. EXPRESS BLDG., DEPT. 33, CHICAGO.



FOR 3 CENTS WE SELL A DOUBLE ROLL (16 yards) of wall paper. 26 cents will buy enough paper to cover a fair sized room: walls, border, ceiling, etc. We make this paper in our own factory in endless varieties, and we furnish handsome sample sets and art wall paper color books free to those who ask for them. If you are interested in wall paper, look at the Wall Paper Department in one of our late Big Catalogues. If you haven't the Big Book borrow your neighbor's, or on a postal card addressed to us simply say, "I'll take me your Free Wall Paper Samples and Wall Paper Art Book." Address: SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.

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Ring. Gold filled, warranted three years; hand engraving FREE. Actual value of this ring is \$2.00. Sent postpaid for 50c to introduce our jewelry. Send size and monogram. Illustration is exact reproduction. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

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German patent; produces any shade by simply combing without staining the scalp; perfectly harmless, durable, and undetectable. Saves time and money and is the only practical way of coloring the hair. Write for particulars. Address H. HIENECKE, Dept. 78, 251 E. 14th St., New York.

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If you want to make quick and easy money, write at once for Special Agents' proposition for selling the Elyria Knife Sharpener, a new and wonderful invention. One agent made \$31.00 and another \$39.00 last week. Why not you? Write to Worthington Co., 101 Pine St., Elyria, Ohio.

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## GOLD-TEETH

THE LATEST FAD. The Gold-plated teeth that are now being worn by the elite of the world. Look like regular dentures. Painless to wear. All over two million sold. Everybody wants a gold tooth. Extra 10 cents each, 4 for 35 cents, 12 for 60 cents. C. T. FARGO, FREMONT, N. D.

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with knowledge and fair education to work in an office, \$60 a month with advancement, steady employment, must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once, giving full particulars. The Veterinary Science Association, Dept. 18, London, Canada.

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## Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

**W**E have come now, dear cousins, to the first spring month, and I am sure none of you, except those to the southward, see very much spring in it, and feel even less. But it is spring just the same and before you know it the birds will begin to sing and the blossoms to open. It makes us all feel good to think about it, for winter is dreary, no matter if it has its pleasures no less than the other seasons. The very thought of lazy spring makes me want to sit down in the shade, but there is work to do and here's to it.

The first spring flower I pluck from the bouquet of cousins is blue-eyed Marie of Clay Center, Kans., and she enters a protest against bad boys who do not respect girls and wants to know what to do with them. Some bad boys need a whipping from their fathers—hard licks—and some only need for the girls to ignore them and have nothing whatever to do with them. But girls are too easy and the boys know it. Put the boys away and keep them away, if you want to teach them good manners.

Pansy, Roseau, Minn.—It is quite proper to walk home from church with another young man in the absence of your fiancé, if your fiancé has no objection.

Two Chums, Atlanta, Ga.—One may do as she pleases about sending post cards, and may send the first, if she wants to. (2) Third cousins may marry, but no kin is better. (3) Two sisters may marry brothers, if the brothers are willing.

Black Hair, Mountain View, Va.—Girls of eighteen very often marry, but I think it is at least three years too young. (2) Proper or not, young men do, and always will, hold the girl's hands, if they can. And the girls nearly always let them, I regret to say. (3) No kissing, except for engaged couples.

M. A. H., St. Helena, Mich.—Under the circumstances I think you might marry, though you are too young, ordinarily. (3) If the parents do not object, I shall not. (3) Dancing is all right, if done properly, and you are not a member of a church which forbids it.

J. P. H., Pratt City, Ala.—Tell him the exact condition of your health, and then if he loves you right, he will marry you just the same. But do not deceive him. You are running considerable risk in marrying a man you only respect, but if you love no other, you may take it with hopes of making a fair success.

Blue Belle, Nady, Ark.—Ask your mother, or your teacher the same questions you ask me, and you will get better answers. At least, longer ones.

A. C. N., Remington, Ind.—Go to your father and talk to him, that is the only way to reconcile him and gain his consent.

L. F., Honolulu, H. I.—If two people can't get along without constant misunderstandings and quarrellings, how do you suppose they ever can as married people. Be sensible, both of you, and choose other partners. I thought in the beautiful world of the Pacific everything was lovely.

Curly-head, Darby, Ill.—If your brother and parents think it proper to accept his invitation to stop with his mother when you are in the city, it is all right for you to do so.

Perplexed Gertrude, New York, N. Y.—Evidently the young man is desirous of making your acquaintance, or renewing it, rather, as you say you met him once. If he is the proper sort to know, answer his postal and ask him to come to see you. When he calls you can return the cards to him. He doesn't know much about social usage or he would not have sent them. Perhaps you can educate him.

Light Hair, Amicus, Va.—The girl should be at least twenty-one and the man not less than five years her senior when they marry. There is no rule for sending post cards. Everybody does it.

Clara, Lebanon, Tenn.—Don't wait on him. Marry the other one.

Blue Bell, Louisville, Ky.—I haven't any opinion. (2) Do they still play "kissing games" in Louisville? If they do, it is all right to kiss. (3) It is quite proper for your sister to receive her beau at home, though the other members of the family are out.

Beatrice, Queen City, Mo.—Photographs are exchanged between friends. (2) You may do as you please about writing to your dilatory correspondent. Wait as long as he does, at least. (3) The young man might stay till eleven Sunday night, if he doesn't come other nights.

M. E. S., Ashland, Pa.—Don't bother about him at all. He owes you an apology for neglecting you, and if he does not come to you with it, snub him. If he asks you why, tell him, but don't lose your temper. Lay him out pleasantly.

Black-eyed Ada, Charlton, Ia.—You should explain by letter or word why you failed to keep your engagement. You owe the apology, and should not wait till he asks for it. (2) It is quite proper to ask a man to call, at any time you meet him, if the opportunity occurs. (3) You must think up something yourself to get the young man to call again, since you declined to ask him the last time he took you home. That's what you get for not being polite.

Brown Eyes and Love-sick, Walker Springs, Ala.—My, my, no wonder girls of your age spell so badly. You think so much of beaux that you don't have time to look in your spelling-books. Study books, not beaux, for awhile, dears.

June Rose, Starkville, Miss.—It is proper to answer post cards, or not. (2) If he really loves you he is sure to tell you unless he is too stupid to be worth worrying about. If he is nice and polite, why worry about the love?

Jaquetta, Ottumwa, Ia.—You should be glad to hear the troubles of your boy friends, but do not have them come to your office to tell you. It is not nice for a girl in an office to have boys coming around.

A. S., Mount City, Ill.—I think he likes you pretty well, but love has not touched him very deeply yet. Maybe it will, by and by. Wait and see. (2) The young man on the government boat got tired that's all. Sailors have a sweetheart in every port, you know.

Sweetheart, Portland, Ore.—If you are very fond of each other you will not let a little matter of what you are to live on prevent your marrying. They are doing it every day, all over this country. (2) If he is very ill and asks for you, certainly go to see him.

Blonde, Gallitzin, Pa.—Ten years difference in your ages is not too much, but don't you marry till you are twenty-one. (2) You cannot go to the opera out of town without a chaperon, and stop at a hotel over night. It would simply be scandalous.

Salome H., Chalmers, Ind.—Marry the young man, of course. He is all right. Your father is prejudiced and has no right to oppose your

making the only marriage you should make.

W. C. and M. E., Dover, Minn.—As he is not a gentleman and you both know he is not, why do you hesitate about casting him off? Do it now.

Three Cousins, Winona, Idaho.—You three girls have stopped in school long enough to ask me a lot of questions about beaux. I won't answer them, because I can tell by your letters you think more about beaux than you do about books.

Troubled Maid, Concord, N. H.—It is unrefined, and totally unladylike for a girl working in a factory to wave at passers-by from the windows and to be familiar with the men about the mill. A working girl may be a lady, and she should be. (2) I think if I were you, I would cultivate the older men a little more and give up the games with the boys. A girl of twenty-two must have a certain amount of dignity, if she wishes to maintain general respect. If you will be more dignified, though not less cheerful and happy, you will soon find that the older men will like you as well as the kids do not.

Unhappy Girl, Mt. Vernon, Ill.—Why do you want to break your heart and his too? Marry him, of course. What difference does it make if you don't like his family? Start out for yourselves and make your own family.

Troubled Heart, Peoria, Ill.—Let him think of his old sweethearts, if he wants to, but you be so nice to him that he will only think of them to be glad he has you.

Unhappy Eliza, New Berlin, Ill.—It is best to marry, even if your parents do not like the man you love. They'll come around when he has fixed you in a nice, comfortable home.

Puzzled, Delphos, Ohio.—The man should not marry his cousin. In Ohio it is illegal and is not a marriage. That clears the way for the other girl, and if she and the man love each other they should marry. The cousin girl should certainly not wish to contract an illegal marriage, should she?

Curiosity, Jefferson, Texas.—Make him keep his distance. He'd kiss any other girl, just as he would kiss you. You should not permit familiarities from a pupil; even if you did from a young man who was not.

Blue Eyes, Pine Bluff, Ark.—Ask him to take you home, if you must go alone otherwise. On your way home ask him why he waited for you to ask him. Even if he is not in love with you, he ought to be polite.

Queen of Hearts, Aberdeen, S. Dak.—When you are always thinking of a certain person, dear, you think a great deal of him. Do you understand? (2) Don't worry about the young man from Virginia. It is not you he cares for. Let him go.

some, Forman, N. Dak.—Pretty girls do not often lack men's attention. That you do think is due to your over-sensitiveness and because you are too particular. Try being sun-

shiny and pleasant to all and see what the result will be. You can be very agreeable and not be familiar.

Dummy, Peoria, Ill.—A bride in mourning can wear all white crepe, made very plainly, trimmed with the same. Don't wear blue. A gray traveling suit would be very nice.

Blue-eyed Boy, Oxford, Miss.—The girl simply likes you as a friend, and you should so accept it when she tells you so. Because you love her is no reason, or rule why she should love you. You are young yet and will learn more of these things as you grow older. It is up to you now to be brave and philosophic and give up what you cannot have. It hurts, but it won't kill.

Moonbeam, Oyena, Ia.—It would be only polite to ask him to call when he has taken you home several times. Why should you wait for him to ask? (2) Forgetfulness is no excuse for impoliteness. You should apologize, unless it is a very unimportant matter.

Troubled Helen, Fairfield, Ia.—Don't join any church, and leave the one you are now in. When you are older and can properly understand what church membership means, you can then become a member.

Comfort Reader, Potomac, Mo.—Don't correspond with the gentleman unless you have your parents' consent.

Z. Z. Z. Solomon, Kans.—Postage stamp language is obsolete, and we have forgotten it. (2) You introduce the man to the lady by saying: "Miss, let me introduce Mr.," or words to that effect. What they may say to each other is none of your business, or ours. (3) Usually the man walks to the lady's right. But there is no rule.

Broken-hearted Girl, Cloverport, Ky.—Birthmarks may be removed, if at all, only by a specialist. Better let it alone, and don't worry about it. That won't help it any, and will result in making you uncomfortable all over. (2) For your hair get a good hair grower that the druggist will recommend, and in addition massage the scalp every night and morning, for several minutes. Rub it deep and hard, but not too hard.

Helen and Doris, Lorens, Okla.—It is improper and rude for a man to put his face close to a lady's when he speaks to her. A gentleman will not do it. (2) No kissing, and no caressing, unless engaged is the rule COMFORT sets firm and fast for all young women. We know many of them do not follow it, but that is a reflection upon them, and not upon the rule.

Anxious Emma, Carl, Idaho.—You did quite right in objecting to the young man trying to put his arm around you, either across the back of the seat, or when he was trying to make you believe he was protecting you from the storm. That's a way most young men have.

Sweet Rose, Wimbeldon, N. Dak.—There is no way of asking a girl for her "continued com-

pany", except a proposal to marry her, that we know of. If he wants to go home from church with her every Sunday night, he must ask her each time, unless she has an understanding with him that no other fellow can compete. That is not quite a proposal, but it is a pretty strong hint.

Dimond, Union Grove, Ala.—It is quite proper for a fifteen-year-old girl to go to Sunday school with a young man if he is her brother.

Dark-eyed Girl, Leroy, N. Dak.—It is bad form to stare into anybody's eyes, unless you are a hypnotist. Don't do it, and don't permit it from others.

G. F., DeGraff, Cal.—If the man does not know the young lady has any engagement it is proper for him to ask her company during the coming commencement week. He may use his pleasure about making her a graduating present if she does not accept his company. Most men would call the present off.

Sad Girlie, Birmingham, Ala.—Eighteen is three years too young to marry, but as you seem to be so dissatisfied with the way your parents wish to control your social arrangements, perhaps you might as well marry and find out to a certainty how much better they know than you do. It's a hard way to learn, but some people won't learn any other.

Blue-eyed Nell, New Market, Va.—It is very impolite. (2) The lady may take any Leap Year privileges she dares to.

Blue Bell, Reepsville, N. C.—No apology is needed in declining a young man's invitation to go to a party to which you are not invited. Did he expect an apology?

P. E. A., E. Hardwick, Vt.—His age, twenty-nine, is all right, but yours, eighteen, is three years too young. Better wait a year or two, anyhow. He ought to wait that long as a matter of respect.

Walter, Senecaville, Ohio.—A nineteen-year-old boy has no right to marry any woman who is not old enough to be a mother to him. You have a sweetheart three years younger than you are. Wait four or five years and you will be wiser, and so will she.

Subscriber, Hope, Ark.—When he calls for her to go to church, he waits till she is ready and they go out together without any formality. She knows he has come for her and he doesn't have to ask her again. When they return he may go into the house, if she invites him.

And that is the last one of the list. Some of you have been answered in other columns, and you must look there. You know I don't answer general questions, but some of you ask them just the same. And I haven't had to scold much, have I? Now, by by, till we meet again, and all good luck to you.

COUSIN MARION.

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## Balm of Figs—Free

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Here is a chance for all women to get well and strong and enjoy 365 healthy, happy days in every year.

Every woman reader of this magazine will probably ask herself a question like this: Why does Harriet Richards give a full fifty cent box of Balm of Figs free to thousands of women that she doesn't know?

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My mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend, a full fifty cent box of Balm of Figs, absolutely free. It is a remedy that cures women's ailments and I want to tell you all about it, so that if you are suffering from any of the well known symptoms of female weakness, you will know just exactly what to do. I want to tell you just how to cure yourself right at home, without the aid of a Doctor—and the best of it is, it will not in the least interfere with your work or occupation.

Balm of Figs is just the remedy to make sick women well and weak women strong and I can prove it—let me prove it to you—I will gladly do it and do it free for I never heard of anything that does so quickly and surely cure women's ailments. No internal dosing is necessary—yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore, I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhoea, Painful Periods, Ulceration, Inflammation, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors, Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women, and I will send you

## A Full Fifty Cent Box of Balm of Figs Absolutely Free

I will send it to you free and prepaid because I want to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs and I want you to know that wherever you may be located, I am willing to prove my faith in this remedy by sending you this full fifty cent box free.

So, my reader, write to me at once—today—all you need to do is to fill out and return the attached coupon and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you so desire undoubtedly I can refer you to someone near you who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of Balm of Figs. But after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a fifty cent box of Balm of Figs will convince you of its merit. In fact, nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself, and all I want to know is—WILL YOU GIVE BALM OF FIGS THIS TEST? Write to me today and remember, if you will simply fill out the attached coupon and return it to me, I will gladly send you a FIFTY CENT BOX OF BALM OF FIGS ABSOLUTELY FREE for the asking, or if you prefer to write a letter you can address me in all confidence.

MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS, Box B 97, Joliet, Ill.

NOTE—I will also send you free a handsome book entitled "A Perfect Woman." This book should be in the hands of every woman and will prove of great benefit to all who receive it. I want you to have one.



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Dear Mrs. Richards:

As I am in need of a remedy like Balm of Figs, I will be pleased to have you send me—free of any cost—one fifty cent box by return mail.

Name .....

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You want 200 songs extra. Address  
**DES MOINES, IOWA.**





## Queries Answered

Readers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent consulting veterinarian who holds a professorship in a large western university. Describe the trouble fully, give full name, and direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

**HOG CHOLERA, STOCKED LEG.**—I have four little pigs and two of them have died and the third has the same symptoms. They were poor for about three weeks and going down gradually in flesh but they had good appetites, but first thing that was discovered when they were dead was red marks all over their bodies. I should be glad to give them something to relieve them if I knew what to give. And further I have a horse that has run off twice and got injured; his hind leg from the fetlock up to the hock swells up to a considerable size and also scaled off and now the tendon is larger than before, and also his whole leg from hock to hoof and when I work him the swelling all subsides, except the tendon on his leg, and in the morning it again is swollen up. I would like to put something on that would subside the whole leg immediately.

**REPLY.**—As well as we can tell from your description the pigs died of hog cholera which is incurable and is indicated by the red spots mentioned. Other hogs will contract the disease if put in pens and yard occupied by those that died. Clean up the pens, burn all loose litter and boards. Use coal tar disinfectant freely, then white-wash everywhere. Burn dead hogs. (2) The condition cannot be cured immediately. Horse should occupy a roomy box stall when in stable. Dry the leg when he comes in; then apply a bandage from foot to hock joint. In feed twice daily give him a tablespoonful of a mixture of equal parts dried sulphate of iron and powdered saltpeter, gentian and ginger roots. Exercise him every day.

**LAMENESS.**—I have a twelve-year-old mare lame in right fore leg. She has been lame off and on for four years. When she seems worse than when she is without shoes. Stands with foot forward, has corns, swollen on withers to some extent. When you press on leaders from the neck to the leg she flinches. She seems to be weak in the knee. Has had wind fistula.

**REPLY.**—The foot is the seat of the lameness. Have the corns pared out, then have the smith put on a dressing of tar and oakum, a thick leather sole and then a bar shoe. Clip the hair from the hoof-head and blister thoroughly every two or three weeks (as skin will allow) with a mixture of one dram of bichloride of mercury and two ounces of cerate of cantharides rubbed in for fifteen minutes, washed off in forty-eight hours, and followed by an application of lard once daily. Let the withers alone. There is no such disease as "wind fistula."

**FOUL SHEATH.**—How often should one wash a horse's sheath and what is the best salve to apply after the washing?

**REPLY.**—Wash the horse's sheath just as seldom as possible for the more it is washed the oftener it will have to be washed. Never apply a salve or any kind of grease after the washing as such an application will surely cause filth to collect quickly and thus aggravate matters. Wash with castile soap and water, taking care not to scratch the parts; then rinse the parts thoroughly with a solution of half an ounce of borax or alum in a quart of cold water. At any time the sheath may be flushed out with a one per cent. of coal tar disinfectant by means of a hose and funnel or large syringe.

**DROPSICAL SWELLINGS.**—I have an in-foal mare that has a large swelling under her belly and some folks say it is "water-farcy" and think it should be opened. What is your opinion?

**REPLY.**—There is no such disease as that mentioned and the swelling could not be opened as it merely is due to a collection of serum and will disappear as soon as the mare has sufficient exercise. Such swellings most often appear on pregnant mares that have to stand in a narrow stall in which they are afraid to lie down. A pregnant mare always should have a box stall when in the stable, but should be worked daily right up to foaling time or at least should have plenty of outdoor exercise every day and food that will regulate her bowels. Do not feed much corn to pregnant mares. They will do better on oats, bran, roots and hay with bright fodder.

**PIGS LOSING HAIR.**—My hogs are losing the hair from their backs. They have a warm house to sleep in and are fed all the corn they will eat.

**REPLY.**—Wet or damp, dirty, badly ventilated sleeping places and beds usually explain this trouble, and too much corn will help in the same way. Stop feeding corn or greatly reduce the amount. Turn hogs out for exercise every day. Provide clean, dry beds in a well ventilated, sunny house. Use coal tar dip solution on skin.

**COLLAR SORES.**—What is a good ointment for use on collar and saddle galls?

**REPLY.**—Keep the collars and saddles clean and have them fit properly. Mix together one dram each of iodoform, tannic acid and boric acid in an ounce of lard and apply two or three times daily. Often the best treatment is to cut out the sores and then treat as common wounds.

**TROUBLE AFTER DEHORNING.**—How would you advise stopping the bleeding which sometimes happens after dehorning with the shears? Also how would you treat a steer that has a running from the nose, swelling of the poll and face and did not thrive after dehorning?

**REPLY.**—When bleeding takes place the cause often is that the cut is made too far out on the base of the horn. Cut close down in the hair and bleeding will be less liable to happen. Stop bleeding by bathing with either very hot or very cold water and if that does not avail then saturate a mass of oakum or cotton batting in tincture of iron and bind upon the bleeding poll. It is even better, in very bad cases of bleeding, to pick up the severed blood vessel by means of an artery forceps and tie it with strong thread or silken cord. The discharge from nose and other symptoms mentioned, were doubtless due to infection of the wound of the poll and the indications for treatment would be to open up the wound, scrape away diseased tissues and after sponging with a two per cent. solution of coal tar disinfectant, pack the wound with oakum saturated in a like solution.

**FLEAS ON CAT.**—My pet cat is troubled with fleas and I do not like to wash her. Have tried that but it does not seem to be effective and is most annoying to the cat.

**REPLY.**—See that the cat has a clean bed, for it is useless to treat the animal and leave it to be infested from a vermin-infested bed. Put some Dalmatian insect powder in a sack; insert the cat leaving its head out; close the sack tightly around the cat's head, then shake thoroughly to get the powder into the coat. Repeat as required.

**CALVES SCOURING.**—My calves fed factory milk are scouring and some of them are no good and die. I have tried several remedies but without success and have had the same trouble for several seasons. Advice will be appreciated.

**REPLY.**—Isolate affected calves. Clean up, sunlight, ventilate, disinfect and whitewash the stables. Remove all litter and loose trash and burn them. The disease is due to germs, in many cases, and therefore is infectious. Start treatment of each case by administering from two to four tablespoonfuls of castor oil in milk according to size and age of calf. Mix together half an ounce of formaldehyde and fifteen and one half ounces of distilled water and put the mixture in an amber colored bottle. Of this mixture add one teaspoonful to each pound or pint of milk fed to each calf. Feed the factory milk in small quantities often and from perfectly clean, sweet vessels. Blood meal may be added to the milk with benefit as soon as the scouring trouble abates.

**TUMOR IN SCROTUM.**—Some of my pigs after castration last spring developed lumps or bunches in their sacs and did no good for me. What causes these bunches and how could they be cured?

**REPLY.**—The tumors are due to infection of the scrotal wounds by a fungus known as *botryomycosis* and as a rule they are most apt to form where the wounds are made too small at castrating time and the pigs after the operation are returned into a dirty pen. The only cure is to dissect the tumors and cords free from their attachments with the scrotal walls and then sever the cord well above the tumor by means of an excruciator or emasculator. Pigs do not well stand such operations and are apt to die of shock. To prevent the tumors from forming make large incisions in the scrotum when castrating, sever the cords high above the testicles and then turn the pigs onto clean pasture or into a clean, disinfected pen.

**CURE FOR BOTS WANTED.**—My work horse has had lots of pain from colic and I have been told that bots in the stomach cause the pain and that I should give medicine to kill the bots. What shall I use?

**REPLY.**—All horses that have pastured on grass have bots in their stomachs at this time of the year and it is rare indeed for these parasites to do any appreciable harm. They do not cause colic when in the stomach but there is a bare possibility that they may set up some irritation in rare cases should they happen to hook onto the lining of the intestine or rectum in passing out of the body in spring. Nothing can be given to the horse that will kill the bots without also killing the horse. Bots will live in absolute alcohol for some time and we have seen them alive at the end of ten days when immersed in a fairly strong solution of formaldehyde. Take it as certain that you do not need to treat your horse for bots but that more care should be taken as to his food and feeding for the prevention of colic. If he has another attack of pain give him an ounce of fluid extract of cannabis indica and an ounce of turpentine in a pint of raw linseed oil as one dose.

**TUBERCULOSIS.**—How can one tell if a cow has tuberculosis? Some of my neighbors' cows were killed for this disease and they seemed to look about as well as the average dairy cow does in winter.

**REPLY.**—It is absolutely impossible to say for sure by physical examination alone that a cow has tuberculosis unless she happens to be in the last stages of consumption when she will be run down, weak, thin, hidebound and probably cough and have swimming eyes, an anxious countenance, dirty skin and tendency to scour. When a cow shows signs of gradual pining away suspect that she has tuberculosis and be especially careful regarding cows that have chronic trouble with their udders and those that have hard lumps in their udders or that have slight attacks of udder trouble now and then which subside without treatment and for which no cause could be attributed. The only sure way of determining whether cows have tuberculosis or not is to have them tested with tuberculin, or to learn to make the tuberculin test personally. It requires a hollow needle and hypodermic syringe, a clinical thermometer and the necessary dose of tuberculin (two and one half cubic centimeters) for each cow. The cow's normal temperature is determined by taking three preliminary temperatures; then the tuberculin is injected under the skin of the neck or shoulder and next day, commencing at six a. m. the temperature is taken and set down every two hours until four temperatures have been taken. If the temperature the second day rises two or more degrees above the normal temperature of the day the tuberculin was injected and stays up for several hours, usually rising gradually and as gradually falling again, the cow may be considered tuberculous and should be dealt with accordingly.

**CURING A CURB.**—I have a fine colt that has curb just back of and under the point of the left hock joint but it does not cause lameness. I would like to remove it if you can tell me how.

**REPLY.**—Once daily wet the hair over curb with a mixture of two parts of tincture of iodine and one part each of alcohol and turpentine; then by means of a piece of smooth, hard wood rub from above downward upon curb, using considerable pressure. Keep this treatment up if necessary for several months and it will succeed far better than the common plan of applying blisters. The rubbing doubtless does most of the good.

## A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)  
role. As the pleasant days passed, she and Judge Kent watched their host, hoping for some manifestation of tenderness, or pique, or consciousness of past sutor-claims, but might portend possibility of renewal. No faintest evidence of other than calm, friendly, hospitable interest rewarded their scrutiny. If it were indeed complete surrender of hopes once cherished, would there not have been traces of disappointment, some bitterness, some cloud on face and manner?

Although she was unusually free from coquetry, Egiah was too familiar with the moods of rejected lovers not to observe the exceptional demeanor of the master of Greyledge, and his cool insouciance would have perplexed her had she not recollected his assurance that no word of his should ever reveal the painful interview in the carriage. She noticed that he never touched her arm or hand if it could be avoided, and, if he really cared for her society, why did he invite Roger Hull to his house and afford him every opportunity to monopolize her? The weather continued favorable; the guests could not fail to regret the approaching end of their visit, and Mr. Herriott seemed unusually happy, yet he had abstained from being alone with Egiah.

On the last day, at the close of dinner, the host proposed that coffee and cigars should be served on the terrace overlooking the water. The moon rose out of a tawny haze that smoldered at the horizon, but silvered and glistened as the light shone through. Eliza stole away to pack the trunk, and Senator Kent, the professor, and Mr. Hull strolled up and down smoking, while Miss Roberts and Mr. Stapleton followed Mr. Herriott to the pavilion, where he unlocked a boat and fitted the oars. Miss Manning's favorite anisette had accomplished its mission, and her white head was bowed on the billowy lace fichu that covered her neck. Noisily Egiah slipped into the loggia, down the steps leading to the garden beyond the courtyard, and ran along a dark garden under dense overhanging boughs. For a little while she must be alone to ponder the first really stern words her father had ever spoken to her. They were writing letters in the library that morning, when Senator Kent turned to her.

"My daughter, I must tell you that I am watching very impatiently for the announcement of your acceptance of Herriott."

"Father, you will never hear it."

"I distinctly refuse to believe you will persist in defying my wishes. Hitherto you have very sweetly yielded to my guidance in all matters of

importance, but if you obstinately and foolishly thwart a cherished plan that concerns me more deeply than you know, you will forfeit my forgiveness."

"No silly romances, if you please, my dear. You quite understand my wishes."

"Father, even if my own feelings had changed sufficiently to induce me to give him a different answer, I am absolutely sure Mr. Noel will never renew his offer; and this fact is most welcome, because it removes all possibility of my obeying you. You must see that he is now simply my friend."

"Then you have only a short time in which to recall him. Women whistle lovers back as easily as traps catch mice. It depends solely on you, and I warn you now of bitter consequences unless you comply with—"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Read the next chapter, "The Gates of Heaven," when Leighton Dane sleeps his last sleep. Send 15 cents for subscription or renewal, or 25 cents for two years.

## Lady Isabel's Daughter or, For Her Mother's Sin

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

and I shall keep my word, be the consequences what they may."

There are times in this life when the evil spirits take hold of us and lead us willingly into dreadful pitfalls and such a time was this with Lady Isabel. She had not spoken softly. Smarting under the recollection of what happened last night in the gilded flower-scented drawing-room, she spoke with angry emphasis, and her grace, the duchess, coming out into the corridor, heard those angry, luckless words—heard and treasured them, and in the tragical days to come, recalled them with a cold sort of horror, and spoke them with contempt and reproach.

Isabel had not noticed her presence—it would not have blotted those fatal words out if she had—and gathering up her silken robes she ran lightly up the stairs, while my lady following slowly, with a queer little smile on her delicate blonde loveliness, glided serenely on to the door of her own apartments, humming as she went:

"Oh fair lady, fond lady,  
Birth is not all;  
Oh fair lady, fond lady,  
Pride brings a fall!  
Your name may be the grandest—  
'Tis kings at your call;  
But the pride that stands highest  
Has the furthest to fall!"

And Rosamond, Countess Mount Severn, humming that rude little ditty foretold the future with a sibyl's power.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 15 cents for one year, or 25 cents for two years, and read the next chapter, "A Dark Temptation," when Lady Rosamond schemes for her hour of triumph.

In reading this sequel to Mrs. Wood's famous novel it has reminded many of our readers to ask for the book "East Lynne," and we are now offering it as a premium, in an attractive cloth binding for a club of only three subscribers to this paper, at 15 cents each. "Lady Isabel" will not be published in book form, but nearly every reader will want a copy of "East Lynne" in the house for reference while reading this story.

## Charlie's Fortune

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

He was offered fifteen, eighteen hundred, and then two thousand—and this was the most he had ever expected to get—but he did not intend that Squire Peter should make any money on it. Job was stiff to the end, and he took his leave.

The squire cursed him, and the constable cursed him, after he had gone, and both wondered what had come over the man. He must have heard that the brick company had chosen the location for its works. Job went home feeling more like a nabob than ever. Betsy Ann and Charlie rejoiced with him, and there was no happier family in Oslip. Three days later the "Belle of the Bay" contained a cargo of those large oysters, ready for New York.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 15 cents for new subscription or renewal for one year and continue the uninterrupted reading of one of the strongest serials ever given to our readers. Read the next chapter, "Mr. Timothy Twiterton," and his endeavor to strengthen the firm's good opinion of his ability.

## Another Case of Cancer Cured.

BURLINGTON, N. J., FEB. 24.—The family and friends of Mrs. Annie Rodman, are rejoicing over her wonderful recovery from a bad cancer of the breast, after her regular doctor had given her up. Mrs. Rodman had about despaired of ever getting well when she heard of a new remedy called Cancerol, originated by Dr. L. T. Leach of Indianapolis, Ind.

Without much hope of success she wrote the Doctor, who came on to see her and consented to take her case. He started her at once to using Cancerol, which she was able to apply herself at home.

It is only natural that Mrs. Rodman who is now as well as she ever was, cannot say enough in praise of Dr. Leach and his wonderful remedy. She urges everyone afflicted to write for Dr. Leach's 100-page book on cancer, which is free for the asking.

## Free Deafness Cure.

A Remarkable offer made by one of the leading ear specialists in this country. Dr. Brannaman offers to all applying at once two full months' medicine free to prove his ability to cure permanently Deafness, Head Noises and Catarrh in every stage. Address Dr. G. M. Brannaman, 1280 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo. See offer on Page 19.

## BUCKBEE'S BIG SEED CATALOG.

We wish that every reader of ours would send for a copy of Buckbee's Big Seed and Plant Guide for 1908. It is replete with good illustrations showing many vegetables and flowers in their true and natural colors. This book contains a vast fund of information of especial value to buyers of seeds and plants. Buckbee's seeds are the best that money can buy. The Big Buckbee Seed and Plant Guide is free to all our readers who mention this paper. H. W. Buckbee, Farm 315, Rockford, Ill.

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### The Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

Bess.—The cracking you hear when combing your hair is electricity. See reply to E. H. S. in this column.

M. O. F. and others interested in dimple process see reply to Miss M. O. P. in this column.

A. N. H.—Wear corset with front garters. This will reduce stomach.

Dreamy Eyes.—See reply to Cal. Girl. Rub olive oil into the skin until it is absorbed.

E. M. G. W.—Yes, brown would be becoming to you. Your hair is arranged very becomingly. If you wish a change, wear it low and parted. Let me hear from you again.

Jess.—Your hips should measure thirty-eight inches and so should your bust. You should weigh one hundred and thirty-eight pounds to be in exact proportions. Take the Milk Diet. See reply to M. E. in this column.

Miss L. W. and F. M. S.—See reply to Lady Jane in this number.

I. Howe.—See reply to X. Y. Z. Shampoo frequently with tar soap rinsing well.

Boyton Girl.—I do not advise dying hair. It generally streaks.

Eva.—See reply to Cal. Girl. Rub blue ointment sparingly at the nape of the neck and crown of the head. This will destroy the nits. See reply to L. L. in this number. Come whenever you are in trouble.

Bookkeeper.—Your weight is all right. See reply to Ida M. E. in this issue. Rub the peroxide on the face, then a good skin food. Quinine is a powder with a bitter taste. Put this on your nails and it will break you of biting them.

Pansy.—You will notice the effects of the Milk Diet in a week.

Peggy.—If you squeeze the pimples, apply peroxide as it takes out the poison.

September.—A good toothpowder is not harmful. Use Beauty Bags on your hands. See reply to L. S., St. John, N. Dak.

Little Brown-eyed Beauty.—Wear size No. 19 corset.

Omega W.—Your case needs the attention of a doctor. See reply to E. H. S. for falling hair in this number. Frequent steaming of the face enlarges the pores. A hand that wears a six and a quarter glove is a medium sized hand. A seven hat for a man is a good size.

N. M. S. N. J.—Read thoroughly article on Milk Diet. Olive oil and raw eggs three times a day will be good for you.

Troubled L. M. P.—If your face is dry and "chilblasty" rub in face cream and leave it there. See reply to Grace in this column. Don't use the preparation you mention on your face. See reply to Olive Farmer.

Lonnie.—Do not cut the superfluous hair off as it will only grow in coarser and heavier, try the Peroxide and Hydrogen cure. See reply to E. A. L. and R. I. in this column. Read article in December number.

O. S., Cal.—Do not dye your hair it is very unsatisfactory.

L. A. F.—The weight for five feet, two inches is one hundred and twenty-five pounds.

Annie S.—I do not sell hair pads. Get one at a dry-goods store.

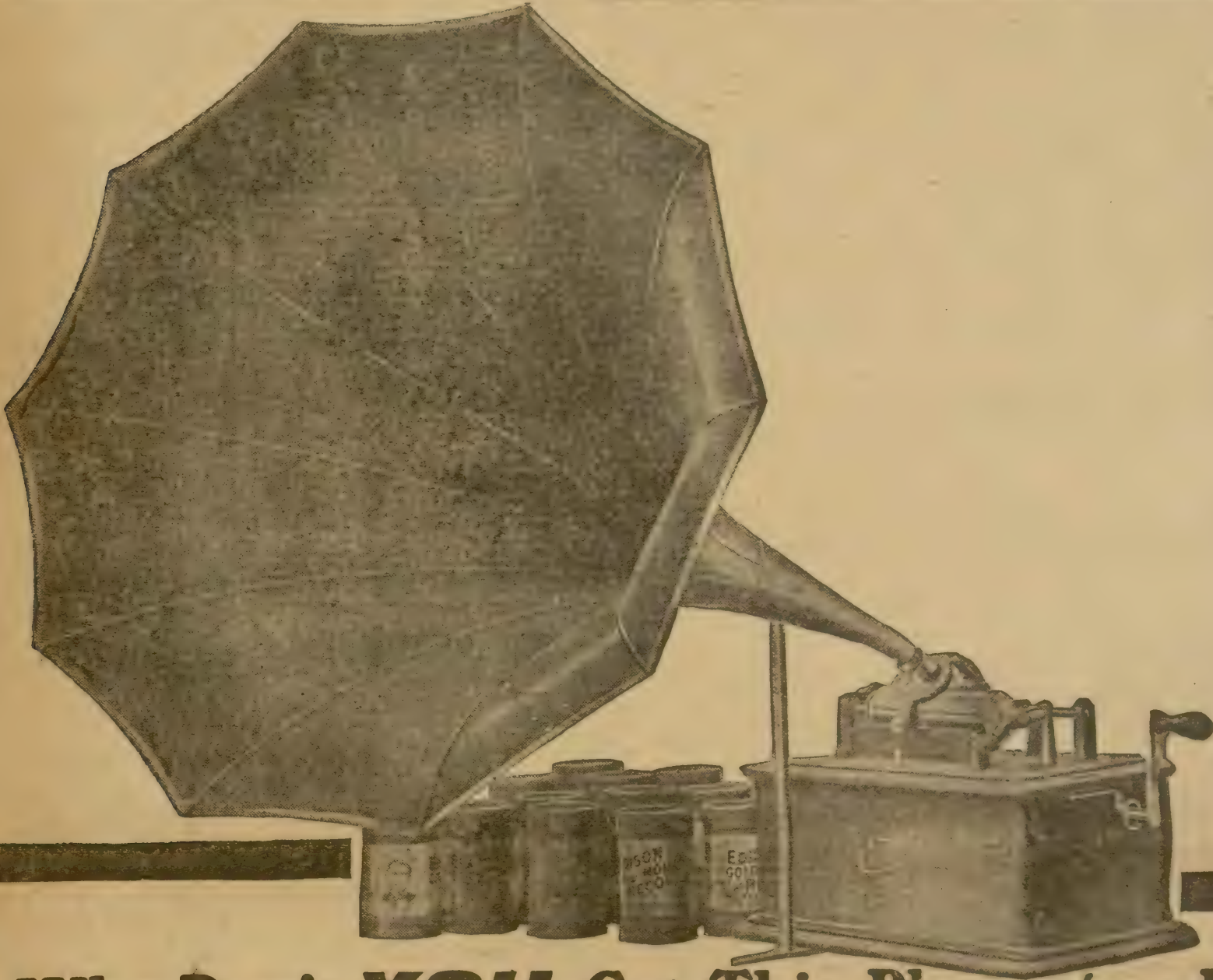
Miss A. M. B.—I think your flesh is not only too much but unhealthy. Several of your troubles show bad blood and bowel trouble as well. See reply to Cal. Girl and L. L. in this column. See X. Y. Z. for dandruff cure and E. H. S. for hair growth.

L. D. S., Centerville.—I have recommended for the girls the Hot Water Cure for just such cases as yours. You will find in this column a cure for blackheads. You should diet very closely for a time and if you could take long walks you would get rid of some of your flesh.

Golden-haired Rose.—See reply to Blue Eyes. See reply to Ida M. E. in this column.

Gray Eyes.—You ought to read M. E. in this column and begin at once.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care of COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.



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I know that there are thousands and thousands of people who have never heard the Genuine Edison Phonograph. Nearly everyone is familiar with the screechy, unnatural sounds produced by the imitation machines (some of which though inferior are very expensive). After hearing the old style and imitation machines people become prejudiced against all kinds of "Talking Machines." Now there's only one way to convince these people that the Edison is superior and that is to let the people actually see and hear this remarkable instrument for themselves. That is why I am making this offer. I can't tell you one-twentieth of the wonders of the Edison, nothing I can say or write will make you actually hear the grand full beauty of its tones. No words can begin to describe the tender, delicate sweetness with which the genuine new style Edison reproduces the soft, pleading notes of the flute, or the thunderous, crashing harmony of a full brass band selection. The wonders of the new style Edison defy the power of any pen to describe. Neither will I try to tell you how, when you're tired, nervous and blue, the Edison will soothe you, comfort and rest you, and give you new strength to take up the burdens of life afresh. The only way to make you actually realize these things for yourself is to loan you a Genuine Edison Phonograph free and let you try it.

#### You Don't Have to Buy It:

As possible of your friends to hear this wonderful new style Edison. You will want to do that anyway because you will be giving them genuine pleasure. I feel absolutely certain that out of the number of your friends who will hear your machine there will be at least one and probably more who will want an Edison of their own. If they don't, if not a single one of them orders a Phonograph (and this sometimes happens) I won't blame you in the slightest. I shall feel that you have done your part when you have given these free concerts. You won't be asked to act as our agent or even assist in the sale of a single instrument. In fact, we appoint no such agents and at the rock-bottom price on this wonderful new outfit we could not allow any commission to anyone.

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**WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL, Dept. 12**  
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# Take me Back to Dixie.

WORDS & MUSIC BY CHAS. SHACKFORD.

*Andante moderato.*

1. When the gold - en moon was beam - ing in the  
2. Through the days and nights of fight - ing on the

az - ure west - ern sky, When na - ture brought to close an - oth - er day, . . . By the camp - fire's dy - ing em - bers a  
drear - y west - ern plains Some com - rade oft would send a last fare - well . . . To the loved ones on the home - stead who

sol - dier boy in blue Was think - ing of his home so far a - way. . . . He saw the old plan - ta - tion and he  
wait - ed day by day And prayed for him who fought mid shot and shell. . . . The last brave charge was end - ed and that

heard the dark - ies sing, He saw the steam - boat com - ing 'round the bend; . . . In his dream he saw his sweetheart and his  
sol - dier boy in blue Lay dy - ing when he whis - pered "'Tis the end; . . . Wrap the stars and stripes a - round me and

*CHORUS. Andante.*

com - rades heard him say "Just take me back to Dix - ie once a - gain. . . . I can hear her sing - ing  
tell her not to mourn, Then take me back to Dix - ie once a - gain. . . .

com - ing down the lane, I can hear the chil - dren join the sweet re - frain; I can see the wild - wood

*Andante con espressione.*

where we loved to roam. Oh, take me back to dear old Dix - ie and to the old folks at home."

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**FREE CATALOGUE**



# Virgie's Inheritance

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Virginia Abbot, the only child, of a once honored bank president, lives alone with her father and Chinese servant, Chi Lu, in a retired mining district. Her father is slowly dying, and she begs him to go home. "We have no home, but this," is his hoarse cry. He is dead to everyone, but his daughter, and his real name, sun in oblivion. A wild storm sweeps through the mountains. William Heath loses his way, and Mr. Abbot gives him shelter for the night. Five years before, Mr. Abbot built a comfortable house near his mine, furnishing it with a few elegancies from his former home. Carefully he attends to Virginia's education, providing her with new books and papers.

Mr. Abbot admits he is willing to dispose of his claim. In one week William Heath will return. In the meanwhile he asks for the refusal of it. William Heath returns from his trip. He purchases the mine. The young people are thrown into each other's company. Virgie learns to love. He asks Mr. Abbot for Virgie's hand in marriage and admits his identity; he is an Englishman, Sir William Heath. The consent of the father gained he asks Virgie to be his wife. Mr. Abbot desires an early marriage. Doctor Thornton performs the marriage ceremony. Mr. Abbot dies in October and Sir William takes his bride to San Francisco. They come to New York. Sir William is called to England. His mother is ill. He leaves his wife. A little heiress is born who is christened "Virgie May." Sir William's sister Miriam, Lady Linton, treats his marriage with contempt. The household knows nothing of the marriage. Unless she receives her as becomes a sister of the house the doors of Heathdale will be closed to her.

Lady Linton reads private papers belonging to Sir William. She writes a letter to Mrs. Sara Farnum, San Francisco, Cal., destined to do much harm. Lady Linton's disappointment in her brother not marrying Sadie Farnum is hard to conceal. Sir William is kept in England by the doctor's verdict. He fears he is missing her letters. Virgie becomes anxious regarding her husband's letters. She meets Mrs. Farnum and her daughter. The elder woman poisons the young wife's mind and tells her it is impossible that Sir William Heath is her husband. Virgie receives a letter from Sir William and allows Mrs. Farnum to read it. She fears she has been terribly deceived and shows a letter written to her by Lady Linton, in which she speaks of the marriage of Will and Margie. If what she says is true, Virgie sails for Liverpool on the next steamer. Her child is the legitimate heir of Heathdale. Mrs. Farnum realizes the girl has spirit. Sir William has a cousin who bears his name and marries Margaret Stanhope. Mrs. Farnum writes Lady Linton and poisons the minds of the guests of the house. Virgie notices the suspicious looks. She writes her husband. In his absence Lady Linton destroys Virgie's letter to him. Upon her brother's return she has a serious talk with him and in her letter to Mrs. Farnum represents he incloses a hundred pound note for Virgie. It is the gift of Sir William for the benefit of a crippled girl, and while Lady Linton artfully weaves some theory of truth, it serves the scheming woman's purpose. Virgie clings to the conviction she is a lawful wife and will prove it. The proprietor of the house requests her to vacate her rooms; he is informed she is not Mrs. Heath and he produces an English paper with a marked paragraph.

Sir William makes arrangements to leave home. It must be known he has a wife and child. Arriving in New York he calls upon Mr. Eldridge and demands the reason for his wife's absence. The paper is produced with Sir William's supposed marriage. He goes to Virgie's old home in the mountains. He sees Doctor Thornton who married him; he is convinced there is a conspiracy to separate Sir William and Virgie. Sir William returns to England. He receives a notice of the coming separation. A serious illness follows.

Virgie seeks and obtains employment as a designer for Christmas novelties, and gives the name of Alexander to Mr. Knight, the publisher. She meets a man whose eyes are like no others in the world and reads a personal which puzzles and alarms her. Going out she is closely veiled. Her residence in San Francisco for a year, gives her a right to apply for divorce.

Ten years pass. Sir William finds no trace of his wife. He becomes guardian to the son of Major Hamilton. Mr. Knight makes a proposal of marriage. Virgie refuses. She receives an unexpected visitor—her Uncle Mark. He will make restitution for the money stolen from the bank. He makes clear the name of Virgie's father from dishonor. He places in Virgie's hands a package committed to his care, and advises her to keep it twenty years, then do as she pleases with it. The package is sealed with a motto meaning "Upright and Loyal." The uncle dies, leaving Virgie a fortune. She moves to New York. Several years later she goes to Niagara, and at one of the hotels reads on the register, William Heath and wife, Master Willie Heath and maid. She meets Mrs. Heath, who is fascinated with Virgie. There may be a son but Virgie shall have her inheritance.

There is a railroad accident and Virgie rescues Lady Linton from a horrible death. She makes her comfortable in her illness. Before they separate Virgie admits she is the woman whom her brother loves, and Lady Linton realizes her treachery and wickedness. She recalls Virgie's threat.

Eight years pass. Percy Linton plans to return to the neglected estate his father impoverished. Rupert Hamilton is going to visit America. Lillian Linton's heart aches. She loves Rupert. He grasps the situation but does not commit himself. Rupert comes to America. He joins a Raymond party and meets Virgie Alexander who is under the care of Mr. Knight and his sister and becomes interested in her. Mr. Knight requests Rupert to wait for Mrs. Alexander's permission to win Virgie. Mr. Knight champions Rupert. Mrs. Alexander resolves Virgie and the Englishman shall never meet.

## CHAPTER XXXVII. (CONTINUED).

SHE had been a beautiful child, but she was far lovelier now, possessing her mother's refined and delicate features, and graceful figure, while her eyes were so like her father's that her mother often suffered keenest pain as she looked into them, and seemed to be gazing again through them into the heart of the man whom she had loved so fondly in her youth.

Of late she had pined anew for the affection which had guarded her so tenderly in those early years.

Perhaps it was because her health had not been as firm as usual during the last few months. She felt weary and depressed. She longed for someone to lean upon—someone strong and true to shield her from the cares and worry of life.

Every day, during the first two weeks of May, Virgie watched for the coming of Rupert Hamilton.

She knew that he expected to return to New York about this time, and she felt sure that he would seek her at once, while she believed that his coming would mean a great deal to her. There was an eager, expectant look on her young face, a deeper flush in her cheeks, a bright and hopeful light in her eyes.

Mrs. Alexander read the signs of the time

well, and realized that the hour for her to act had come.

The warm weather was very enervating to her. She drooped visibly, and calling in her physician she asked his advice regarding some change of residence.

He advised her to leave the city immediately; to go to some quiet country place where she could have pure air, fresh, rich milk, and a nourishing diet.

Consequently she decided to seek a lovely place on the Hudson, where she had spent a summer several years previous, and where she could be as quiet as she chose, and rest the lifelong day if she wished.

Miss Knight decided to accompany her, for her brother feared that the woman whom he still regarded with far more than mere friendly feelings, was more frail than she acknowledged herself to be, and he thought she ought to have someone more experienced than Virgie with her in the event of any more serious illness.

Mr. Knight himself was contemplating a trip through the New England states, but promised to join them and spend the remainder of the summer with them upon his return.

Poor Virgie was made very unhappy upon learning of these plans, for it destroyed her hope of meeting Rupert Hamilton, who, she believed, was even now upon his way back to New York.

She did not, however, oppose a single objection to her mother's plans, for the doctor had said her health demanded an immediate change, and she was not selfish enough to wish to delay a single hour, even though her going might blight the fondest hopes of her life.

But she could not deceive the keen eyes of love, and Mrs. Alexander was quick to note her paling cheek, the thoughtful, wistful look upon her hitherto bright face, and she realized with a bitter pang that already her darling's heart had responded to a stronger affection than hers.

But it made her all the more eager to hasten her departure, and on the fifth of May they left New York for their summer home upon the Hudson.

Thus it will be seen that Rupert, who arrived in New York only a few days later, missed them, and was cut off entirely from all communication with Virgie.

He sought Mr. Knight upon the very day of his arrival, but was greatly disappointed to learn that he had left the city. He then repaired to the address which he had given him, hoping to find Virgie, but the house was closed; and though he inquired at one or two places, no one could tell him whither Mrs. Alexander and her daughter had gone.

Life seemed to grow suddenly dark to him then, for he had been looking forward to this hour with a great deal of hope. It had been no light struggle for him to break away from the party at San Jose as he had done, and only a sense of honor and his own weakness had enabled him to do so.

He knew that he loved Virgie Alexander with the one strong passion of his life, and that if he had continued the journey with her he must have told her so. Mr. Knight's conversation with him, however, had convinced him that this would be wrong, and so the only thing that remained for him was to get out of the way of temptation. But during all his journey he had looked forward to the day when, in her mother's presence, he could honorably proclaim his affection, which only strengthened with every passing day, and win her for his wife.

He remained in New York two or three weeks, hoping to learn something of either Mr. Knight or the Alexanders; but he failed to do so, and then turned his face in another direction, resolving to prolong his stay in America until fall, with the hope of finding Virgie, when he should again return to New York before sailing for England.

He spent the summer in visiting the New England States, the great lakes, and some portions of Canada. He saw much to interest him, but was conscious all the time of one intense longing, one unsatisfied desire, and it was with a feeling of relief that, at the beginning of October, he found himself once more in New York.

Sir William was very impatient for his return, and had written charging him to take passage as early as possible for home, for there was to be a great celebration at Heathdale on the twentieth of the month to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of an orphan's home.

Consequently Rupert's first duty was to engage his stateroom for his return voyage, the steamer advertising to sail on the eighth.

Then he again instituted inquiries for his friends, but none of them had yet returned, neither was he able to discover their summer resort, and thus the eighth of October came, and, with a sadder heart than he ever possessed, Rupert went on board the Cephalonia to return to his native land.

How many times Sir William Heath had turned his face homeward with just the same despair at his heart; the same moody brow, and pained, anxious face; the same intense longing for the woman whom he loved better than life itself!

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

Rupert stood at the stern of the vessel as the last bell rang, and she slowly swung out from her moorings and began to steam down the harbor.

His arms were tightly folded across his chest, which seemed laden with a hundred-pound weight; his face was pale and stern, his eyes moody and fixed upon the receding domes and spires of the great city that he had just left.

There was a conflict of emotions in his soul, and rebellion was the fiercest of them all—rebellion against his bitter disappointment and the unrequited love that filled his heart.

He never moved from his post for an hour; he had no interest in anything that was transpiring about him; he knew, or thought he knew, no one on board, and he had no desire for society just then, even if he had; he cared little or nothing about the location of his stateroom, or to learn who were to be his companions during the next eight days.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

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Someone's Birthday comes every day in the year, and Birthday Post Cards are very nice to send to an absent friend, either on their Birthday or during the month of their Birthday. We have a series of twelve new Birthday Cards from original designs of our own, as shown in this illustration, and which we own and control by copyright, so you are at once assured exclusive cards that have not been seen elsewhere, and which cannot be equalled or excelled. They are beautifully printed in many bright lithographic colors. Our subjects cover the twelve months of the year, each card treating a different month in the following complete manner: January is represented by the snowdrop as the flower of the month; February by the hellebore and the sign of the Zodiac, a virgin; and "Birthday Greetings." February is represented by the Crocus as the flower of the month, and so on through the different months, and each month has "Birthday Greetings." or "Merry Happy Returns of the Day" printed with appropriate decorations. Souvenir collectors are getting these cards in sets to keep, they are so very pretty, and all should have at least one set to show to friends and get others to send to absent ones on Birthdays. We will send a set of twelve Birthday Post Cards free for a club of only two yearly subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each. Get up a club of five yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, and we will send you three sets so you can have some to sell to your friends. You like. Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

A club of TWO subscribers must not include sender's name as a renewal. Both subscriptions must be bona-fide new subscribers at 15 cents each.

## Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to add to the upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending fifteen (15) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent to an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

O. B. F.—Under the laws of the state from which you write, upon such a statement of facts as you present, we are of the opinion: (1) That, in case your father leaves no will at the time of his death and your mother survives him, she will share equally in his personal estate with the children, the father or mother's place, and that she will be entitled to dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate; (2) that, subject to the rights of the widow, the balance of the estate, both real and personal will be divided among the children or their descendants in equal shares; (3) that horses and carriages, harness, etc., are personal property. Real estate consists of houses and lands; (4) that, if your father desires the property he has turned over to your brother to be charged against him as an advancement against his inheritance, he should draw a will and set forth that fact in the will; (5) that in case your father draws a will his estate will be divided according to the terms of the will and not according to the intestacy laws as above set forth, except that he cannot bar your mother's right of dower in his real estate, unless he, in his will, make provisions for her in lieu of dower, which are accepted by her.

L. L. R.—As we do not render advice on matters relating to divorces, you should submit your question to some local attorney.

E. S. L.—You should submit your question to some local attorney.

E. V. M.—We cannot understand from your statement from whom you obtained title to the land you mention and when you obtained title to it, or whether you were owner prior to the tax sale of 1884. Under the laws of the State from which you write we are of the opinion, that action for recovery of the damages he has sustained must be brought within ten years from the accrual of the right of entry, saving disabilities. A tax search should reveal whether or not the land company has a tax collector's deed to the property. We think that even though they have, and take no steps to enforce their title, the statute of limitations will soon bar any rights they may have in the property, if it has not done so already.

S. D. A.—Upon your statement to us, we are of the opinion that the Italian you mention is the one who is liable to your father for the damages he has sustained. Your father is liable to the doctor for his services, and then he in turn is entitled to collect this amount in addition to whatever other damage he suffered from the Italian; but as you state the Italian has gone away and your father cannot find him, it seems to us that your father will be compelled to stand the loss, unless he can successfully trace the person, or, as would seem to be the better way, unless your father can collect his damages from the saloon-keeper who you say guaranteed the payment of them by the Italian.

Mrs. E. B. G.—We are of the opinion that, if the marriage was in all other respects legal and valid, the fact that the ceremony was performed on Sunday would not invalidate it. We think that you must be in error in your statement that, on that ground, the Court you mention declared the marriage invalid. We think there must have been other questions entering in the case.

C. M.—A resident of one State can bring an action for debt against a resident of another, but, we are of the opinion that in order to do so, if the action is brought in a State court it will be necessary to obtain service upon the defendant, either personal service, service by publication or in some other way prescribed by the Court or law, as the jurisdiction of the highest courts of the various States does not extend beyond the boundary line of the State. We think that in order to render a judgment effective against the defendant's property, so that this property can be levied upon, this property must be in the State where the judgment was obtained, or the judgment must be obtained upon personal service. We think the more usual method of procedure in such cases is to either bring the action in the State in which the defendant is a resident or to bring the action in the Federal courts, but in that event the action must be brought in the district of which the defendant is a resident. In the event of bringing an action in the State courts of a State of which the plaintiff is not a resident, or some district of a Federal Court in a State of which the plaintiff is not a resident, it is sometimes necessary for the plaintiff to give a bond as security for costs which might be awarded against him in the event of his failure to establish his case.

J. P. C.—We are of the opinion that the courts of the State you mention have jurisdiction and power to punish all offenders, both on land and water, within the boundary lines of said State. Such portions of the river you mention as lie within the boundaries of another State are under control of the laws of that State.

C. O. D.—We are of the opinion: (1) That your legal remedy is an action for trespass or ejectment; (2) that in the event of your being successful you will be entitled to recover, in addition to your damages, your taxable costs and disbursements, which do not necessarily include your attorney's fees; (3) and that you should employ an attorney to bring your action in the proper court of your County and State.

Mrs. N. M. V.—Under the laws of the State you mention, we are of the opinion that, if upon the death of the woman you mention, she leaves no will and her husband survives her, he will be entitled to a life estate in all her real estate, as tenant by the entirety; that, subject to this estate, her children, and the issue of any deceased child, take the real estate in equal shares; and that from her personal estate the surviving husband takes an equal share, absolutely, with the children.

H. Z.—We are of the opinion that you should submit sample of your compound to the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., and get their approval under the Pure Food and Drug Act. After you have obtained this you should comply with whatever license requirements your locality demands.

Mrs. E. F. S.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, we are of the opinion that, as we understand from your statement, the property is all in the name of your husband, there is no legal way for you to enforce a division of the same during his lifetime. We think that you can compel him to provide for your support in a manner suitable to his means and station in life, and in case you can establish in a suit for separation, that his conduct amounts to extreme cruelty, you can obtain from the Court a decree of separation allowing you to pay your husband a sum of money, and compelling him to pay you at stated intervals a suitable amount fixed by the Court for your support and maintenance. After procuring such a decree of the Court you might find him in a better humor to talk about a lump sum in settlement in lieu of the payments at stated intervals. The courts will not countenance collusive agreements between parties providing for absolute divorce, as such agreements are against the policy of the law.

Mrs. L. H. I.—Under the laws of the State you mention, we are of the opinion that action on judgments and decrees should be brought within ten years, and any action upon the official bond of an administrator, executor or guardian should be brought within six years from the final auditing of his account.

R. J.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, we are of the opinion that estates in dower and by curtesy are abolished and that the estate, both real and personal, other than homestead property, descends one third to the surviving spouse and the balance in equal shares to the children and the lawful issue of any deceased child or children by right of representation, except that from the personal estate some minor provisions are made for the support of the widow and minor children.

cept that from the personal estate some minor provisions are made for the support of the widow and minor children.

Miss K. G.—You should first submit sample and receive permission to manufacture and sell your compound from the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C. All packages should be properly labeled as to contents under the Pure Food and Drug Act of the Federal Government. After you have complied with the law you should comply with whatever the local requirements of your locality may be as to licenses for the manufacture or sale of such compounds you desire to deal in. You should procure your license and pay your fee before commencing business.

G. D.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion that the records of the State or Territory, where you say the man you mentioned died, should show what property he left and what disposition was made of it. If he used, as you say he did, some name other than his correct one, it will be necessary to search under the name he was known by. The question of proving his identity and kinship is one that will come up after you have located the property, which you say he owned at the time of his death.

Mrs. L. R.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion that the holder of the notes you signed can take judgment against you for the amount you owe on the same, unless you put in a defense and prove upon the trial that the notes were of no value by some legal defense, such as, that they were procured by fraud, or some other good defense. The theory of the law is that you should have protected yourself and not have signed the notes. The law of itself will do nothing to protect those who do nothing to protect themselves.

J. W.—As we have stated to you, we are of the opinion, that the estate of a decedent is bound for the funeral expenses. If in the estate you mention you think there has been some irregularity in regard to the undertaker's bill, if you are a party in interest, you should contest its payment or contest the allowance to the administrator for making such payment on his accounting before the Court.

Mrs. A. S.—We are of the opinion that, if the marriage you mention was regular and valid in all other respects, the fact that the groom was of illegitimate birth would in no way affect the validity of the marriage.

Miss L. D. G.—Under the laws of the State where you say the property you mention is situated, we are of the opinion that, unless you can prove that you or your father labored under some disability, such as infancy, idiocy, insanity, or imprisonment, so that your right of action was taken out of the statute of limitations for a sufficient number of years so that the entire length of time that the statute has been allowed to run does not exceed twenty years, your right of action for the recovery of your father's share of this land has been defeated by your own neglect to prosecute your action; but that in computing the time you should bear in mind that the statute of limitations in that State was suspended from November 30th, 1860, to July, 1868.

F. W.—Under the laws of the State you mention, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of the father, provided he leaves no widow and leaves no will, his estate, both real and personal, will go in equal shares to all his children, each child of his first wife being entitled to the same share as the child of the second wife and the child or children of the deceased child taking their father's or mother's share. The children of the first wife are not entitled to receive anything from the estate of the second wife, as her heirs were her husband and her own child; if she had survived her husband and he had left no will, she would have been entitled to one third of his estate, but it was necessary for her to outlive her husband to inherit from his property; if she had outlived him, and then died leaving no will, her child would have inherited her share as well as her own from the father's estate.

J. H.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion that, after complying with the provisions of the Pure Food and Drug Act, it will be also necessary for you to comply with the Federal and local requirements for the sale and manufacture of your compound; that those requirements depend somewhat upon the ingredients of your compound and also on the manner in which you manufacture it and place it on the market. We think that a patent would only be necessary for your own protection.

E. B. J.—Under the laws of the State you mention, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of the husband, leaving no will, his wife would be entitled, if there were no issue, to one third of his real estate for life; if there were no issue, one half for life; and from his personal estate, one third absolutely if there were also issue; and if there were no issue, one half absolutely. The laws of descent and distribution vary considerably in the various states, and vary in almost every State according to the circumstances in regard to the relationship of the person entitled to inherit or receive a share from the intestate's estate. Opinions in this column are not meant to be exhaustive publications on the law and the origin of the law on any topic, but simply our short opinions of the law governing in specific cases.

C. B.—We are of the opinion that it is, although it is quite possible that you would never be punished for so doing.

Mrs. M. M. A.—We are of the opinion that the general guardian of the minor you mention would be responsible for her misconduct and misappropriation of the minor's estate; that if she has no property and every effort has been exhausted to collect from her, and the origin of the would lie against her bondsmen, but that such proceeding against the bondsmen would in no way relieve the general guardian.

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Mark on the diagram the location of the rupture. Answer the questions and mail this to **DR. W. S. RICE, 877 Main Street, Adams, N. Y.**

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Name \_\_\_\_\_

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Does rupture pain? \_\_\_\_\_ Do you wear a Truss? \_\_\_\_\_

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Any lady or girl can easily earn in her spare time anything she wants for the home or herself by selling Red Cross Flavouring Extracts. They sell for only 50c, and sell fast because every family uses extracts. We send a 10c sample to you on a guarantee; money back if not satisfactory. By selling only two dozen you earn this beautiful 48-piece Belton Monogram Dinner Set, 8 large 8-inch plates, 8 7 1/2-inch plates, 8 cups, 8 saucers, 8 butter plates, 8 sauce dishes, 8 large vegetable dishes, 1 large platter, 1 cake plate, 1 gravy bowl, 1 bread plate.

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Not an ordinary set, but one you will take pride and pleasure in showing to your friends. The edges of all pieces are traced with gold and elegantly decorated with clusters of roses and buds in their natural colors.

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If you suffer from Epileptic Fits or Falling Sickness or have Children that do so, my New Discovery and Treatment will give them immediate relief, and all you are asked to do is to send for Free Bottle of Epileptolide Cure and Test it. Complete directions with Free Treatment, also testimonials and 64 page book, "Epilepsy Explained," free by mail. Give AGE and full address.

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Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden starting in sleep, Nightmares, Hunger or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know they have heart trouble and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't die! Send 10c for hundreds of others, when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach.

**FREE TREATMENT COUPON**

Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it, with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 862, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charge. Enclose stamp for postage. Don't risk death by delay.

## FREE SILVER SPOONS.

We can furnish our customers with a half-dozen warranted quadruple plated Silver Spoons in one of the handsomest patterns imaginable. It was our good fortune to find a large line of silverware that could be bought cheap and our customers are getting the benefit. The pattern of these Spoons is new and very attractive and we have a few of same design to match, also Knives. We are anxious to increase the circulation of our big monthly magazine right away and to make a liberal gift offer on these Spoons to introduce our Magazine and obtain the subscription. As we guarantee these Spoons you should have no hesitancy about ordering at once.

**SPECIAL OFFER.** If you will send us 3 trial subscribers for our monthly for one year at 15 cents each, we will send the magazine one whole year to the addresses and to you we will send as a free gift a set of Six Spoons. For a club of 3 you can earn a dozen Spoons.

**COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

**CORAL NECKLACE**

Every Girl or Woman delights to possess a real coral necklace. The genuine Neapolitan article is so very expensive that few can afford one. This necklace looks so much like the real thing that many think they are, so perfect is the coloring of this Italian Wonder. It is a triple strand beautifully polished delicate coral pink necklace of just the proper shade to give it the most expensive appearance. We have but a limited number which we can give as premiums to all who get up clubs of 3 yearly subscribers at 15c. each.

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## BABY'S FIRST RING.



These are baby sizes only and are designed for the little one's tiny fingers. Each is heavily embossed with the words BABY, PET or DARLING, just as you prefer. Made in one style only, the regular hoop or band ring of 14 karat gold and babies' sizes has encouraged us to have this special line made up for our particular customers, and we are delighted with the patterns. They will please the parents of every lovely baby. Mamas and Papas, also friends, will find this an excellent privilege of obtaining the first ring for baby. We can promise satisfaction in fit if a bit of string or ribbon is sent showing size of the little finger. We will pack the ring in a cunning plush-lined box and you will be delighted with the whole.



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In the newest designs of chasing and the correct widths. Suitable for persons of all ages; a refined and dignified ring to be worn on all occasions. They are 14K gold plate and will wear a long time.

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## Gold Band Finger Ring.

A suitable wedding ring and the most used ring for the wedding occasion. This is a heavy band ring of 14K gold plate wears long and satisfactorily. So many years have these rings been used as wedding rings that we need not describe them to you, except to say that the quality of these particular rings is the best and you may be assured you will not regret having made the selection of one.

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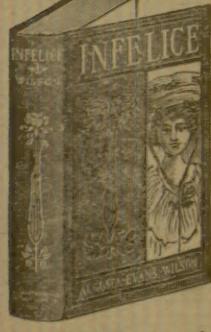
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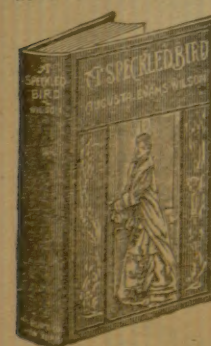
Mrs. Wilson has the distinction of having written the most fascinating American fiction in her several stories some of which are now forty years famous, and has not been approached by any Modern Story for continued success, and today her works command the highest prices and have the largest sales.



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**A SPECKLED BIRD** needs no introduction at this time as the story is appearing serially in *Comfort* to the entire satisfaction of our readers, if we may judge from the volume of testimony coming to us with expressions of thanks for furnishing such a splendid treat. It is difficult to pronounce a preference in Mrs. Evans Wilson's works; each story she has produced has won many thousands of readers. One book may be the most admired by one person and another has another choice, although no one will acknowledge any dislike for any.

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Bear in mind that your own subscription or renewal will not count in making up a club of two. In a club of three or more you may count in your subscription or renewal.

Two 2-year subscriptions in all club offers count as three 1-year subscriptions.

Now make hay while the sun shines. Get a move on and get up a good-sized subscription club before April 1, and select your premium.

**CAUTION.** In raising your club don't take any subscriptions for more than two years.

**Special Notice.** It is of utmost importance that we know whether you are a new or old subscriber to COMFORT.

So in sending in your subscription, whether you use this coupon or not, you must be sure and give us this information.

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

I am sending 15 cents to pay for one year's subscription to COMFORT. (Check amount sent and term subscribed for.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ County \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Mar. '08.

## 100 POST CARD OFFER

ELEGANT COLORED CARDS.

The Publishers of COMFORT have just received a very large assortment of beautiful colored Post Cards which they are going to give away for a very slight service. Many of these cards are lithographed in six or eight different colors and they comprise the finest lot of interesting subjects obtainable. We

have Views of all the principal Cities in America and Europe, many historic spots, Views from all over the world. Then there are Motto Cards, Birthday Cards, Cats, Kittens, Dog and Animal Cards of all kinds; Battleships, Comic Cards, Sentimental and Love Cards, Religious and Verse Cards, and beautiful Holiday Cards; in fact every sort of card you can imagine, all printed in fine quality. Many of our subscribers get up small clubs of subscriptions and secure these Cards Free. They then sell some of the cards to friends as they don't cost you anything but a few moments' time talking about this fine monthly.

**CLUB OFFER.** If you get a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each, we will send you 12 Assorted Post Cards Free and 25 for a club of 4; or for a Club of 7 Subscribers at 15 cents, we will send One Hundred Post Cards Free. Address, giving name of this paper, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**PLEASE UNDERSTAND** THAT WE CANNOT COUNT the agent's subscription or renewal as one of a club unless he sends in at least two subscriptions or renewals besides his own.

Having a Big run, everybody needs it. A wonderful offer. This is a standard work of real value, not to be compared with the anonymous and trashy dictionaries so largely advertised. It contains 344 pages, and upward of 30,000 words, with pronunciation and definition of each, and numerous illustrations. It is handsomely bound in cloth, and is a very neat and attractive book. To those who cannot afford a \$12.00 Webster, it furnishes an admirable substitute; in fact, unless you already have a modern, unabridged dictionary in the house, you should certainly have this. We will send this Dictionary by mail postpaid.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only two yearly subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each, you get this great value free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## A Post Card Album

That Will Hold Fifty Cards.



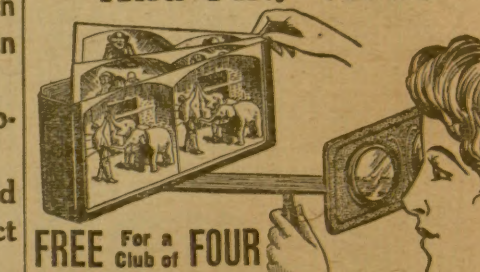
Our fifty-card Album is the most attractive on the market. On each page two cards may be displayed; the leaves are very heavy rigid paper stock of a heavy green shade, providing a very tasty and attractive background for all cards, and when two pages are opened together showing four cards, the appearance is extremely attractive, and one cannot neatly preserve a collection of Post Cards unless they are displayed in an Album. And better still, a very nice collection of Souvenir Postal Cards represents the individual and personal thought of absent or distant relatives and friends and they are very entertaining for visitors who enjoy looking them over; so, that in an Album, arranged in order, they are readily accessible and may be examined time after time with no harm to the Cards, and thus preserved in remembrance of the senders. No one thinks of collecting Souvenir Cards without an Album. Everyone wants an Album and the demand, just now, exceeds the supply. We are fortunate in having a great quantity on hand of first-class Albums which we are to distribute as premiums to those who will send us clubs of subscribers to this magazine as per our offer below.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each, we will send an Album free and will include a set of four Post Cards free, as a beginning towards filling the Album.

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## PETITE STEREOSCOPE

And Fifty Views



**FREE** For a Club of FOUR

As good as a Circus for the Children. A Nice compact metal Stereoscope, 50 fine Pictures of Family Scenes, Pets and Wild Animals, and a general Natural History Exhibition.

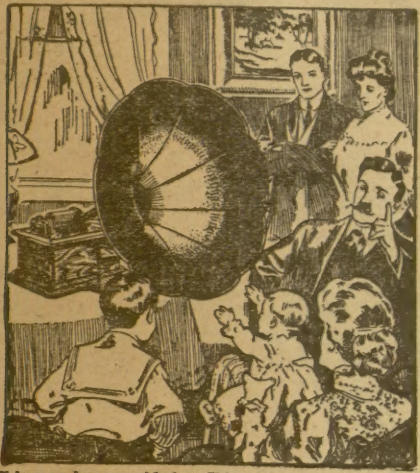
We are able to present a very interesting, entertaining, practical and instructive little article as well as that a regular menagerie can be picked out besides the Home features. The Entire Outfit takes apart and folds up, being packed in a nice box to ship by mail, postpaid, the 50 Views being all packed in the metal holder and placed inside the box when sent to you. We send one of these complete outfits for a club of only 4 subscribers to this paper at 15c. each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## Here's A Happy Family.

In every home there comes a time when all means of entertainment have fled. Every way to bring joy and cheerfulness has been exhausted. At those times father and mother begin to wonder what can be done to keep the boys and girls at home. It is a serious problem, but it must be met in every household. Young folks need something more than the things which have kept the older ones entertained. There is no father nor mother who does not want to keep the children at home, entertain them at home, take away the dullness and make them feel at home. I don't believe you could find better entertainment for the home and for your children than that which is pictured here. Surely there is no lack of joy with such scenes occurring nightly.



This man has provided an Edison Phonograph with Edison Gold Moulded records for his family. Tonight they are enjoying a minstrel show. If father, mother, baby and sons did not know that the music came from an Edison Phonograph they would be willing to SWEAR that the singers were in the same room with them.

Tomorrow night they will have a band concert, interspersed with beautiful operatic songs. The next night they will hear the beautiful chimes of Trinity just as they have been heard by thousands of tourists awed by their sublime beauty. They will hear also the wonderful violin solo with harp accompaniment and a Wagnerian piano recital. Where is there a chance for any misery to creep into this home?

Music has a strange and fascinating power. It moves the human race to great and dignified actions. Why is it that in the heat of battle the regimental bands strike up the liveliest and the fiercest airs? It is to fire the soldiers with an enthusiasm that even the bravest could not feel if it were not for the stirring music. Do you remember what the American band played at El Caney? A "Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," and with a cheer the Spanish troops swarmed over the hill sweeping the Spaniards before them. Who can deny the charm there is in music? You may hear great military bands in YOUR HOME. An Edison Phonograph will bring them there. You may have a free trial no matter where you live.

On page 25 you will find a detailed account of the wonderful Edison Phonograph. You can make no mistake if you buy this instrument.

## FAT PEOPLE

I Will Send You a Trial Treatment Free



I can reduce your weight Three to Five Pounds a Week and turn ill health into robust health, mental sluggishness into activity, and relieve that feeling of fullness and oppression by producing healthy digestion and assimilation. No distasteful dieting or starvation, no exercising, no massaging, no use of pills that ruin the stomach. I am a regular practicing physician and a specialist in the successful reduction of superfluous fat. My new and scientifically perfected method strengthens the heart and enables you to breathe easily, and quickly removes double-chin, large stomach and fat hips. Prominent physicians advise their patients to take my treatment, and leading doctors themselves are my patients. I absolutely guarantee satisfaction in every case. Write to-day for free trial treatment. I will also send you free my new book on Obesity. It will give you detailed outline of my treatment; it will be sent you free. Address HENRY C. BRADY, M. D., 938 Bradford Building, 20 East 22d Street, New York City.

**MARRY RICH** Big List of Descriptions and Photos FREE. Standard Cor. Club, 109 Avers Ave., Chicago.

**MARRY** Wealth and Beauty. Marriage Directory Free. Pay when married—new plan. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 15 Tekonsha, Mich.

**MARRY** Photos, descriptions & P. O. addresses of pretty, rich ladies & Gents, want to marry free. H. JAHN, St. Paul, Minn.

**MARRY** The best Plan on Earth. Every lady that registers with us must furnish a photo of herself. Pilot with particulars FREE. Address THE PILOT, Dept. 1, MARSHALL, MICHIGAN.

**WOULD YOU MARRY IF SUITED?** Matrimonial marriageable people, many rich, from all sections mailed sealed free. R. L. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

**Dollar Bottle on TRIAL** **MAKES STRONG MEN AND WOMEN** Just send name, address and four cents postage stamps to get the bottle to you; you pay nothing, not a cent accepted until you are satisfied, until you can say with a glad heart that you have at last found the right medicine, then send us a dollar, but remember, you also are to be the judge and decide about this.

**Vitaline Tablets** Cure Nervous Debility, any Weakness or Nervousness, all Stomach Troubles, Heart Weakness, Catarrh, Pale-ness, Thin Run-Down Health. Dr. Rainey's formula of Vitaline Tablets act on the vital centers, the organs of life that create health and strength, by which means they cure and overcome all symptoms of disease and weakness. They are the fuel that purifies the system, that generates the vitality, the nerve force which makes one feel strong, vigorous and healthy. Vitaline Tablets are guaranteed under U. S. Pure Food and Drug Law. You have never had anything like Vitaline Tablets, combining their wonderful healing and strengthening powers. We mail you our beautifully illustrated book, "Vitality"—you have never seen one like it. Our testimonials from people cured after ten to forty years of doctoring will convince you—you can write them yourself. Please write name and address below.

Dr. Rainey Medicine Co., Dept. 25, 152 Lake St. Chicago. I enclose four cents postage. Send at once by mail in plain package \$1.00 bottle Vitaline Tablets on trial, and if it proves satisfactory I will send you \$1.00.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

## Virgie's Inheritance

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

The day was perfect. It had been oppressively warm in the city, but there was a delightful breeze upon the ocean and the air was delicious. There was not a cloud to be seen, and the sun shone around that floating world in matchless splendor, tipping every wave and ripple made by the motion of the vessel with gleams of silver, while beyond the waters were darkly and beautifully blue.

But the young man was not conscious of any of this beauty, and he might have stood there still another hour, absorbed in his own sorrowful reflections, but for a little circumstance that startled and shocked him into new life.

A voice near him was saying: "Mamma, do you think you would like to sit here? This lifeboat makes a nice shelter. I will arrange your chair and wraps, and I am sure you will be comfortable."

"It looks inviting," was the pleasant rejoinder; "I will at least try it until I begin to experience those qualms which all voyagers so much dread."

A merry laugh rang out at this—a laugh that made Rupert Hamilton's blood tingle and glow, and his heart beat with quickened throbs; then the first voice responded:

"We are not going to have any qualms, mamma. I am determined to be a good sailor, and I will not hear a word about your being sick. Why, what should I do for company without you, and not a friend to speak to on this great ship?"

Rupert turned now to look at the speaker, his face luminous with surprise and delight; the moody look all gone from his brow, his fine lips wreathed with smiles.

At his movement the young girl glanced up and their eyes met.

"Miss Alexander!" cried the young man, going forward with outstretched hand.

"Mr. Hamilton!" Virgiestammered, her lovely face suffused with blushes.

Their hands met in an eager clasp, and Mrs. Alexander, viewing this unexpected reunion of the youth and maiden from her position a little in the background, and noting how much their looks and actions expressed, knew that she had run directly into the danger she had been trying to escape all summer.

But it was too late to mend matters now; fate had ordered it so to be, and she could only submit to the inevitable with as good a grace as possible.

"Mamma," Virgie said, as soon as she could collect herself, "this is Mr. Hamilton whom we met during the trip to California; Mr. Hamilton, let me introduce you to my mother, Mrs. Alexander."

The lady and gentleman exchanged greetings, and then Rupert insisted upon making himself useful to Mrs. Alexander, who was still something of an invalid, although much better than when he last saw her in May.

He unfolded her chair, saw her comfortably seated, and then arranged her wraps and rug so deftly, and was so kindly attentive to her needs, so gentlemanly and entertaining in conversation, that she was at once disarmed of half her fears and prejudices.

"He is really a very charming young man," she admitted to herself, as she lay back among her robes and watched his expressive face while he talked with Virgie. "I do not wonder that she became interested in him, and perhaps, after all, if she is to live in England, it might be as well for her to make an English alliance; I hope his family is a good one."

That a great deal of mischief, if it could be regarded as such, had been done during those few weeks of travel in the West was plainly apparent.

Rupert showed his happiness over this unexpected meeting in every look and gesture. One could hardly believe him to be the same person, who, half an hour previous, had stood

### Fix That Stomach!

Don't let it go any longer. Get a package of Vitae-Ore on trial and test it for any Stomach Trouble at the risk of the Theo. Noel Company, Chicago. Read their liberal trial offer on last page.

**HUSTLERS Everywhere** to tack signs, distribute circulars, samples, etc.; no canvassing; good pay. We give bank references. SUN ADVERTISING BUREAU, Inc., 753 Baltimore Bldg., Chicago.

**Marriage PAPER FREE**, many very rich EASTERN AGENCY 54, Bridgeport, Ct.

**\$10 Cash Paid** PER 1000 FOR CANCELLED A. SCOTT, CONOES, N. Y.

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**FREE** We will send you this beautiful Gold Plated Ring absolutely Free if you will send us the names of five of your neighbors and 10c to pay postage, etc. ELKINS MFG. CO., Kansas City, Mo.

**BOYS** We are giving away Boxing Gloves, Punching Bags, Football, etc. Send address for full particulars and Handy outfit. L. N. Cushman, Dept. 37, 291 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

**PILES** Absolutely cured. Never to return. A Broom to Sufferers. Acts like Magic. Trial box MAILED FREE. Address, Dr. E. M. Botol, Box 978, Augusta, Me.

**YOUR BUST Developed FREE Six Inches** The Secret FREE for a Beautiful Bust and a Perfect Figure. Full information how to develop the bust 6 inches will be sent you free in plain sealed package, also new Beauty Book, photos from life, and testimonials from many prominent society ladies who have used this safe, sure and rapid method. Write today enclosing stamp. ALUMINUM CO. Dept. A-9, 79 Dearborn St. Chicago

**39¢ A GALLON FOR READY MIXED PAINT** Have you heard of our latest and greatest offer in Ready Mixed House, Barn and other Paints? Comparatively speaking, we have reduced the cost of painting to next to nothing, and made it so easy that a boy can do the work. If you don't know all about our great paint offer, then look in one of our Big Catalogues for the Paint Department. If you haven't the Big Book, borrow your neighbor's; otherwise, on a postal card addressed to us simply say "MAIL ME YOUR GREAT FREE PAINT OFFERS AND FREE PAINT BOOKS." Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

like some stern statue looking back in despair upon the city he was leaving behind; while as for Virgie, her mother scarcely knew her for the drooping, pale-faced damsel that she had been all summer, although she had not been guilty of a single murmur.

Mrs. Alexander's health had improved somewhat, but she was far from strong even yet, and her physician had urgently advised an ocean voyage.

She had demurred at first, but when he said, "Your daughter, too, needs the change; I do not like her looks at all," her mother-love prevailed, and she nerved herself for her long contemplated voyage to England, feeling that perhaps the proper time had come for her to act in the matter of Virgie's inheritance, and thus it chanced—if chance it was—that they were booked for the same steamer in which Rupert had sailed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Send a club of two subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each, for one year, and receive in book form, "Virgie's Inheritance." We have a popular number of this most interesting and popular story in fine colored paper binding.

A club of TWO subscribers must include sender's name as a renewal. Both subscriptions must be bona-fide new subscribers at 15 cents each.

### Medical Relief Free.

Dr. J. M. Willis, of Crawfordsville, Ind., will mail free to all sending him their addresses a package of PANSY COMPOUND, a pure vegetable remedy which is a positive relief for constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, rheumatism, and Lagrippe.

A new explosive called dynamite has been invented. It is said to have more power than dynamite though not so easily ignited.

### Better Than Spanking.

Spanking does not cure children of bedwetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box 315, South Bend, Ind., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

## Cancer Cured at Home

I have so perfected my Mild Combination Treatment that patients may use it at their home with practically as good results as though it were applied at my offices. I will gladly furnish to every sufferer positive and indisputable proofs that my treatment Does Cure Cancer. I will furnish ample evidence of my integrity, honesty, financial and professional ability. No matter how serious your case may be—no matter how many operations you have had—no matter what treatments you have tried, do not give up hope, but write for my book, "Cancer and Its Cure." It will cost you nothing and will tell you how you can be cured at home. Address, DR. JOHNSON REMEDY CO., SUITE 333, 1233 GRAND AVE. Kansas City, Mo.

Have you a friend suffering from Cancer? Do them a favor they'll never forget by sending them this ad.

**FREE** Our illustrated catalog of toilet and rubber goods, drugs and sundries. Address STANDARD CO., C. B., 60 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

**Every Woman Glad** who sends 2c. stamp for our catalog rubber goods indispensable family articles. WESTERN SPECIALTY CO., 2-18, CHICAGO.

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**Lady Sewers** Make Sanitary Belts. Materials furnished. \$15 per hundred. Dept. 5. DEARBORN SPECIALTY CO., Chicago.

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**\$21 A Week** to put out Merchandise and Grocery Catalogs. Home territory. American News Supply Co., Dept. M. 18, Chicago.

**WANTED AGENTS** in each county to sell "Family Memorials." Good profits. Address for particulars Ad. Campbell & Co., 10 "A" St., Elgin Ill.

**ASTHMA** Instant relief and positive cure. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 618, Augusta, Me.

**LADY SEWERS** wanted to finish off shields at home; \$10 per 100, can make 2 an hour. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Send reply envelope for particulars. UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 29, Phila., Pa.

**LADIES** wanted to work for us a few hours each day. Pleasant and enjoyable work. Address for particulars L. N. Cushman, Dept. 38, 291 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

**BED WETTING** Completely cured, all ages. BOX Penitence, full directions FREE. Missouri Remedy Co., Box 745 E, St. Louis, Mo.

**FREE** **SOLID GOLD** In Watch & Chain and this beautiful Ring, with your initial engraved, we give entirely Free without cost of cost to you for selling 10 boxes of our pills at 50c each. Or, you can have your selection from 100 other premiums, such as Guns, Clocks, Ladies' Bibles or Bibles, Boys' Bibles, Gold Dresses, Teddy Bears or Dolls. CUT THIS OUT and write today. STAUFFER & CO., 89 Oak St., Palmyra, Pa.

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**EVERY WOMAN** is interested and should know about the wonderful **Marvel Whirling Spray**. The new **SYRINGE**. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly.

other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies. **MARVEL COMPANY, 48 E. 23d St., New York.**

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And for carpets, rugs, stoves, refrigerators, sewing machines, go-carts, baby carriages, pianos, organs, phonographs—in fact, anything you need for the home you can get from us. NOW, on credit. No matter who you are, where you live or what you do for a living—see will trust you. Our great "Easy-Way-to-Pay Plan" is open to everybody. Everywhere. We are the only house offering high-grade furniture on credit. With our combined capital of Ten Million Dollars and ten great city stores you can feel secure that every claim we make will be lived up to. Our big 250-page Catalog offers the biggest varieties ever shown—no local dealer can present such great assortments to choose from.

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Send \$1.50 and we will ship it anywhere in the U. S. WE TRUST YOU for the balance, which is \$9.30—and you pay us \$5 a month. That gives you 12 months—a whole year to pay. Send for the big free Catalog! It's a wonderful book with remarkable credit terms on finest goods. Makes it so easy for you to have what you need for your home—and pay a little each month on our "Easy-Way-to-Pay Plan," which is the best, the easiest, the most honorable and most dignified Credit System in the world. Write for FREE Catalog today. Don't wait! Remember your credit is good with us. The Peoples Outfitting Co., 817 6th St., Detroit, Mich.

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**22 STUNNING POST CARDS** and magazine 1 year, 10c. Burgess Pub. Co., 204 X. O., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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## THE GREAT CRUISE OF BATTLESHIPS TO THE ORIENT.

Everyone now Wants a Set of Battleship Post Cards. Battleships of all kinds are Always Interesting to all the People.

HERE IS A SET OF POST CARDS You Will Surely Want. You Can Get Them. Twelve BEAUTIFUL COLORED POST CARDS FREE.

This series comprise twelve specially prepared highly colored cards from photos taken when ships were in motion, representing various classes of naval destroyers, Battleships, Cruisers and Torpedo Boat Destroyers of different countries.

Our own American navy is well represented by the principal Battleships, Cruisers, Torpedo Boat Destroyers, etc., etc. Germany, Japan and England also are represented with types of their modern navies, giving size and speed of ship, etc. Each card is splendidly arranged to show the ships in best possible manner, their peculiar style of design is



clearly shown in their true colors, and in corner of each card appears an exact reproduction of the U. S. A. (the Stars and Stripes), the German, Japanese or English flags, appropriate to each country's vessel.

There is always an interest in our navy, more intense when it is under special Department orders, which just now refers to the approaching visit and mobilization of the Atlantic fleets on the Pacific Coast with Admiral Robley D. Evans, in command on board his flagship, the Connecticut (one of our series cards), a 14,000 mile dash round the Horn making visits to various South American countries enroute.

You will want one complete set of our Battleship cards for yourself, and as you are interested, so will be your friends, and from now until after the fleet arrive at their journey's end there is sure to be an active interest and demand, and such cards cannot be had elsewhere. We have had them gotten up especially for our exclusive series for our subscribers and will give a set of the entire twelve Cards for a club of only two subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents per year. If you will get up a club of five yearly subscribers at 15 cents per year each, we will send you three sets so you can have some to sell to your friends if you like.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



# HOLD ON TO YOUR MONEY



## Don't Spend a Penny

until you are certain you are getting **GOOD VALUE** for it. In these times every man and woman must be careful of their money, must hold on to it and **NOT WASTE A CENT**. Sick people should **BUY NO MEDICINE** unless they feel sure it will give them more than their money's worth in benefit and health. We want our pay for our medicine, but **NOT UNTIL YOU SAY "Here is the dollar; you deserve it,"** not until we **HAVE EARNED IT**, not until you are **WILLING** to send it to us. **HOLD ON TO YOUR MONEY** until you are **SATISFIED** to pay it, until we **HAVE PROVEN TO YOU** that we have what we claim, until **VITAE-ORE HAS DONE FOR YOU WHAT YOU WANT IT TO DO**. Until then, pay us **NOTHING**. After that, you will be willing to pay, **GLAD TO PAY**, as hundreds of the readers of this paper have been glad to pay. **YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE!** We leave it to you entirely for you to decide.

**We want your money only when you can say that we and Vitae-Ore have earned the dollar.**

How can you refuse to give this remedy, which has won an international reputation by the cures it has made, a trial on the terms of such a **LIBERAL OFFER**? If you need medicinal treatment of any kind, if you are sick and ailing, if anyone in your family is ailing, worn-out, sickly, you do yourself an injustice if you do not send for Vitae-Ore upon the terms of this thirty-day trial offer. Read the offer! Send for this medicine! Do it today! Each day lost makes a case older, more obstinate, harder, and pains you more. **YOU DON'T PAY A CENT UNLESS IT BENEFITS YOU.**

## Read This 30-Day Trial Offer!

**If You Are Sick** we want to send you a full sized \$1.00 package of Vitae-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us \$1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than \$1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing; we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what V.-O. is, and write today for a dollar package on trial. Address as below:

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Vitae-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitae-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring, and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral-substance, mixed with a quart of water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value, many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs.

## ITS PURITY IS GUARANTEED

Vitae-Ore contains no alcohol or any injurious or poisonous drug. It is absolutely guaranteed to be pure and wholesome, under all Pure Food and Drug Laws, both State and National. It consists of substances that the body needs and thrives upon, that all of the family may safely use, old and young, children or grandmother. It is a clean remedy, sold by clean people, through clean methods.

## HELP A FRIEND!

If you have a friend or neighbor who is sick or ailing, show him this offer and tell him to write to this Company for a 30-day trial treatment. It is a little thing for you to do, but it may mean big things for him, and if so, he will bless you for it.

## Made a New Woman After Months of Misery.

BELLEVUE, TENN.—I have been suffering a long time from Female Weakness and Bladder Trouble. My kidneys ached continually day and night and my periods were so bad that I could not sit up, but was in bed half of the time. They usually lasted for three weeks at a time. I had doctors attending me, but they did me no good. Then I saw the advertisement of Vitae-Ore and concluded to try it for a month. I sent for a trial package and began using it as per directions. I can now testify that this one trial package has almost entirely cured me. I feel like a new woman. I can do all my housework with pleasure. I am only sorry that I did not see your trial offer long ago and thus save months of misery. Mrs. M. A. CUMINGS.



## She Is Perfectly Cured.

TONY, WIS.—I have been using Vitae-Ore for two months. Before using it, no food would agree with me whatever. Now I can eat almost anything. I must say that I am perfectly cured. I cannot praise this medicine enough and will recommend it to every one. Mrs. LENDERT BOE.



## Permanent Benefit in a Serious Complication.

SUMNER, ILL.—I have been using Vitae-Ore for five years. After having used local doctors' medicines which did me no permanent good, I found permanent relief in Vitae-Ore. I find it a great remedy for the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. It is a great relief for Rheumatism which I formerly had so often, particularly in Winter and Spring. My trouble was a serious complication of diseases and Vitae-Ore is the only remedy which ever gave me any permanent benefit. It saved me many doctor bills. Mrs. R. M. HARDACRE.



## Probably Saved Her Life.

TRIBBY, OKLA.—Vitae-Ore has saved me many aches and pains and probably my life. When I commenced taking Vitae-Ore three months ago, I wasn't able to do my little housework for myself and husband. Now I can do all my housework, washing and milking, etc. The doctor said I had Liver Trouble. Some said I had Consumption. I did not think I would ever get well, but I thank God that Vitae-Ore put me on the road to health. I have cured my little grand child of Summer Complaint and Chills. He had been suffering for fifteen months and looked like a shadow. I commenced giving him Vitae-Ore and he now looks the picture of health. Mrs. M. O. ROBERTS.



## Cured His Sciatic Rheumatism.

**Left Leg Was Altogether Numb--Spent \$280 For Treatment at One Time.**

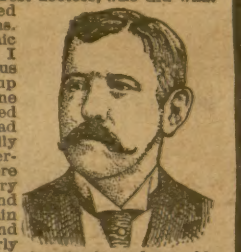
DES MOINES, IOWA—I am a brick-mason and have suffered with Sciatic Rheumatism for nigh on to three years. At one time I was in bed for ten months. The doctors first said that I had Lumbago and then others pronounced my condition Sciatic or Sciatic Rheumatism. I spent \$280.00 for treatment at one time and received no benefit. At last I read an advertisement for Vitae-Ore in my Lodge paper and sent for a dollar package on thirty days' trial. I found it so beneficial that I sent for more. Before using Vitae-Ore my left leg was numb; it had no feeling whatever. Vitae-Ore fixed me up all right. It placed me on a solid foundation and I can use both my limbs now, the left as good as the right. I have no more pain, feel better in every way and have a splendid appetite. I suffered so badly that many a time I said to my wife that had I a dog that suffered as I did, I would shoot him to get him out of his misery, no matter how I loved him. I feel so good over my cure that I want to give every sufferer the benefit of my experience. FRED KOMEROWSKY, 614 E. 16th St.



## Was Helpless From Paralysis.

**Electric Treatments, Massage and Osteopathic Treatments Could Not Cure.**

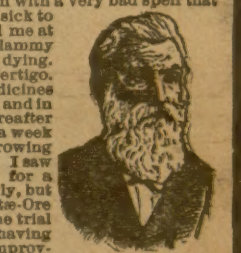
SYRACUSE, N. Y.—On September 21st, 1901, I received an injury to my spine which caused Paralysis in my limbs from my knees down. I remained in the hospital twenty weeks, under the care of some of our best doctors, who did what they could for me without any material change. I decided to be taken home and remained in bed for several months. I tried electric treatments, massage and also osteopathic treatments, which did me but very little good, if any. I tried a New York doctor for some time and numerous remedies, but none seemed to help me. I had given up all hopes of ever being cured or even to walk again. One day my wife met a lady agent for Vitae-Ore, who persuaded her to take a package of Vitae-Ore for me to try. I had tried so many medicines with no good that I had fully decided not to throw away any more money, but was persuaded to try it. I had not taken it but a short time before it began to make me eat, my appetite having been very poor for a long time before. I kept right on using it and soon commenced to feel a great change; the terrible pain that I constantly had in my back began to diminish and my nerves began to quiet down so that I could sleep nearly all night without waking up. I soon began to get the use of my limbs and was able to get up on crutches, which I soon discarded. I have used no crutches in nearly a year and have been able to work for some time. I feel as well as I ever did in my life, and owe it all to Vitae-Ore. CLARENCE D. SEELEY, 138 Bassett St.



## An Old War Veteran Cured.

**Had Very Bad Attacks of Vertigo Which Doctors Were Unable to Cure.**

FARMERSVILLE, TEX.—I have been in very poor health for eight years' time, and, although I took medicines and treatments during this entire period, nothing seemed to do me any good. Last July, I was taken down with a very bad spell that I thought was surely the beginning of the end. I was sick to my stomach and everything seemed to be going around me at the rate of about sixty miles a minute. I vomited; a clammy sweat broke out all over and it seemed as though I were dying. We called in a good doctor, who diagnosed my case as Vertigo. This spell lasted for four hours. All of the doctor's medicines disagreed with me, making me very sick to my stomach and in a week I had another spell worse than the first. Thereafter these spells came on me as often as two or three times a week and would last from eighteen to twenty-four hours, growing more frequent and of longer duration as time went on. I saw the Vitae-Ore advertisement and wrote immediately for a month's trial treatment. I commenced to improve slowly, but enough to show me at the end of the trial time that Vitae-Ore was doing me a great amount of good, and I paid for the trial treatment and ordered more. I am still using Vitae-Ore, having nearly finished the third package and am constantly improving. I must say I am cured of almost all of my troubles and think that I shall very soon be entirely sound and well, a most remarkable thing at my age, which is now sixty-five. I believe that Vitae-Ore has saved my life and I shall ever praise it. I am a veteran of the Civil War. J. B. MARSHALL.



## Read the Evidence on This Page!

does not even take hope to cure with Vitae-Ore. It takes only a trial—all we ask, the sufferer believes in it or not. Its substances enter the blood, the vital organs, and work, work, work—a work that cures. Our thirty-day trial offer challenges the attention and consideration of every person who desires better health or who suffers pains, ills and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your doubts, but ask only your investigation at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending for a package on trial.

Read it again and again. No stronger words have ever been written about any other medicine; no better expressions are truthfully commanded by any other treatment. Vitae-Ore is as different from other remedies as is pure milk from chalk and water, or the sunlight from a tallow candle. It does not take faith, does not take confidence, does not take belief, from a fallow candle. It enters the veins of the sick and suffering person and cures, whether

## You Cannot Lose--You Run No Risk!

**If You Suffer** from La Grippe, Rheumatism, Lumbago, or any Kidney, Bladder or Liver Disease, Dropsy, a Stomach Disorder, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of Any Part, Nervous Prostration, Anaemia, Sores and Ulcers, Constipation or Other Bowel Trouble, Impure Blood, or are just Worn-Out, send for a 30-day trial treatment of Vitae-Ore right away and see what this remedy will do for you. ADDRESS,

**THEO. NOEL CO.**

Comfort Dept.  
Vitae-Ore Bldg.

**CHICAGO, ILL.**